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## **DETECTIVE COMICS**

**VINCENT A. SULLIVAN**

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# SPEED SAUNDERS

## AND THE JADE BUDDHA

BY FRED GUARDINEER

A TONG WAR IN FAMOUS CHINATOWN HAS BEEN KEEPING SPEED BUSY ABOUT MOTT AND PELL STREETS. . ONE NIGHT...



THERE IS AN URGENT CALL ON THE PHONE -



YES,  
THIS IS  
SAUNDERS,  
WHAT ? MING  
TOY ? RIGHT  
AWAY.  
YES.



MING TOY IS HEAD OF THE WING TONG. HIS DEATH MEANS QUICK RETALIATION BY THE TONG. PERHAPS I CAN STOP IT !



ENTER,  
HONORED  
SIR !

WHAT A LAYOUT !  
YOU'D NEVER THINK  
IT FROM THE  
OUTSIDE !



HELLO.  
WHAT'S THIS  
BUDDHA ?



HONORABLE SIR, JADE BUDDHA BROUGHT FROM CHINA BY MING TOY TWO MONTHS AGO. HE ALLTIME KEPT IT HIDDEN. HE SEEM 'FRAID OF IT !

SHOT IN THE HEAD FROM IN FRONT THOSE WINDOWS. MAYBE THEY SHOW ANOTHER HOUSE !

TOO FAR FOR A REVOLVER, AND NO PLACE FOR A RIFLEMAN TO HIDE. LOOKS LIKE AN INSIDE JOB !

I THINK YOU'RE GOING TO HELP ME A LOT, LITTLE FELLA !

SPEED SEEKS THE AID OF THE METROPOLITAN LIBRARY...

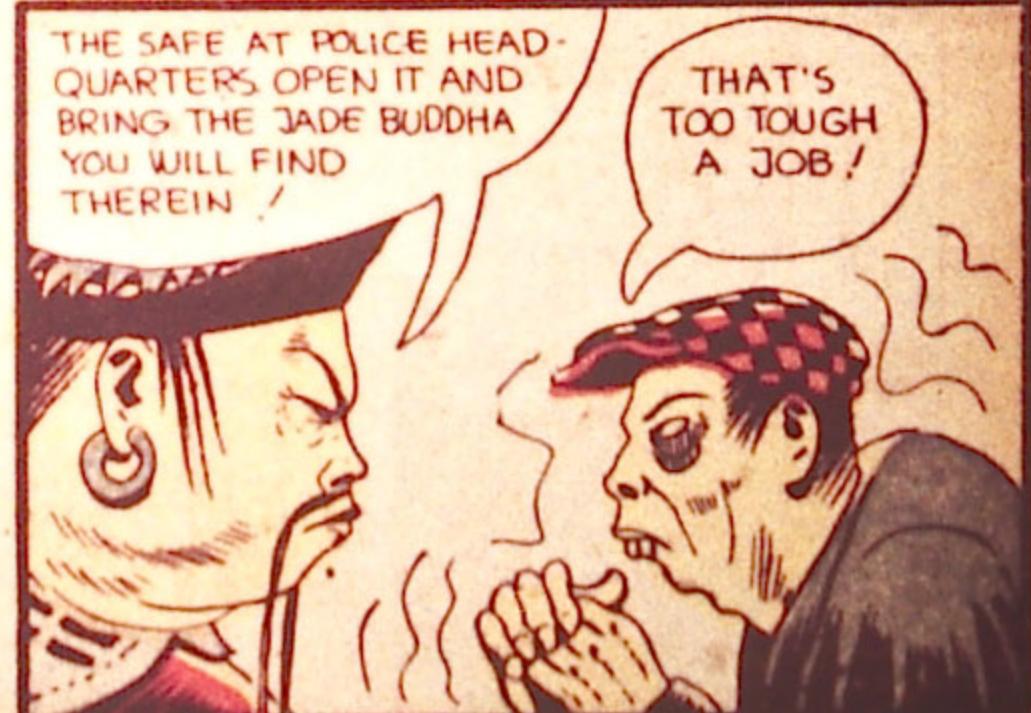
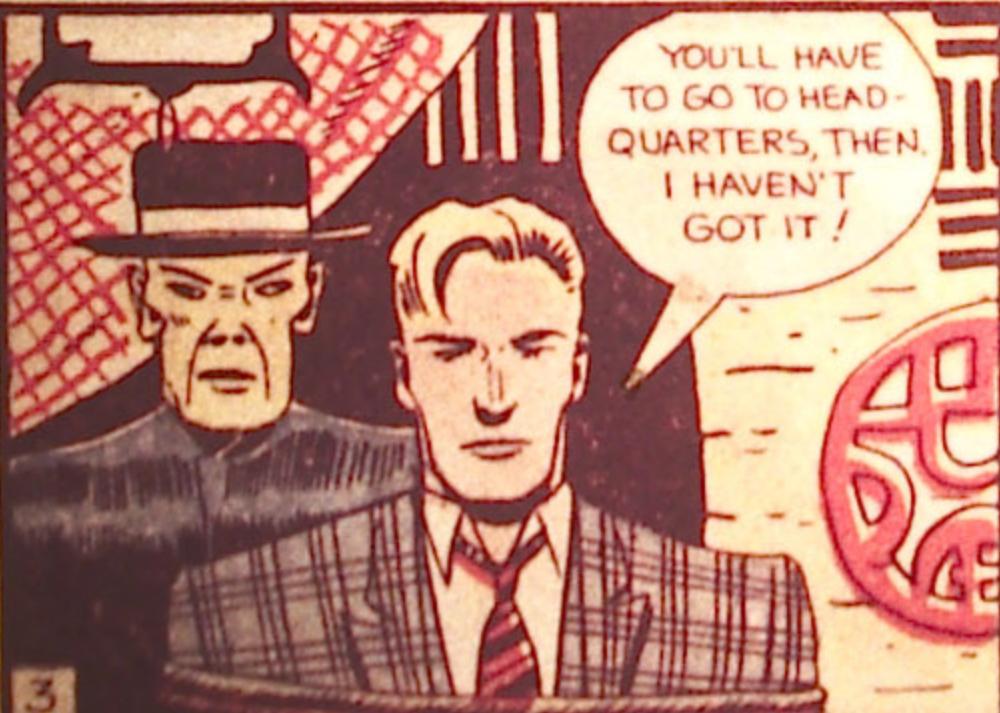
... AND FINDS A VOLUME OF ANCIENT CHINESE LORE

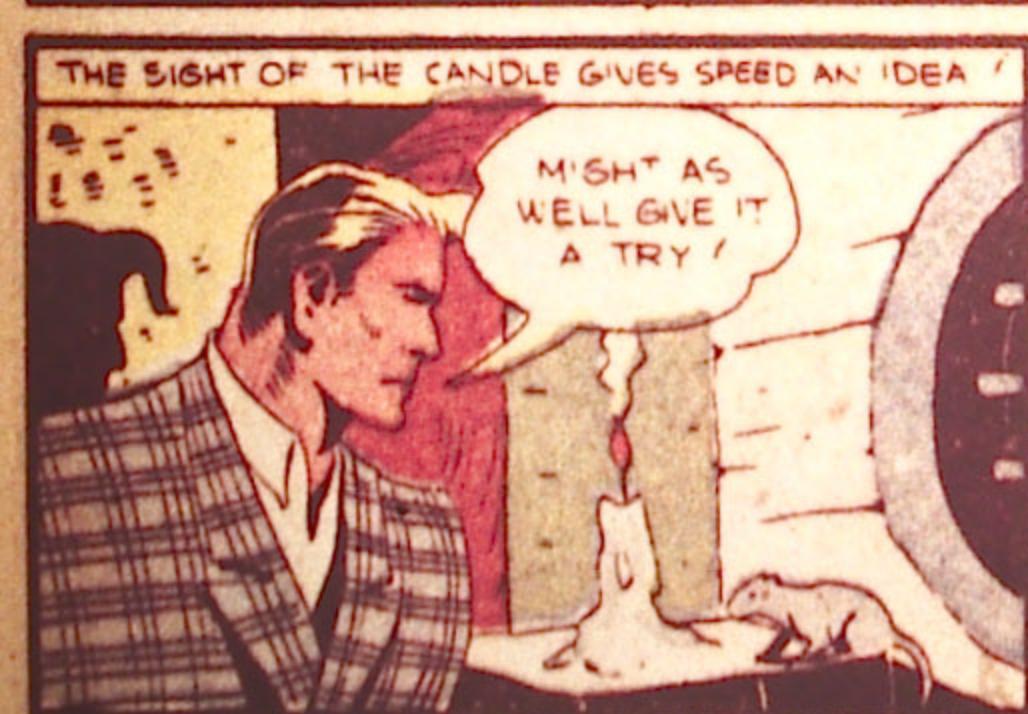
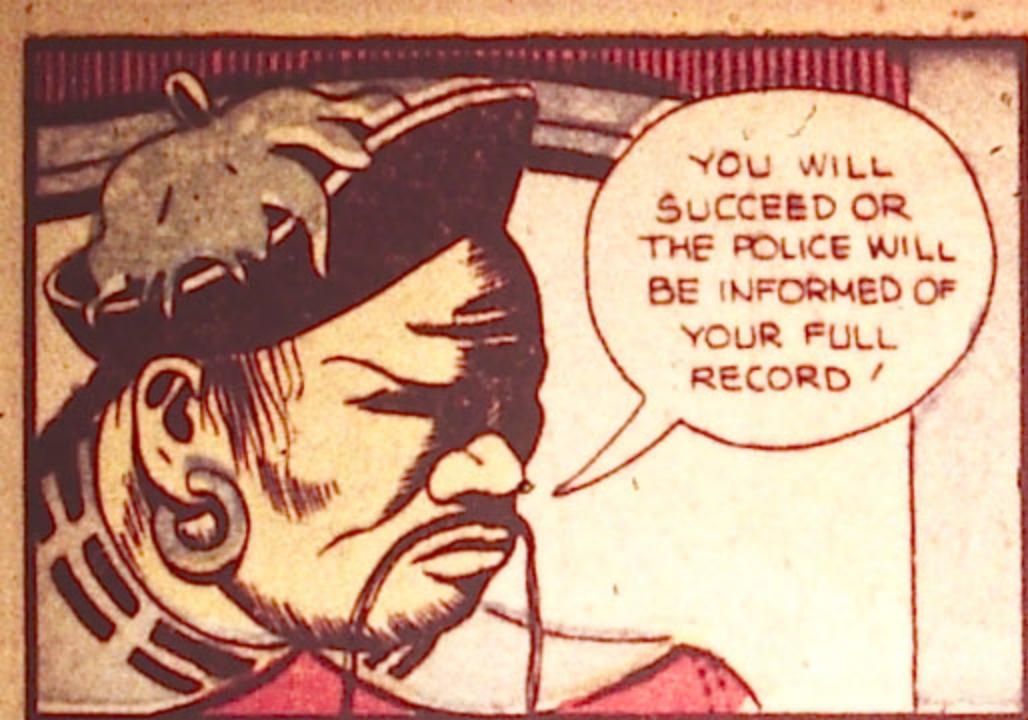
LATER  
THE JADE BUDDHA WAS STOLEN FROM THE ANGHOR TEMPLE IN INDIA BY SERVANTS OF MING TOY THERE IS A CURSE ATTACHED TO THE BUDDHA. DEATH TO THE ONE WHO STEALS IT !

AND KNOWING THAT YOU EXPECT TO FIND A GROUP OF CHINESE WHO SEEK TO REPLACE THE BUDDHA ? WHAT IS YOUR FIRST STEP ?

SPEED GOES FIRST TO AN AUTHORITY  
ON CHINESE CUSTOM -

I DON'T SEE HOW I CAN BE OF SERVICE  
I SHOULD ADVISE YOU TO ADVERTISE  
FOR THE TRUE OWNER -

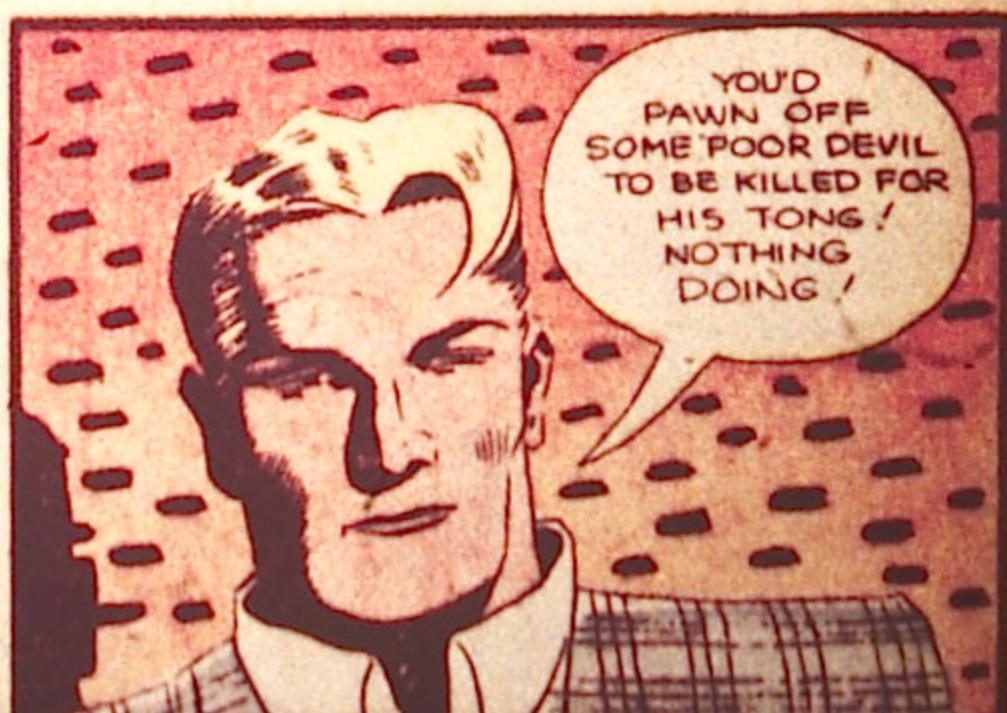
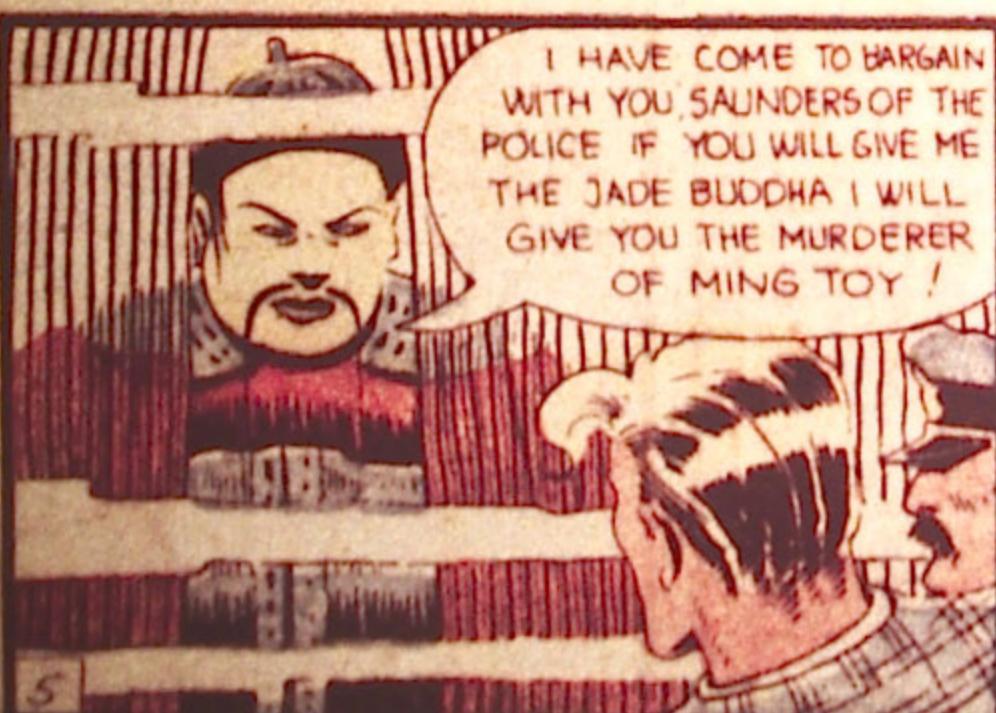
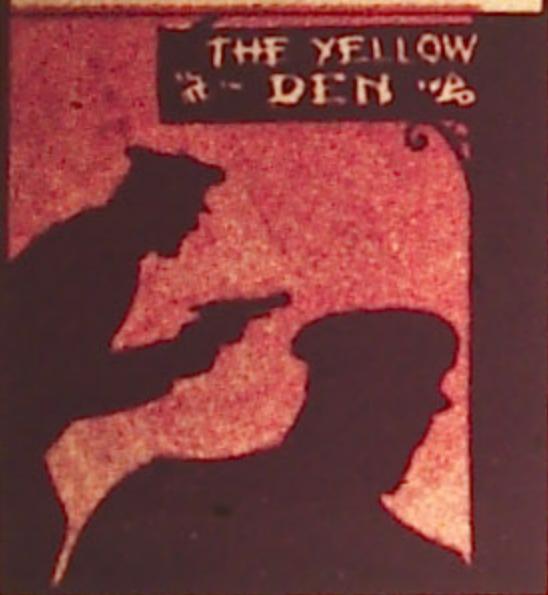




SPEED FINDS THE SAFECRACKER AT THE COMMISSIONER'S SAFE



THE POLICE SURROUND THE MANDARIN'S "YELLOW DEN"...





# Stamp Collectors' Corner

## FRENCH COLONIALS

The French colonies in Africa have quite an ambitious stamp program in preparation. Shifting monetary values have already brought about the release of several stamps in new denominations as well as numerous changes in color.

From Cameroons have come two new values and one change in color, all in the A6 design of the 1925 series. This is the stamp showing rubber trees being tapped. The additions are a 55c. value in blue and red, and an 80c. stamp in red and brown. The 35c. denomination is now printed in dark and light green.

Dahomey has also changed its 35c. stamp to light and dark green and added to its roster a 55c. in green and brown, and an 80c. in rust and blue. The basic design used was A5 of the current series, picturing a native climbing an oil palm.

Similar changes come from the French Soudan, where type A5, showing the gateway to an African city, has been increased by three values, 35c., light and dark green; 55c., blue and crimson; 80c., magenta and brown.

Reunion adds the same three new values in the A23 design, which pictures Waterfowl Lake and Anchain Peak. The colors are: 35c., green; 55c., orange brown and 80c., black. The 1 Fr. of the same design has had a color change from green to red, and the 1.75 in A24 type is now a dark blue. The latter type shows Leon Dierx Museum.

The only colony producing a new design to accompany these changes is Senegal. Here the new stamps show a native woman carrying a large bowl on her head. The new values and colors are 35c., green; 55c., brown, and 80c., purple. Changes in color have also been made on old denominations in the new design. These are: 1 Fr., red-brown and 1 Fr. 75, powder blue.

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# LARRY STEELE

## PRIVATE DETECTIVE

by Will Ely

LARRY AND DELORES ARE IN THE BOSS' HUT PLANNING THEIR ESCAPE WHEN SUDDENLY WITHOUT WARNING THE BOSS APPEARS AT THE DOOR AND FINDS THE TWO TOGETHER — BLIND WITH RAGE HE SPRINGS AT LARRY'S THROAT



LARRY GOES DOWN UNDER THE TERRIFIC WEIGHT OF THE BOSS —



AS THEY STRUGGLE ACROSS THE FLOOR, DOLORES PICKS UP A CLUB FROM NEARBY AND WATCHES FOR AN OPENING —



LARRY'S HEAD HITS A TABLE LEG, AND HE IS TEMPORARILY STUNNED —



SEEING HIS CHANCE, THE BOSS STARTS A DEATH DEALING BLOW TO LARRY'S HEAD —



NO YOU DON'T !!

LET THAT BE  
YOUR PUNISHMENT  
FOR KILLING MY  
FATHER AND FRIENDS !!

HE'S DEAD—  
YOU SAVED  
MY LIFE—  
YOU'RE A  
GAME GIRL—

COME, HURRY; THE  
OTHERS MAY HAVE  
HEARD THE NOISE!

THIS WAY!  
WE MUST  
MAKE FOR  
THE PLANE!

QUIET! HERE  
COMES SOMEONE

THE BOSS! HE'S  
DEAD! DIRTY WORK!

SCOUR THE ISLAND  
FOR THE STRANGER  
AND THE GIRL!  
THEY'VE KILLED  
THE BOSS!

THEY'LL MAKE FOR  
THE PLANE !

WELL HURRAY - WE MUST  
CUT THEM OFF !

IF HE GETS AWAY  
WE'RE DOOMED HERE  
FOR LIFE !

THE ISLAND OF  
WANATOSA IS A  
VOLCANIC ONE -  
AT THAT MO-  
MENT A DISTANT  
RUMBLING IS  
HEARD FROM  
THE HILLS



COME, LARRY,  
THIS WAY  
IS SHORTER !

DOLORES, WHAT'S  
THAT NOISE !

IT'S THE VOLCANO !  
IT'S BEGINNING TO  
ACT UP !

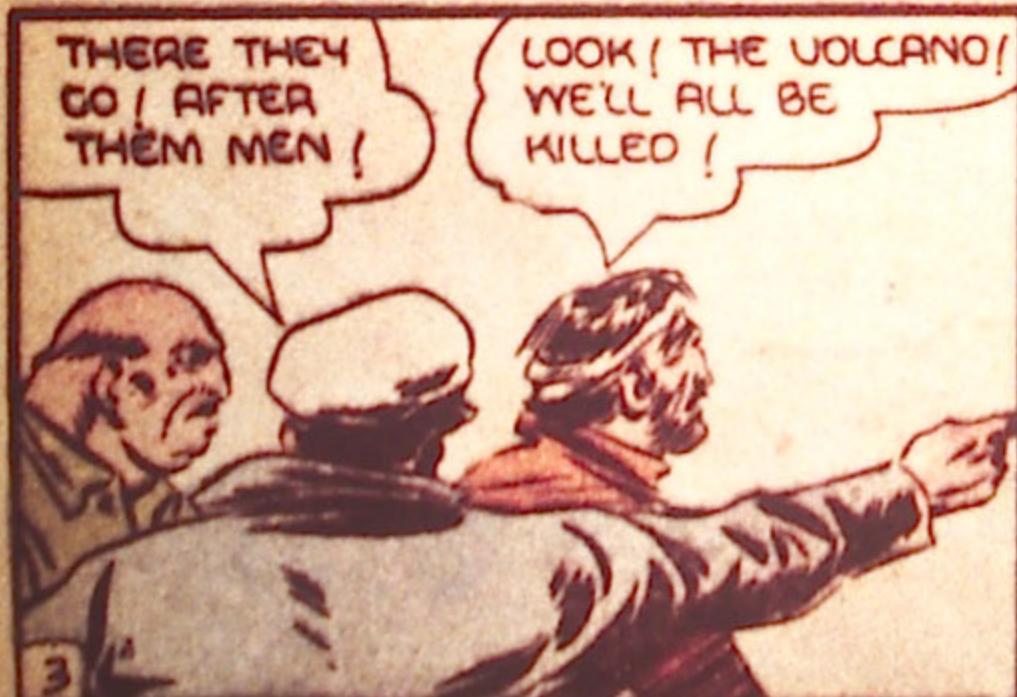
YOU'RE  
RIGHT !



THERE THEY  
GO ! AFTER  
THEM MEN !

LOOK ! THE VOLCANO !  
WE'LL ALL BE  
KILLED !

CAREFUL ! THIS IS  
TREACHEROUS !



MADE IT ! NOW  
DOWN TO THE  
BEACH !

THE EARTH IS BEGIN-  
NING TO TREMBLE !  
THIS IS BAD !!

LOOK, DOLORES !

OH, LARRY !

AS SOME OF THE  
RENEGADES TRY TO  
CROSS THE PRECIPICE  
WHERE DOLORES AND  
LARRY HAVE JUST  
CROSSED, SUDDENLY  
THERE IS A CRASH  
AND THE EARTH  
SEEMS TO OPEN AND  
SWALLOW THEM UP—



LAVA BEGINS TO POUR DOWN THE  
MOUNTAIN INSIDE AND IT'S A RACE  
AGAINST TIME FOR EVERYONE —



AS THEY RUN, THE VOLCANO'S ACTION  
BEGINS WITH NEW FURY —

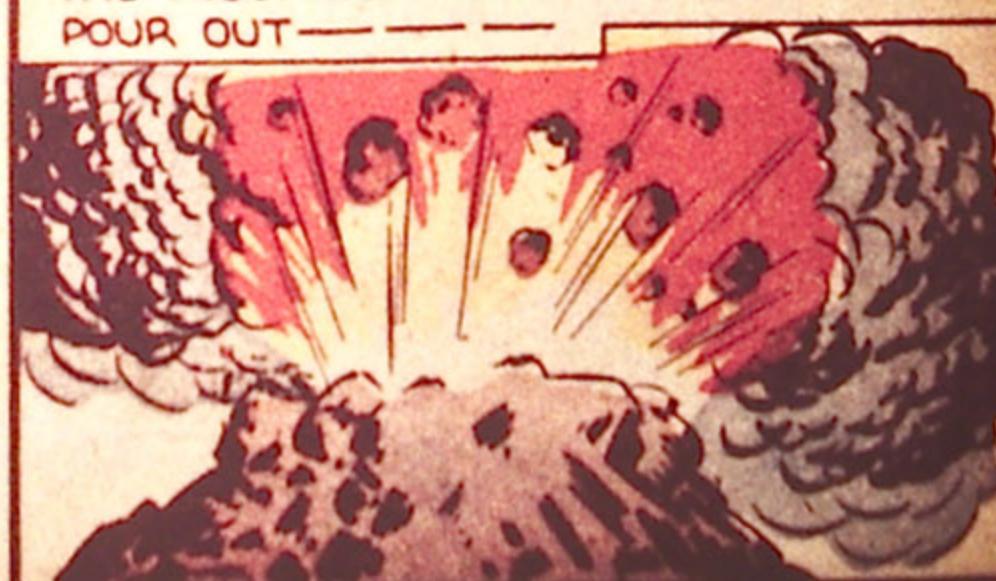


RUN, DOLORES, ONLY  
A DASH ACROSS  
THE BEACH !

I'M COMING !



THE VERY TOP SEEMS TO BLOW OFF  
THE MOUNTAIN — FIRE AND SMOKE  
POUR OUT —



WATCH YOUR  
STEP OVER  
THESE ROCKS !

WE'LL HAVE TO  
SWIM !

HERE WE GO !

THE RENEGADES  
REACH THE  
BEACH AS  
DOLORES AND  
LARRY ARE  
SPLASHING THRU  
THE BREAKERS TO  
THE SEAPLANE —

THEY PLUNGE MADLY INTO THE WATER  
AFTER THEM —

HERE WE ARE —  
UP YOU COME !

OH HURRY, LARRY !  
THEY'RE ALMOST  
HERE !!

SHE'S O.K.  
THANK GOOD-  
NESS !

HERE WE GO !

TWO OF THE EXCONVICTS GRASP THE PLANE AS IT TAKES OFF —



BUT ARE SHAKEN OFF AS IT GAINS ALTITUDE — — —



OH, LARRY,  
WE'RE SAFE !

NOT YET - LOOK -  
BACK THERE — —



OH !! I CAN'T  
BEAR TO LOOK !



AT THE MOMENT  
THE ENTIRE ISLAND  
SEEMS TO EXPLODE  
AS THE VOLCANO  
BURSTS FORTH IN ALL  
ITS PENT UP FURY !



ALL THAT IS LEFT ARE THE PIERCES  
FLOATING ON THE TROUBLED, MUDDY  
WATERS — — —



THEY'VE PAID  
FOR THEIR SINS,  
LARRY — —

YES, DOLORES, AND  
NOW - YOU'RE GOING  
BACK WHERE YOU  
BELONG — — —



# Buck Marshall

RANGE DETECTIVE

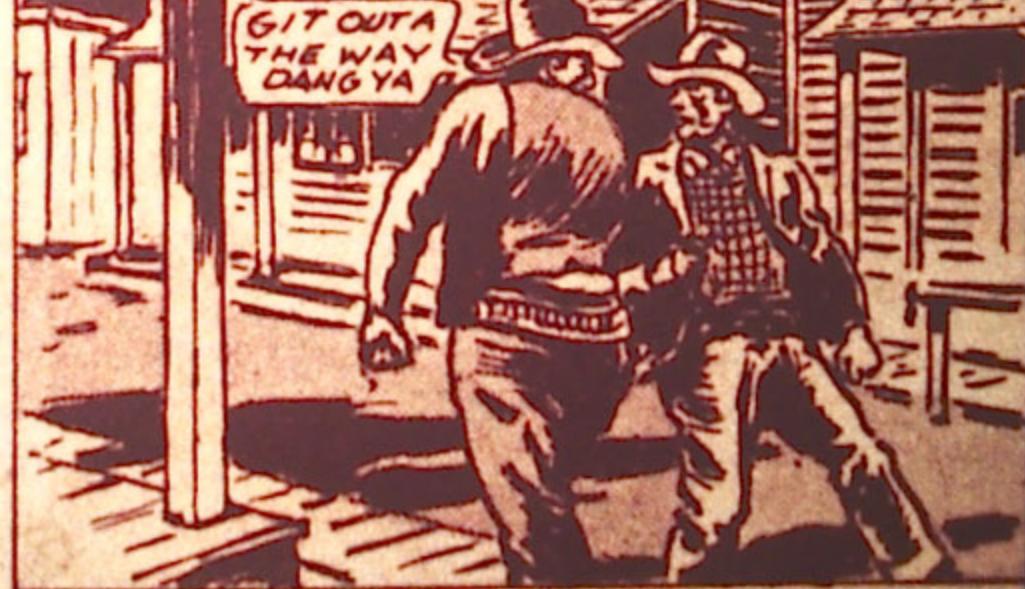
BY  
H. FLEMING

## THE DOOR OF DEATH

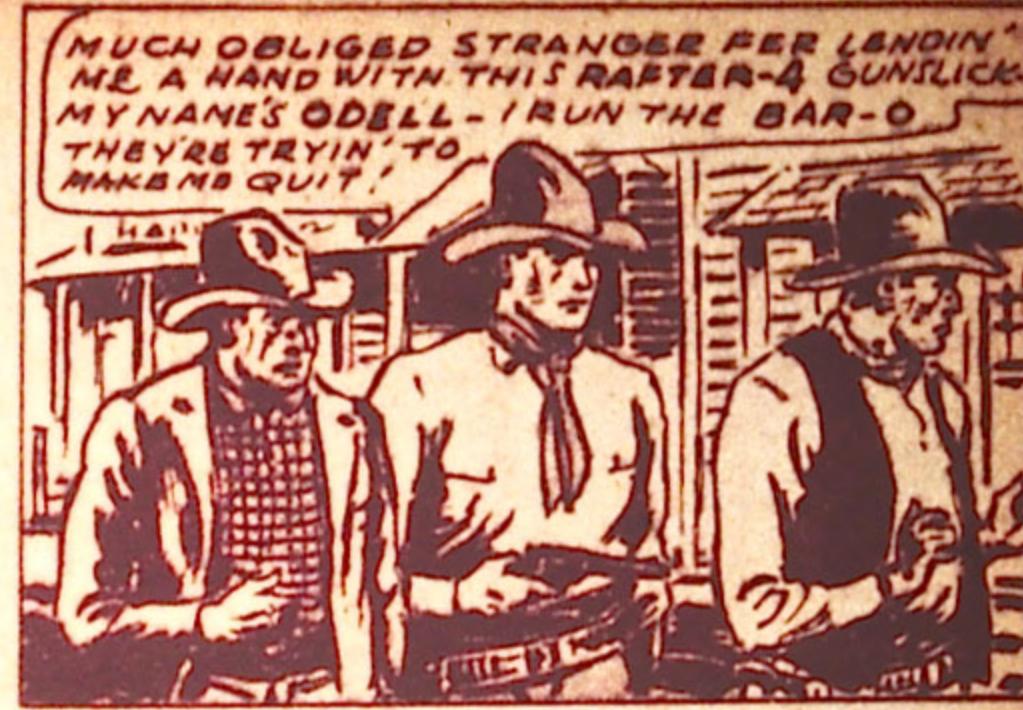
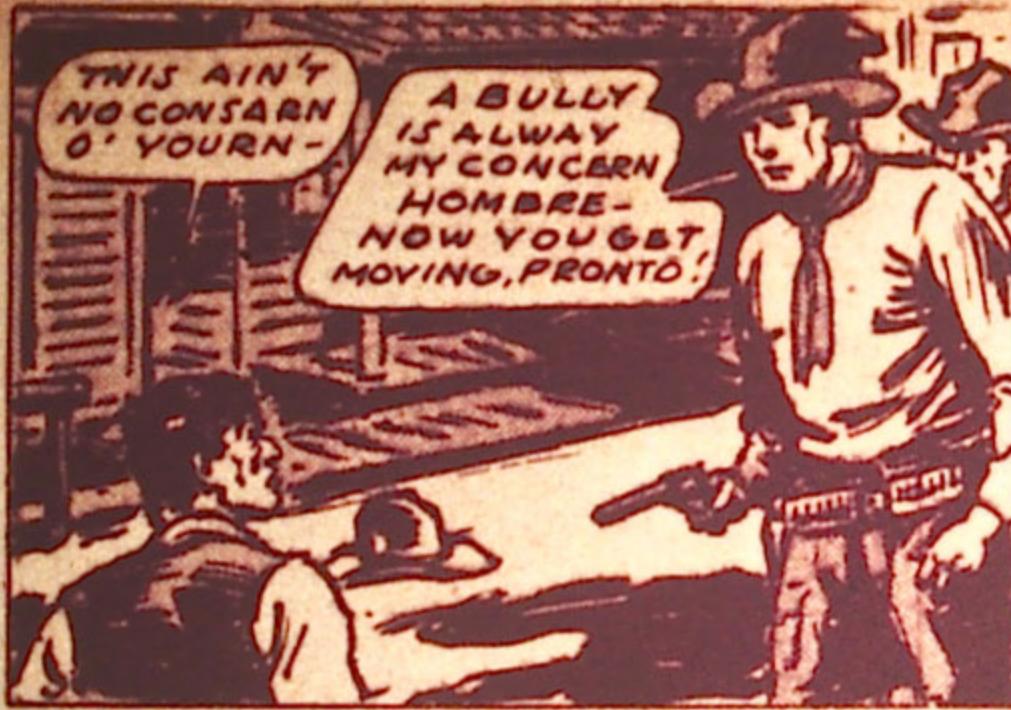
HOT DAWN IS GILDING THE SKY AS BUCK MARSHALL LOPES DOWN THE NARROW TRAIL, LEADING THROUGH THE HEAVILY TIMBERED FOOT-HILLS TO THE SOUTH OF SAGE CITY.

IN ANOTHER HOUR HE WILL BE RIDING UP THE DUSTY MAIN STREET OF THE LITTLE COW-TOWN AFTER AN ABSENCE OF SEVERAL WEEKS ...

BUCK, FINALLY STOPS IN A CLOUD OF DUST OUTSIDE THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE AND SLIDES TO THE GROUND. SUDDENLY, HIS ATTENTION IS DIRECTED TO TWO MEN SOME DISTANCE UP THE SIDEWALK



AS THE BULLY STANDS OVER THE OLD MAN, READY TO SMASH HIM AGAIN AS HE RISES ON ONE KNEE, BUCK VAULTS OVER THE HITCH-RAIL -



AFTER BUCK  
HAS SENT  
THE GURMAN  
ON HIS WAY  
AND WATCHES  
ODELL  
LEAVE, HE GOES  
TO THE  
SHERIFF'S  
OFFICE



A GREAT PART OF THE WAY IS OVER A ROUGH MOUNTAIN TRAIL - FINALLY, FROM THE TOP OF A CLIFF, BUCK SIGHTS THE RANCH CABIN -



AS ODELL OPENS THE DOOR, SUDDENLY THERE IS A GUN-BLAST FROM WITHIN. ODELL STAGGERS BACK AND LANDS IN A CRUMPLED HEAP -



LEAPING FROM THE SADDLE, BUCK CRAWLS AS NEAR AS POSSIBLE TO THE CLIFF'S EDGE TO WATCH FOR THE KILLER TO COME OUT.

BUCK WAITS A FEW MINUTES PUZZLED BECAUSE THE KILLER DOES NOT COME OUT - FINALLY HE STARTS TO MAKE HIS WAY DOWN THE TRAIL TO THE REAR OF THE CABIN





DIRECTLY IN FRONT OF THE DOOR IS A TABLE ON WHICH IS LYING A RUNNING IRON — NEAR AN OVER-TURNED CHAIR, LIES A SAWED-OFF SHOT GUN — OTHERWISE, THE ROOM IS NOT IN DISORDER —





BUCK  
TAKES  
SAW-TOOTH  
JACKSON'S  
GUN,  
THEN  
ORDERS  
HIM  
AROUND  
TO THE  
DOOR

OPEN THAT  
DOOR!

NO - NO. DONT MAKE  
ME DO THAT! I'LL  
TELL EVERYTHING!

AFRAID OF THE  
GUN-TRAP  
YOU SET  
FOR  
ODELL  
EH!

BOGDAN  
MADE ME  
DO IT!  
HE WANTS  
ODELL'S  
LAND -

SUDDENLY  
BUCK  
GETS A  
GLIMPSE  
OF THE  
SHERIFF  
AND BOGDAN  
COMING -  
BINDING  
SAW-TOOTH'S  
WRISTS,  
HE SHOVES  
HIM  
BEHIND  
A  
BUSH -

GET YOUR CARCASS BEHIND  
THAT BUSH AND DONT OPEN  
YOUR MOUTH IF  
YOU WANT  
TO STAY  
HEALTHY!

QUICKLY  
SNAPPING  
THE  
PADLOCK  
ON THE  
DOOR  
BUCK  
STEPS  
BEHIND  
THE  
BUSH  
AND WAITS  
FOR  
THE SHERIFF  
AND  
BOGDAN  
TO COME

GUESS, WE'LL HAYE TO  
COME AGAIN, SHERIFF  
HE HASN'T GOT BACK  
YET!

YES THE  
DOOR IS  
PADLOCKED

YOU'RE WRONG  
BOGDAN. HE CAME  
BACK AND WAS  
MURDERED BY  
YOUR GUN-TRAP

YOU'RE PLUMB  
LOCO!  
I HAVEN'T  
BEEN NEAR  
THIS CABIN -  
WHERE'S YOUR  
PROOF?

RIGHT HERE, YOUR HIRED  
GUN SLINGER - SAW-TOOTH JACKSON.  
WANTED IN ARIZONA FOR EVERY  
THING ON THE COURT CALENDAR!  
SHERIFF, PUT THE CUFFS ON BOGDAN  
AND YOU'LL SEE ODELL'S BODY  
IF YOU'LL OPEN  
THAT DOOR -

JUST HOLD THAT HIDE-OUT GUN, BOGDAN! I'VE BEEN  
SUSPECTING YOU OF BEING THE HEAD OF A GANG THAT'S  
BEEN USING THIS LAND TO SMUGGLE CONTRABAND  
ACROSS THE BORDER!

BLAST YA!  
I SENT THAT LUNK-  
HEAD IN ADVANCE  
TO TAKE DOWN THAT  
GUN BEFORE WE  
GOT HERE!





HEADQUARTERS OF THE U.S. SPY SERVICE ----

SENATOR BARKLY HAS COME TO WASHINGTON WITH VALUABLE PAPERS. THERE ARE SINISTER FORCES FROM WHICH HE MUST BE GUARDED!

AND WE'RE TO WATCH OVER THE OLD BOY, EH?

SOUNDS LIKE A SIMPLE ASSIGNMENT TO ME!



BUT IT'S NOT AS SIMPLE AS IT APPEARS - THE SENATOR BULL-HEADEDLY INSISTS HE WANTS NO BODYGUARD - SO YOU'LL HAVE TO GUARD HIM WITHOUT HIS KNOWLEDGE



AS THEY ENTER THE SENATOR'S HOTEL ---

PAGING SENATOR BARKLY!

KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED SALLY! HERE'S WHERE WE CATCH OUR FIRST GLIMPSE OF THE SENATOR



I'M SENATOR BARKLY.

HERE'S A MESSAGE FOR YOU, SIR

AS THE SENATOR READS, HIS BROW FURROWS IN A FROWN



SOMETHING'S UP!

I'VE A HUNCH YOU AND I ARE SOON GOING INTO ACTION!

WHEN HE CONCLUDES READING THE MESSAGE, BARKLY TOSSES IT INTO A WASTE RECEPTACLE, AND HURRIES FROM THE HOTEL LOBBY

NOW?

NO, WAIT 'TILL HE'S OUT OF THE ROOM



THE MOMENT SENATOR BARKLY IS OUT OF VIEW, BART APPROPRIATES THE NOTE FROM THE WASTEBASKET



"DEAR SENATOR--  
IMPORTANT INFORMATION WILL BE GIVEN  
YOU IF YOU COME TO 349 GROGAN LANE--  
A FRIEND"



"COME ON! WE'VE GOT TO  
BEAT HIM TO THAT  
ADDRESS!"

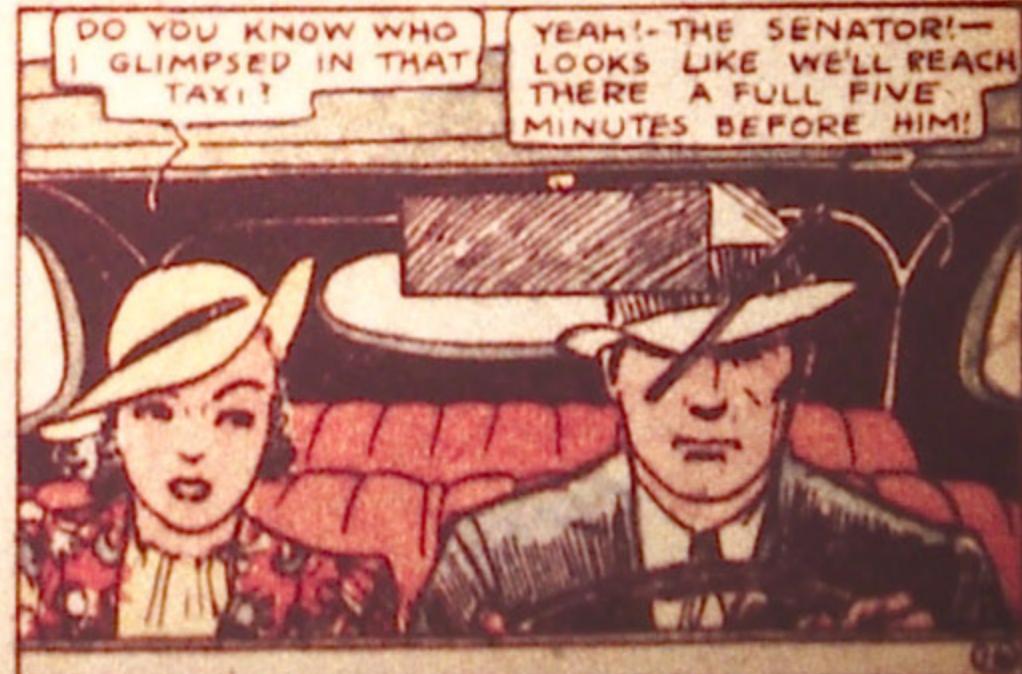
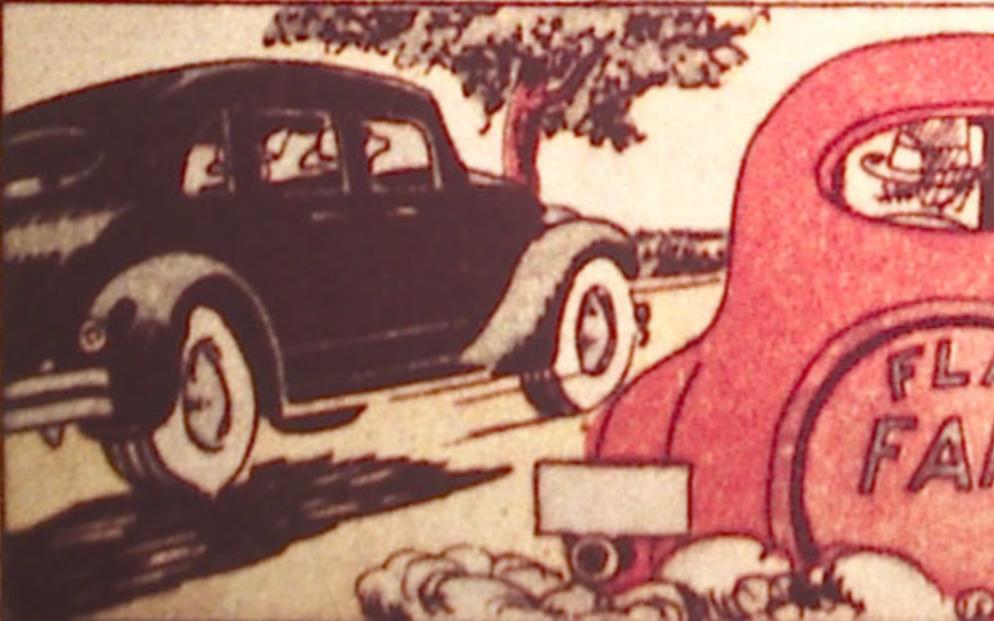


"TO HELL WITH  
TRAFFIC LIGHTS!-  
MORE SPEED!"

"WE'RE DOING SIXTY!-  
WHAT MORE DO  
YOU WANT?"



BART'S HURTLING CAR EASILY PASSES A TAXI---



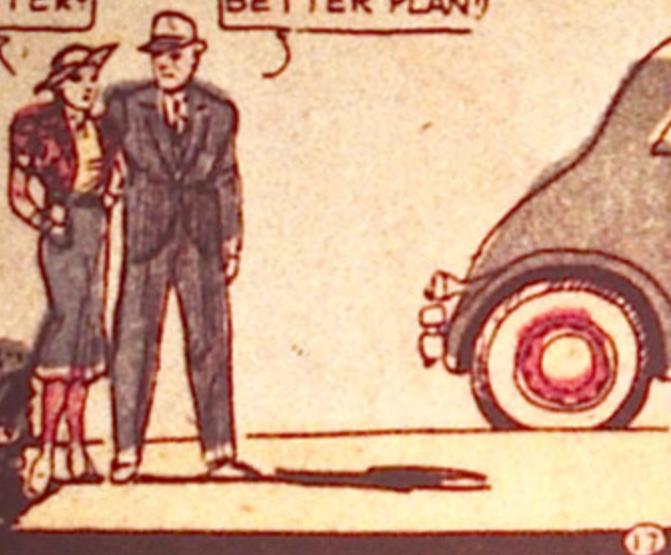
"DO YOU KNOW WHO  
I GLIMPSED IN THAT  
TAXI?"

"YEAH!-THE SENATOR!-  
LOOKS LIKE WE'LL REACH  
THERE A FULL FIVE  
MINUTES BEFORE HIM!"

WHEN GROGAN LANE IS REACHED---

WELL, WHAT DO WE DO NOW? ENTER?

NO, I'VE A BETTER PLAN!



WE WILL ENTER THE DESERTED LANE THRU ITS OTHER ENTRANCE. IN THIS WAY WE'LL SNEAK UP ON THE ENEMY FROM BEHIND!



SHORTLY LATER---

LOOK! OUR GUESS WAS RIGHT!

THEY'RE LYING IN WAIT FOR THE SENATOR!



FROM THE CROUCHED ATTITUDE OF THE MEN, AND THE PRESENCE OF THEIR WEAPONS, IT'S OBVIOUS THEY PLAN A COWARDLY MURDER.

DON'T GIVE HIM A CHANCE TO SHOUT FOR HELP!

ONE WELL PLACED SHOT WILL DO THE TRICK!



WAIT HERE, SALLY, WHILE I ATTEND TO THEM.

OH, NO! - I'M NOT GOING TO MISS THE FUN!



SALLY AND BART LEAP SIMULTANEOUSLY---

WHAT TH'-!

USE YOUR GUN!



THANKS FOR RESISTING!

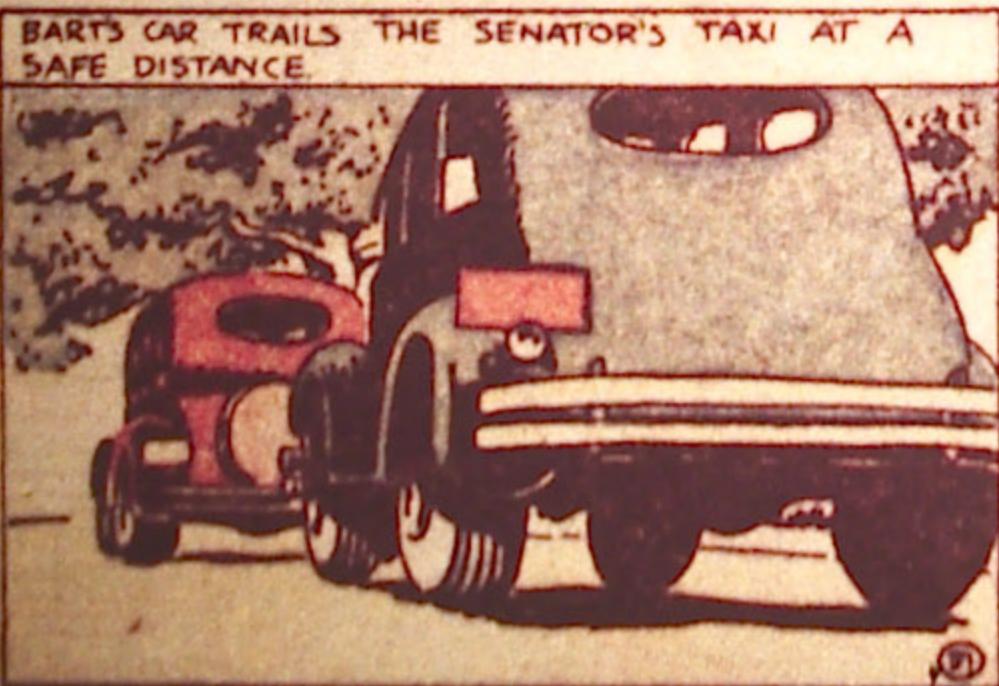
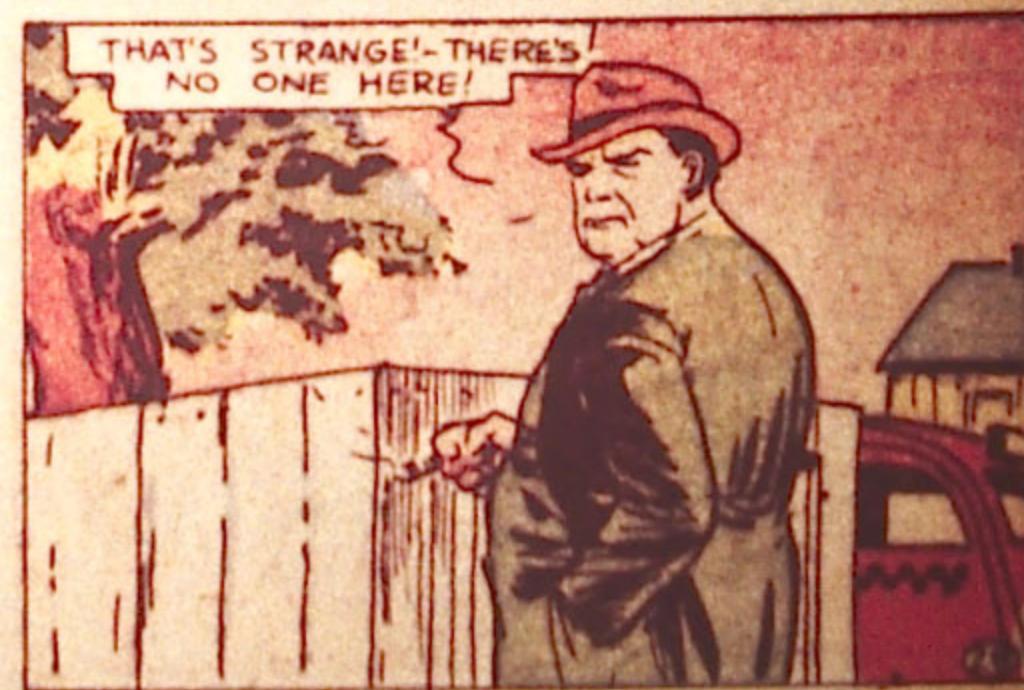


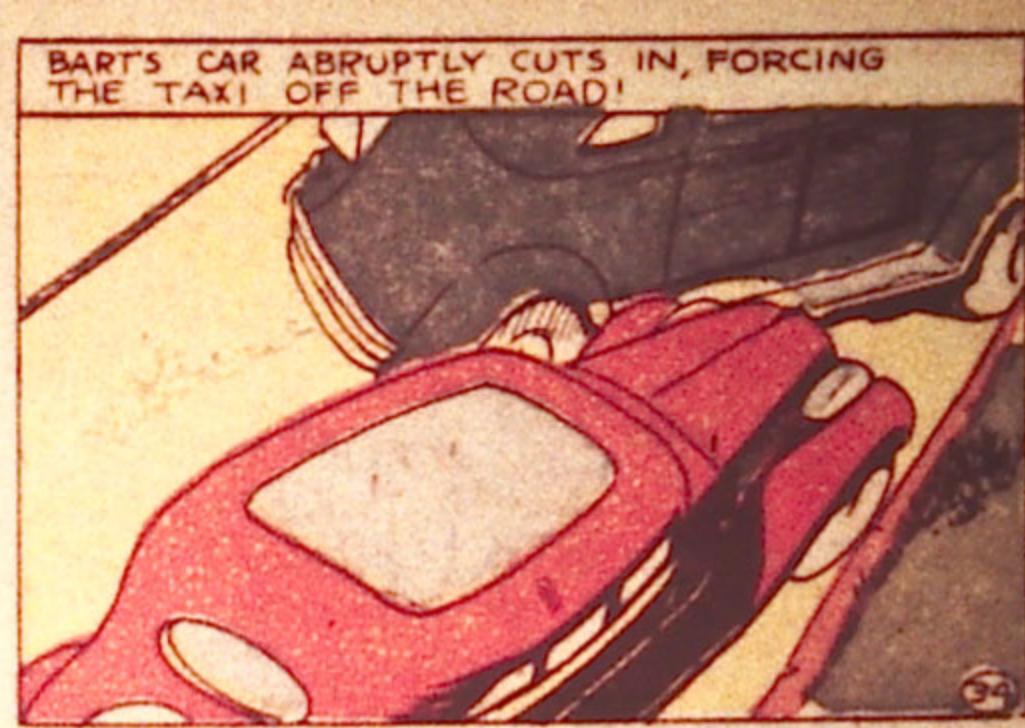
YOU'RE JUST A GIRL!

YEAH - BUT WOTTA GIRL!



THE COWARDLY WOULD-BE ASSASSINS DASH AWAY...





THE DRIVER STEERS WITH ONE HAND; HIS OTHER HAND, PRESSING A GUN AGAINST SALLY'S SIDE, EFFECTIVELY PREVENTS OPPOSITION



WITH EACH PASSING MOMENT THE TAXI IS BRINGING ITS PRISONERS CLOSER TO AN UNKNOWN FATE.

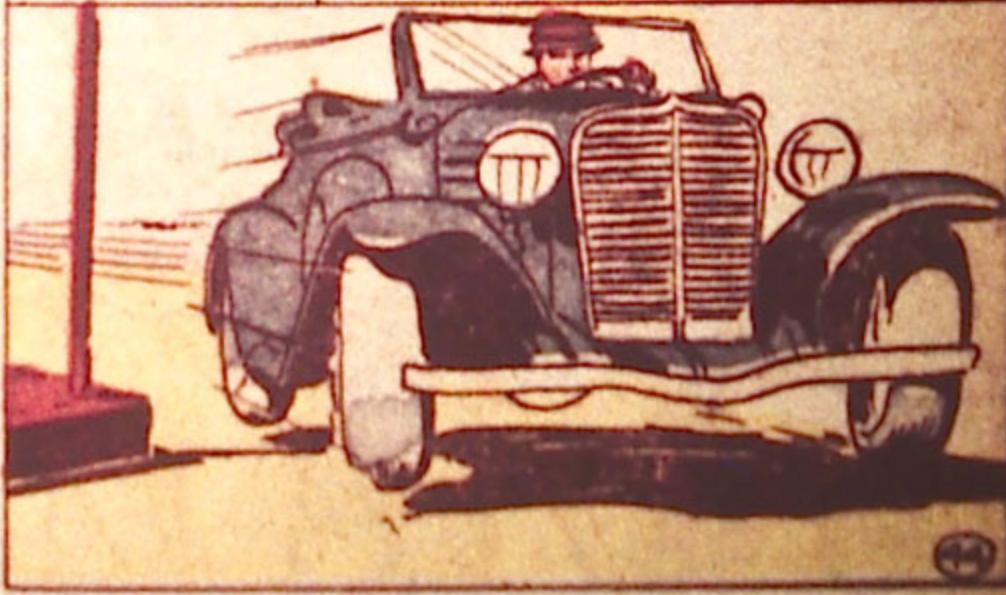
IF MY LIFE WERE THE ONLY ONE AT STAKE, I'D MAKE AN ATTEMPT AT RESISTANCE. BUT I CAN'T RISK SALLY'S



IT WOULD BE PURE SUICIDE FOR ME TO TRY ANYTHING! IF ONLY--!



FATE TAKES A HAND! - AROUND A NEARBY CORNER SWERVES A SPEEDER---



A COLLISION APPEARS CERTAIN, AS THE SPEEDER PENETRATES INTO THE WRONG LANE---



IN ORDER TO PULL OUT OF THE APPROACHING CAR'S PATH THE PSEUDO-TAXI-DRIVER IS FORCED TO PLACE BOTH HANDS ON THE STEERING-WHEEL---



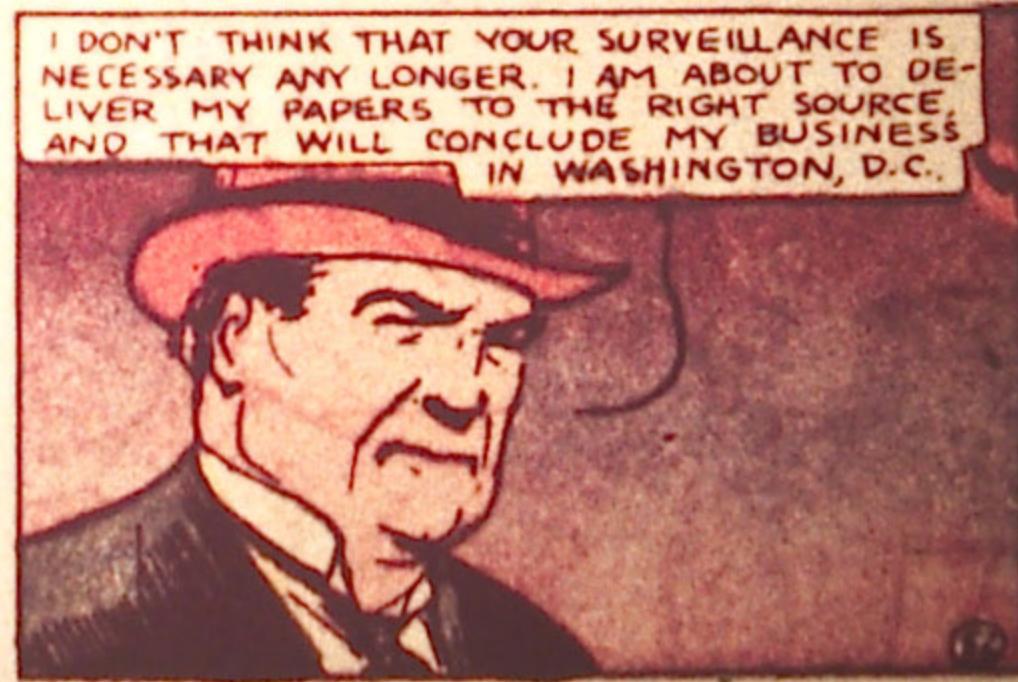
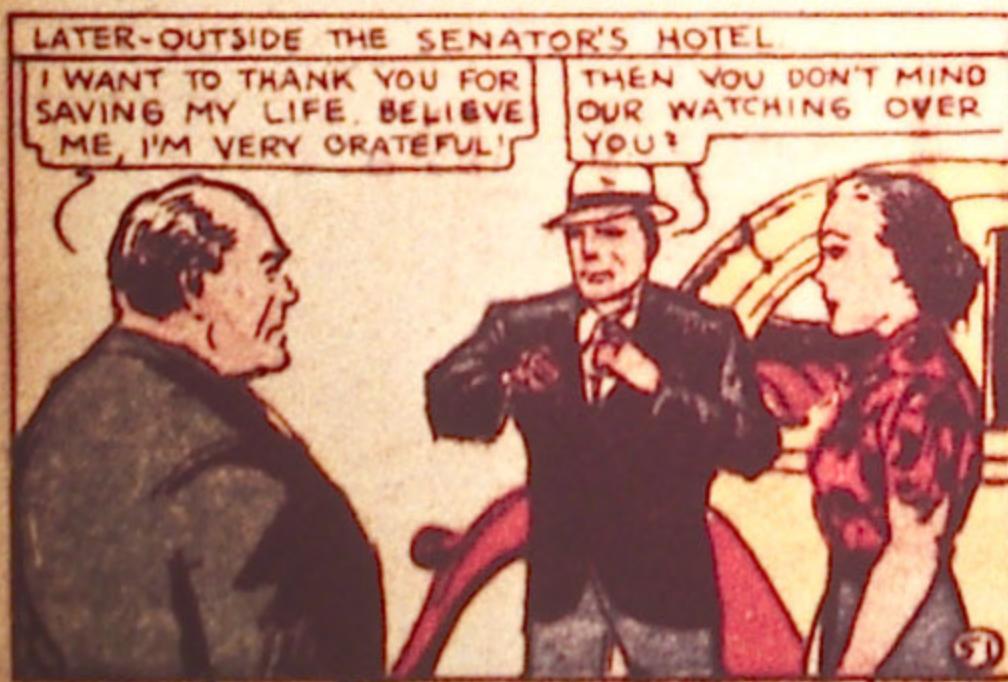
BART!-  
HELP!

LET GO YOU  
LITTLE FOOL!



BEYOND CONTROL THE TAXI SMASHES INTO A TELEPHONE-POLE!





WALLACE! - YOU  
STOOPING TO THIS!

I'VE NO OTHER  
CHOICE!

THOSE PAPERS CONTAIN DOCUMENTARY PROOF  
OF MY TRAITOROUS ACTIVITIES! THEY MUST BE  
DESTROYED!



THEN IT WAS YOU WHO HIRED  
THOSE THUGS TO SLAY ME!

YES, THEY FAILED--  
BUT I WON'T!



IN THE HALLWAY

DID Y' HEAR THAT?

GOOD THING FOR THE SENATOR  
THAT WE DECIDED TO DO A  
LITTLE SNOOPING ON OUR OWN



BEHIND THE TRAITOR'S BACK THE DOOR HANDLE  
SLOWLY TURNS! - BART PEERS INTO THE ROOM  
THRU A SLIGHT CRACK!



YOU'RE GOING TO--  
SHOOT ME DOWN--  
IN COLD BLOOD?

THERE'S NOTHING  
ELSE I CAN DO!



AN INSTANT BEFORE THE TRAITOR SHOOTS, BART SLAMS  
THE DOOR OPEN AGAINST HIM, DEFLECTING HIS AIM!



LATER-AT HEADQUARTERS..  
THE SENATOR IS AGAIN  
CALLING TO TELL HOW GRATE-  
FUL HE IS - DO YOU HEAR ME?

DO YOU HEAR  
ANYTHING,  
SALLY?  
ONLY THE  
POUNDING OF  
MY HEART!



THE END

The adventurous story  
of that sinister charac-  
ter of the Orient . . .

# DOCTOR FU MANCHU!

by  
The Celebrated  
English Author

**SAX ROHMER**



"You remember the call in the lane when Sir Crichton died," replied Smith, leading the way into the bedroom. "It is a dacoit—an East Indian murderer—who operates the Zayat Kiss. The ivy, you know, runs all the way up to the window. To a dacoit an ivy-covered wall is a grand staircase. . . ."



Smith put the perfumed envelope on a little table in the middle of the room. We stuffed coats and rugs under the covers of the bed to give the appearance of a sleeper . . .



Smith squatted on cushions in a shadowy corner, with a revolver and an electric pocket-lamp. He also laid a golf club beside him. As I switched out the light, the utter silence was broken by a distant clock striking two . . .

Nayland Smith and I sat waiting tensely for the murderous hand of Fu Manchu to strike. No sound broke the stillness of the night . . . The full moon had painted about the floor weird shadows of the clustering ivy at the window, spreading the design gradually across the room . . . The distant clock struck quarter past two . . .



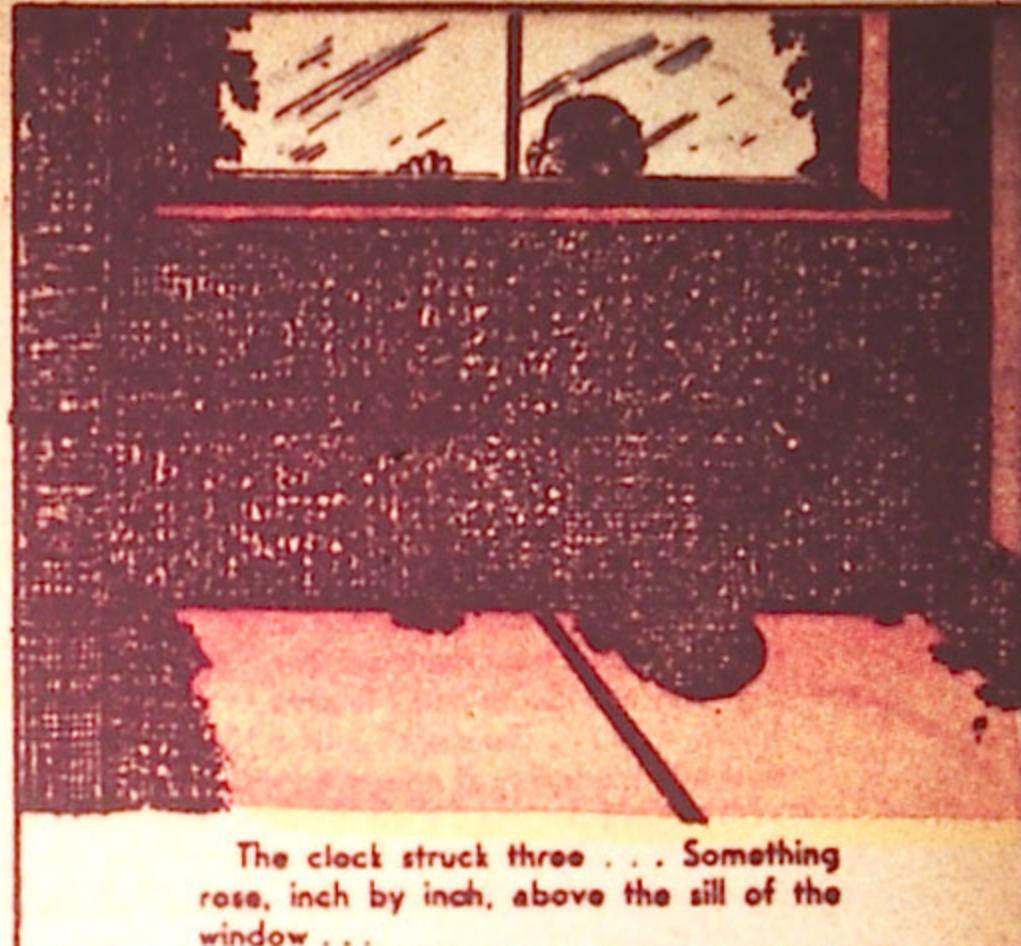
A slight breeze stirred the ivy, and the shadows spread further. The moonlight now touched the little table where lay the sin- ister perfumed envelope which was to lure to its deadly task the thing that dealt the Zayat Kiss . . . The far-away half-hour sounded . . .



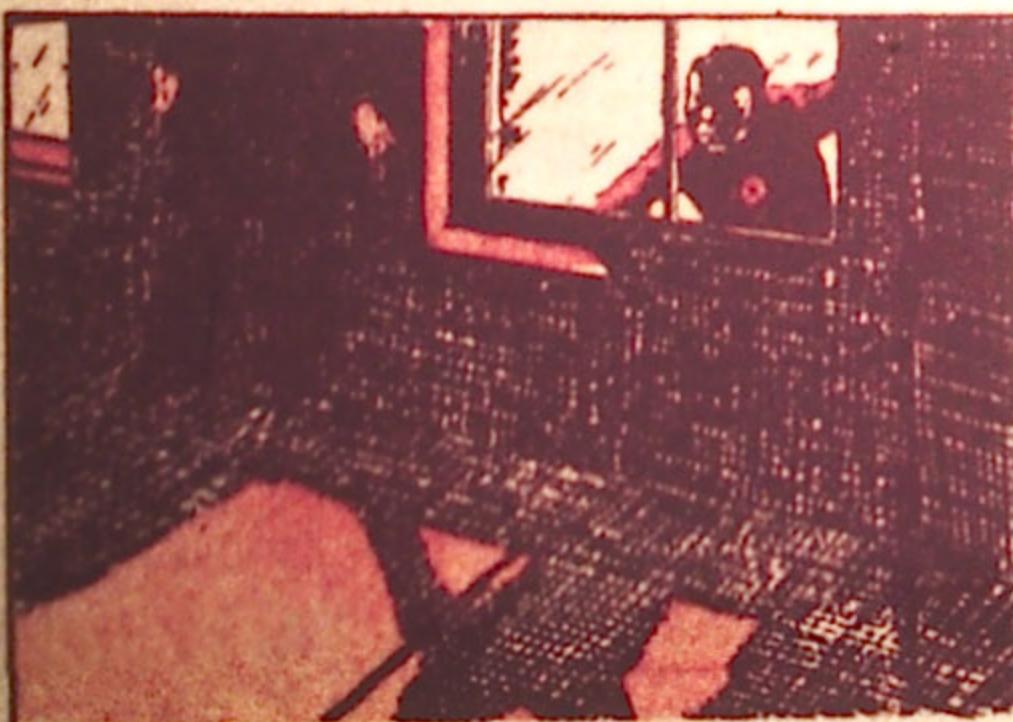


I pictured Fu Manchu, awaiting in some mysterious hiding place the outcome of this monstrous

attempt to end Nayland Smith's war against his villainies . . . A shudder swept me at the thought of the Yellow genius of evil . . .



The clock struck three . . . Something rose, inch by inch, above the sill of the window . . .



Now the figure at the window cast a shadow on the floor in the form of a man. The moment for which Nayland Smith and I waited had come . . . I was icy cold, expectant, prepared for whatever horror might be upon us .



A silent breath from Smith told me that he, from his post, could see the cause of the shadow which became stationary. It was the dacoit who operated the Zayat Kiss. He was studying the interior of the room .

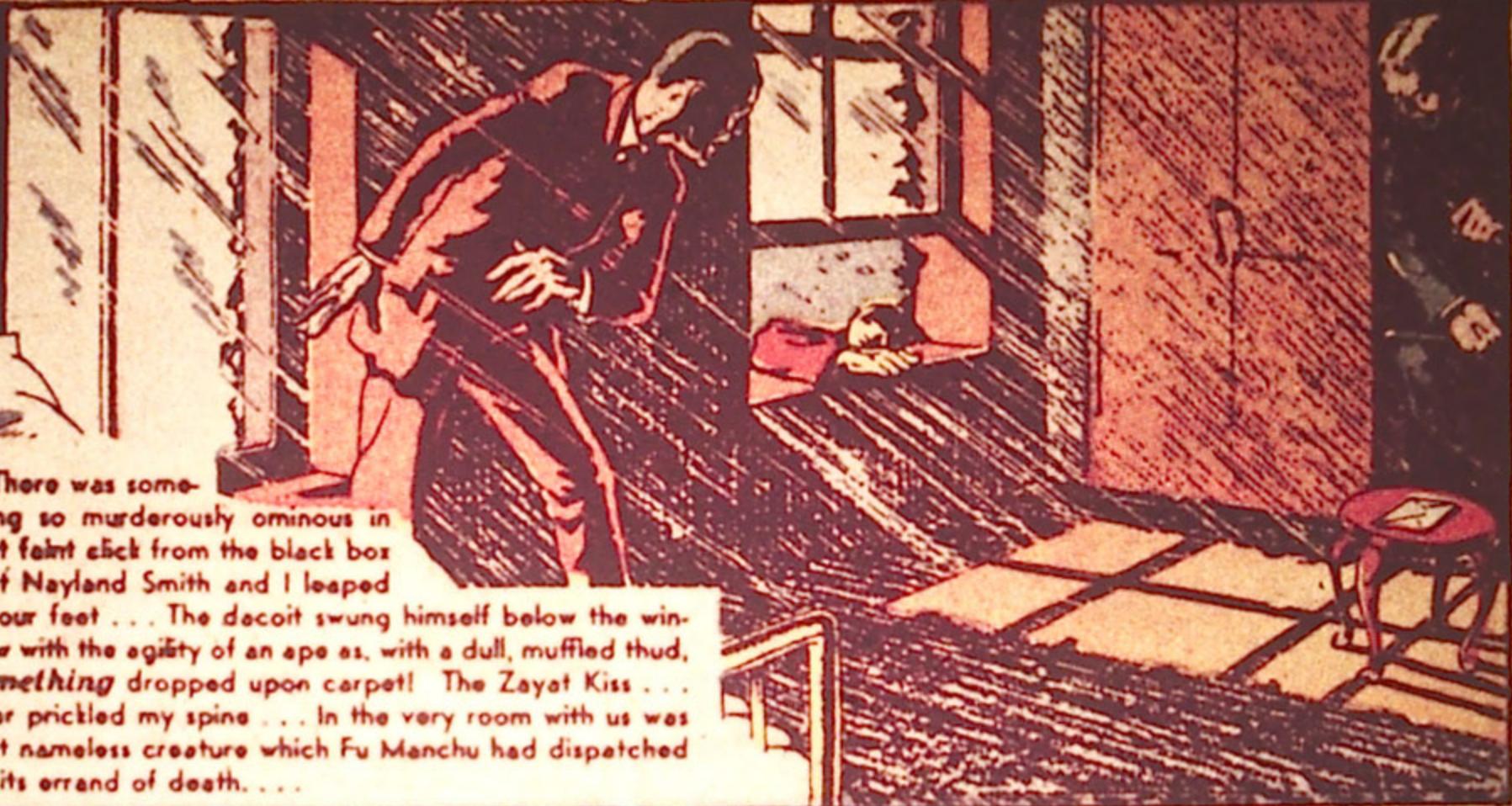


There was absolutely no sound at the window, but the litho form of a man clung there in the moonlight. A yellow face was pressed against the panes . . .



Thin hands raised the sash. One hand disappeared and reappeared in a moment grasping a small, square box . . .

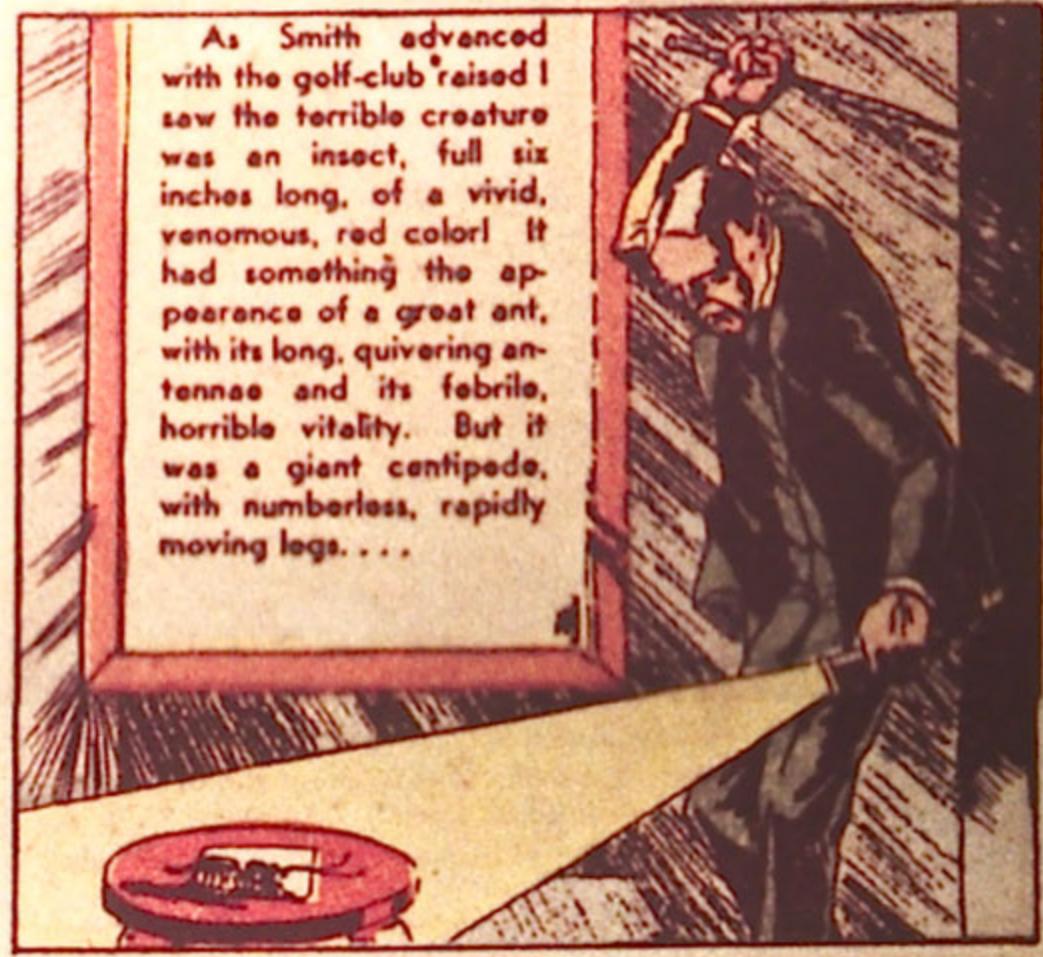
There was a very faint click .



There was something so murderously ominous in that faint click from the black box that Nayland Smith and I leaped to our feet . . . The decoit swung himself below the window with the agility of an ape as, with a dull, muffled thud, something dropped upon carpet! The Zayat Kiss . . . Fear prickled my spine . . . In the very room with us was that nameless creature which Fu Manchu had dispatched on its errand of death. . . .



"Stand still for your life!" came Smith's voice, high-pitched. A beam of white light leaped out and I stifled a scream when it revealed the thing that was running around the perfumed envelope. . . .



As Smith advanced with the golf-club raised I saw the terrible creature was an insect, full six inches long, of a vivid, venomous, red color! It had something the appearance of a great ant, with its long, quivering antennae and its febrile, horrible vitality. But it was a giant centipede, with numberless, rapidly moving legs. . . .



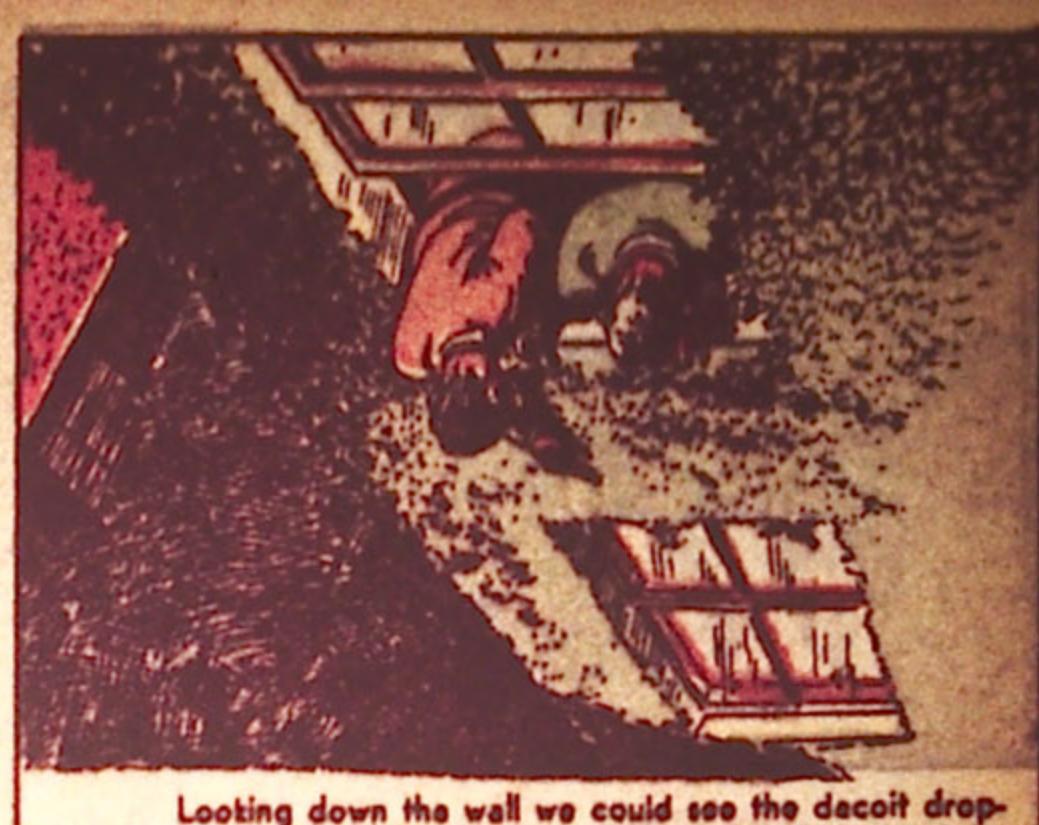
All the ghastliness of Fu Manchu's diabolical plot to destroy us by means of the Zayat Kiss I realized in one breathless instant. In the next, Nayland Smith, with one straight, true blow of the golf club had dashed out the thing's poisonous life!



"The window, Petrie!" cried Smith, and I ran to it . . . As I did so I felt brushing my hand the silken thread which had been the giant centipede's tether. . . .



Drawing my pistol, I leaned far out over the window ledge. Smith at my elbow.... But we were too late....



Looing down the wall we could see the decoit dropping with incredible agility from branch to branch of the ivy. Without offering a mark for a shot, Fu Manchu's servant of death melted into the shadows beneath the garden's trees....



Nayland Smith dropped limply into a chair as I turned on the light. Even his grim courage had been sorely tried in thwarting Fu Manchu's hideous plot against our lives.



I had gone back to the window and was gazing out again, hoping for a glimpse of our late visitor. Smith joined me there. "Never mind the decoit, Petrie," he said. "Nemesis will know where to find him."



We stood looking aghast at what was left of the deadly insect from which Smith's golf club had saved us. "We know now what causes the mark of the Zayat Kiss," he said. "Therefore science is richer for our first brush with the enemy, and the enemy is poorer—unless Fu Manchu has more centipedes....



"And another mystery is solved, Petrie," Smith added eagerly. "Now I understand something that has puzzled me ever since the night Sir Crichton Davey was murdered. As he staggered dying from his study, you remember, he uttered a stifled cry...." (To be continued)

# GIVE AND TAKE

By  
**Paul Dean**

THE still night air was suddenly shattered by a piercing scream, fearful and blood-chilling. Detective Bedford, awakened from a sound sleep, leaped from his bed and dashed to the door. He flung it open and raced swiftly down the hotel corridor to Room 16. Others in the building must have heard the cry for several doors were cautiously pulled back and Bedford could hear the puzzled murmurings of the aroused guests.

He reached Room 16 and tried the door. It was locked from the inside. "I thought as much!" he said fiercely, and without hesitation he stood back and rammed his shoulders against the heavy panels. Three times, four times and finally the lock snapped and the door swung inward.

Bedford bounded into the room and halted. Kneeling by the foot of the bed was Sir Charles Knight, his wrists securely fastened by a silken cord to one of the bed-posts. The detective was at his side and quickly untied the elderly man's bonds.

"What is it, Sir Charles?" he asked him. "What happened?"

The man turned his head slowly and merely looked at the detective.

He opened his mouth to speak but the sounds he produced were nothing more than incoherent babblings. His eyes seemed to be coated with some sort of film and were vacant and staring.

The manager of the hotel, having heard the commotion, raced into the room. Bedford motioned to him and together they carried Sir Charles to an easy chair.

"What's the trouble?" asked the anxious manager. "Is Sir Charles ill?"

"Yes, he is quite sick!" the detective replied, pouring a glass of whiskey from a decanter. "But his illness is of the mind . . . Sir Charles has been hypnotized!"

The manager closed the door to the prying eyes of curious guests. "Hypnotized! That seems incredible! Who would want to hypnotize him . . . and why?"

"Many people would be only too glad to approach Sir Charles in a hypnotic coma," Bedford said, offering the glass to the elderly man. "You see, he happens to be one of England's wealthiest gem collectors and time and again he has outbid other collectors for pieces of jewelry . . . jewelry that these same men would rob, plunder and murder for without the slightest qualms!"

"You believe, then, that one of his competitors is responsible for

his condition?" the manager asked, wiping his brow.

"Not only do I believe this but I am certain that I know who he is!" the detective answered. "Sir Charles came here to New York for the sole purpose of buying the famous Burma Ruby. He accomplished his mission but by the same token, acquired several enemies who also had their hearts set on purchasing this well-known gem. Needless to say, each and everyone of these gentlemen—I say 'gentlemen', because in every day society, these men hold high and esteemed positions—would not hesitate to employ unlawful methods to acquire the stone."

"You say you actually know who attacked Sir Charles?" the manager asked. "Who is it, then?"

Bedford held the silken cord in his hand that had bound Sir Charles. "Of all the gentlemen anxious to get their hands on the Burma Ruby, only one would use a cord made of silk fiber for that purpose. And his name is Wen Tung?"

"An Oriental?"

"Exactly. And a clever one at that!" the detective answered. "Down at police headquarters we had received word of Sir Charles' advent and we anticipated something of this nature. That's the reason why I was assigned to follow Sir Charles, to prevent just this thing. But it seems as if I'm too late . . . or perhaps I'm *not* too late at that!"

\* \* \* \* \*

A DISTANT church tower chimed the hour of 2 A.M. Detective Bedford hurried along the dark side streets of the lower East Side. An hour ago he had left Sir Charles in the capable hands of a noted specialist and the hotel manager. It was now his task to regain the Burma Ruby that Wen Tung had taken from the English collector.

He turned into a narrow, alley-like street that ended abruptly at the river's edge. The house he sought was half-way down the block, a bleak and dismal looking building with drawn blinds and a forbidding iron-grille door.

"Well, Mr. Wen Tung, I've come to pay you a visit," Bedford said

to himself. "Whether or not its social call depends on you!"

Bedford did not approach the front door but slipped through a walk running between the buildings, to the rear of the house. Quietly he climbed to the roof of a shed set close to the side of the building and tried one of the windows. It was locked, as he had expected. From his pocket he took a slim file and working patiently for a minute or more, succeeded in unloosening the bolt. He lifted the window softly and stepped into a black room.

The place was absolutely quiet and Bedford remained motionless, wondering whether he had been heard. His eyes became accustomed to the gloom and from the numerous rows and shelves of books, he guessed that he must be in Wen Tung's library.

Then he heard a voice and a lamp in the next room was snapped on, for he could see a sliver of light beneath the door leading to it. Noiselessly he tip-toed across the floor and placed his ear against the door. The high, cackling monotone drifted to him and he knew he was listening to Wen Tung.

"... one of the greatest and perhaps the finest example of its kind in the world today. This stone, Sin Lao, is a veritable gift of the gods and I will confess that I would not hesitate at murder to possess it and to keep it in my possession!"

"He's got the stone, all right, and he's determined to keep it, too!" Bedford muttered grimly. He must act quickly and strike hard. He placed his hand on the knob and was relieved when it turned. Ever so slowly he opened the door and through the crack he saw that the backs of both the men in the room were facing him. Resting on a piece of black velvet on the table before them was the Burma Ruby, a huge and sparkling gem glowing warm and red.

So engrossed were the two orientals that neither heard Bedford step into the room. "Raise your hands to the ceiling, both of you!" he ordered, pointing his automatic at them. "And remain turned as you are!"

Wen Tung and his companion did as they were commanded, though the former cursed the de-



tective freely in his native tongue. Bedford slipped to the side and advancing to the center of the room, scooped the ruby from the table. He deposited the gem in his pocket and retreated toward the library, with the intention of leaving as he came. And at that instant the lights went out!

Instinctively Bedford ducked... and fortunately so! Something whizzed over his head and ripped into the wall back of him. Whatever it was came from immediately in front of him and he fired in that direction. One of the two orientals screamed in pain and fell to the floor. A door slammed and then everything was quiet. Bedford waited for another attack but none was forthcoming. He turned and went back through the doorway, across the library floor and out the window onto the shed. He raced to the street and hailed a cab. The church clock chimed 2:30 A. M. as he slammed the taxi door shut.

\* \* \* \* \*

Sir Charles, pale and visibly shaken by his recent ordeal, was propped up in bed in his hotel room. In his hand he clutched the

Burma Ruby.

"How can I ever thank you, Mr. Bedford?"

"There's no need to, Sir Charles," said the detective. "As a matter of fact I feel rather guilty for letting the ruby slip out of your grasp in the first place."

At that moment the bell rang and a messenger entered with a note. Sir Charles took it, tore it open and read:

*Congratulations upon your acquisition of the Burma Ruby, a supreme achievement.*

*Signed,*

*Wen Tung.*

THE END

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# Bruce Nelson

and the

## Song of Death

by Tom Hickey

ON THE EIGHTEENTH GREEN OF THE DUTCH SPRINGS GOLF CLUB

NICE PUTT BRUCE.  
I COULDN'T TAUCE YOU  
EVEN WITH MY TEN  
STROKE HANDI-  
CAP.

AS THEY LEFT THE GREEN A FAT, WORRIED LOOKING MAN, WHO HAD BEEN WAITING FOR THEM, CAME UP.

NED PENICK!  
I HAVEN'T SEEN  
YOU IN AGES.

HELLO NELSON!  
HOW'S IT GOING?

KAY, I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET  
NED PENICK, THE FAMOUS  
BROADWAY PRODUCER.  
THIS IS KAY LIVINGSTON.

HOW DO YOU DO, MR. PENICK.  
PLEASE TO  
MEET CHA.  
MISS LIVINGSTON.

NELSON, IF MISS LIVINGSTON  
WILL EXCUSE US I'D LIKE TO  
TALK TO YOU ALONE FOR A FEW MINUTES.

O.K. NED. RIGHT AFTER  
I SHOWER. I'LL MEET  
YOU IN THE MEN'S BAR  
IN TWENTY MINUTES.

IF YOUR AFTER ME  
TO STAR IN YOUR SHOW  
NED, MY PRICE IS FIVE  
THOUSAND A WEEK.

DWENTY MINUTES LATER IN THE  
MEN'S BAR OF THE CLUB HOUSE.

I WISH IT WAS AS SIMPLE AS THAT. AS A MATTER OF FACT  
IF YOU CLEAN UP THIS MESS BEFORE IT BANKRUPTS MY  
SHOW I'LL GIVE YOU FIVE THOUS-  
AND. NELSON, TWO MURDERS  
HAVE BEEN COMMITTED IN THE  
"FROLICS", AND THERE PROBAB-  
LY WILL BE ANOTHER UNLESS  
WE CAN STOP IT.

YOU MEAN THAT "SONG OF DEATH" STUNT OF YOURS IN THE "FROLICS". I SAW SOMETHING ABOUT IT IN THE PAPERS BUT I DIDN'T PAY MUCH ATTENTION TO IT. ANOTHER ONE OF YOUR HOT PUBLICITY STUNTS, ISN'T IT?



PUBLICITY STUNT NOTHING! BOTH OF THOSE GIRLS ARE REALLY DEAD!

START FROM THE BEGINNING, AND LET'S HAVE THE WHOLE THING.



WELL, THE OPENING NIGHT OF THE "FROLICS" MY LEAD SINGER, LOLA MAINE, HEELLED OVER WHILE SHE WAS SINGING "THE NIGHT IS BLUE". SHE WAS PRONOUNCED DEAD.



TWO NIGHTS LATER HER UNDERSTUDY, HOLLY LAWSON, WAS SINGING THE SAME SONG. AS SHE REACHED THE IDENTICAL SPOT IN THE SONG WHERE LOLA DROPPED DEAD SHE PITCHED OVER, DEAD TOO. THE NEWSPAPERS DUBBED THE TUNE, "SONG OF DEATH".

GOOD PUBLICITY FOR YOUR SHOW. I'LL BET YOU'VE HAD THE S.P.O. SIGN OUT EVER SINCE.



ON THE CONTRARY, I'VE HAD TO CLOSE THE SHOW. I CAN'T GET A SINGER TO TAKE OVER THAT PART, AND THE SONG IS A VITAL PART OF THE SHOW.



I SUPPOSE EVERYONE IS TALKING THAT "SONG OF DEATH" GAG SERIOUSLY AND THINK THAT THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THE SONG THAT CAUSES THEIR DEATH.



EXACTLY! NELSON, THAT SHOW MUST REOPEN. I'VE SUNKE EVERY PENNY I'VE GOT INTO IT. BUT IT WON'T REOPEN UNTIL THE MYSTERIOUS DEATHS ARE CLEARED UP. WILL YOU SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO. THE POLICE ARE TOO SLOW, AND I CAN'T LOSE TOO MUCH TIME.



IT SOUNDS LIKE AN INTERESTING CASE PENICK. I'LL TAKE IT.

GOOD BOY! CLEAR UP THIS MESS AND I'LL MAKE IT WORTH YOUR WHILE.

O.K. PENICK. YOU'LL HEAR FROM ME TOMORROW. I WANT TO SLEEP ON IT TONIGHT.



NEXT MORNING IN NELSON'S APARTMENT. HE IS TALKING TO MEDICAL EXAMINER MONROE ON THE PHONE.



KAYE, I'M GOING DOWN TO THE LINCOLN THEATRE. CALL BILLIE BRYSON AND ASK HER TO COME UP HERE ABOUT FOUR P.M. IT'S IMPORTANT.



THIRTY MINUTES LATER NELSON STRODE INTO PENICK'S OFFICE.

PENICK, I'VE GOT A SINGER FOR YOU. LET'S SEE. THIS IS THURSDAY. YOUR SHOW REOPENS SATURDAY.

WHAT! WHO'S CRAZY ENOUGH TO WANT THAT SPOT?



SHE'S WANTED TO HELP ME ON SOME OF MY CASES BEFORE. SHE'S A DAREDEVIL. PENICK, THE USUAL STORY. FED UPON THE SOCIAL WHIRL, FLYS HER OWN PLANE, DRIVES SPEEDBOATS, ETC., ALWAYS RISKING HER NECK, ANYTHING FOR A THRILL. THIS TIME SHE'LL GET A REAL ONE. HIRE HER. PENICK AND LEAVE THE REST TO ME.



DIG HEARTED BILUSIE. GETS ME A JOB AS THE STAR OF A SHOW THAT HAS ALL READY FOLDED. THAT TRIP TO AFRICA DIDN'T AFFECT YOUR MIND, DID IT BEAR?



HA, HA, HA. WHY BRUCE! YOU OLD DEAR! YOU'RE SO GOOD TO ME.



I KNEW YOU WOULD LIKE IT.  
NOW LISTEN CAREFULLY. HERE'S  
MY PLAN —

I'M ALL EARS.



NEXT MORNING AT A HURRIEDLY CALLED REHEARSAL  
OF THE FROLICS.

NED, THIS IS BILLIE DRYSON,  
YOUR NEW STAR.

SHOW DO MISS DRYSON.  
HERE'S YOUR MUSIC. I  
DON'T KNOW WHETHER OR  
NOT YOU CAN LEARN THIS PART  
IN SUCH A SHORT  
TIME. I'LL GIVE  
YOU A HAND  
IN A MINUTE.

WHILE DANCE DIRECTOR  
HOWARD WAS PUTTING THE  
CHORUS THROUGH ITS PACES  
AND PEENICK WAS GIVING  
BILLIE SOME POINTERS,  
NELSON STROLLED ABOUT  
LOOKING OVER THE  
VARIOUS MEMBERS OF  
THE ENTOURAGE.



NELSON DECIDED TO QUESTION OLE CARLSEN, THE AGED  
GUARDIAN OF THE STAGE DOOR.

DO THE GIRLS SOMETIMES  
HAVE A BITE TO EAT  
IN THEIR DRESSING  
ROOMS INSTEAD OF  
GOING OUT TO DINNER  
BEFORE THE EVENING  
PERFORMANCE?

THE PRINCIPLES OFTEN  
DO BUT THE CHORUS  
GIRLS GENERALLY  
GO OUT TO A DRUG  
STORE OR SOMEPLACE.



DID EITHER MISS MAINE OR MISS  
LAWSON SEND OUT FOR FOOD THE  
NIGHT THEY WERE KILLED?

I COULDN'T TELL. THERE  
WAS FOOD BROUGHT IN  
THAT NIGHT BUT I DON'T  
KNOW WHO FOR.

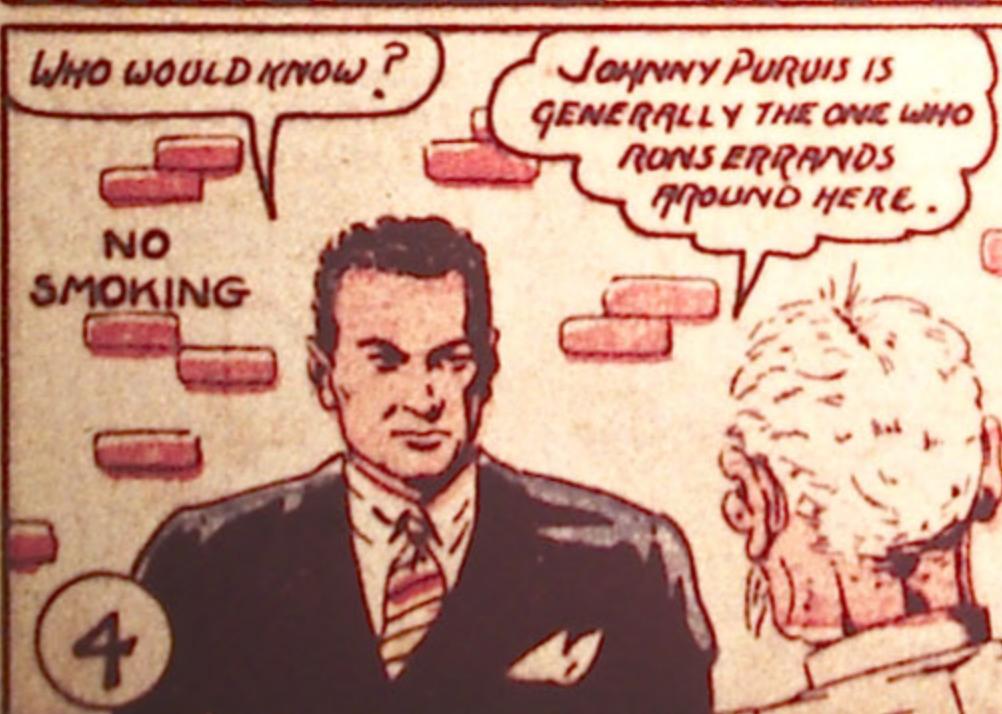


WHO WOULD KNOW?

JOHNNY PURVIS IS  
GENERALLY THE ONE WHO  
RUNS ERRANDS  
AROUND HERE.

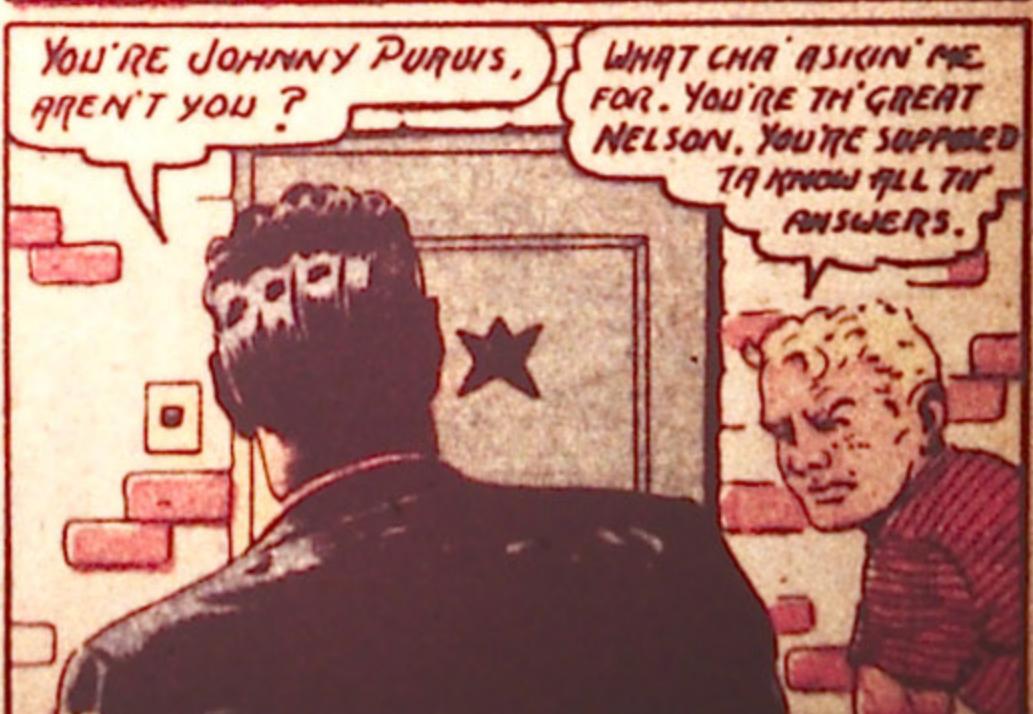
NO  
SMOKING

4



YOU'RE JOHNNY PURVIS,  
AREN'T YOU?

WHAT CHA ASKIN' ME  
FOR. YOU'RE TH' GREAT  
NELSON. YOU'RE SUPPOSED  
TA KNOW ALL TH'  
ANSWERS.



OH! A TOUGHY, EH? — JOHNNY,  
DID YOU BRING IN FOOD FOR EITHER  
MISS MAINE OR MISS LAWSON THE  
NIGHT THEY WERE KILLED?

I AIN'T SAYIN'.  
THE LESS A GUY  
TALKS TO A DICK  
THE BETTER OFFA  
GUY IS.

THAT'S WHAT I CALL THE PHILOSOPHY OF A MORON AND  
YOU HARDLY SEEM TO BE THAT. YOU'LL GET IN MORE  
TROUBLE BY NOT TALKING TO  
A DICK THAN YOU WILL BY  
TALKING. THINK IT OVER  
JOHNNY. SEE YOU  
LATER.

YOU'RE DARN TOOTIN'  
YOU'LL SEE ME  
LATER!

THE GREAT ZAMBINI,  
A NOUVELTY KNIFE THROW-  
ING ACT, TAKES A FEW  
PRACTICE HEAVES.

JUST AS NELSON ROUNDED THE CORNER FROM THE  
CORRIDOR TO THE STAGE.

CLUNK!

IDIOT! IMBICILE! WHY YOU NO WATCH WHERE YOU  
GO? YOU ALL MOST MAKE A ME STICK A YOU!

HEY! I'M THE ONE THAT WAS ALL MOST STUCK, NOT YOU.  
I'M THE ONE WHO SHOULD BE GETTING SORE.  
WHAT'S A KNIFE THROWER  
DOING IN A MUSICAL  
COMEDY ANYWAY?

YOU INSINUATE MY KNIFE THROWING NOT GOOD  
ENOUGH FOR DA MUSICAL COMEDY!  
IMBICILE! YOU APOLOGIZE TO  
DA GREAT ZAMBINI!  
YOU APOLOGIZE, I SAY!

THIS HAS GONE FAR ENOUGH. ONE MORE PUSH AND I'LL CURL THAT MUSTACHE AROUND BACK OF YOUR NECK.



AH HA! YOU INSULT DA GREAT ZAMBINI AGAIN!  
DOGOFADOG!



I'VE GOT HALF A MIND TO JAM THE LID ON AND SHIP YOU BACK TO WHERE YOU CAME FROM. YOU TWO BIT VAUDEVILLE HAM.



BRUCE, I DON'T THINK THAT WAS A VERY WISE THING TO DO. YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO MAKE ANY ENEMIES AROUND HERE.



I'LL GO A LONG WAY'S ON THIS CASE AT THE RATE I'M GOING. I'VE TALKED WITH THREE PEOPLE. CARLSEN, PURVIS AND ZAMBINI AND HAVE ANTORGANIZED TWO OF THEM, PURVIS AND ZAMBINI. SOME AVERAGE.



ZAMBINI NEVER FORGET DA INSULT. HE WEE PAY THRU DA NOSE!



CONCLUDED IN NEXT ISSUE.

# THE CRIMSON AVENGER

FEARED BY THE UNDER-WORLD AND HUNTED BY THE POLICE, THE CRIMSON CARRIES ON THE WORK OF BEFRIENDING THE HELPLESS. KNOWN AS THE CRIMSON TO ONLY HIS CHINESE SERVANT, WING, LEE TRAVIS IS THE WEALTHY YOUNG PUBLISHER OF THE GLOBE LEADER

BY Jim Chambers

IN A BACK ROOM CARD GAME A MAN IS SHOT BY AN EX-CON —

IS HE — ?

YUM CROAKED HIM, JOE!

— AND SO, JOE MARKO, AN EX-CONVICT BRUTALLY MURDERED JACK STONE! OUR WITNESSES HAVE PROVED IT CONCLUSIVELY!

DEFENSE LAWYER, MYRON BLOCK SPEAKS —

YOUR HONOR, I ASK FOR ONE HOUR RECESS. I HAVE FOUND WITNESSES TO PROVE MY CLIENT'S INNOCENCE!

— BUT BOSS, THIS GUY'S GUILTY! HE CAN'T BEAT THE CHAIR!

YOU AND I KNOW THAT ED, BUT BLOCK IS HANDLING HIS CASE AND HE'S CROOKED! HE'S NEVER FAILED TO GET A MAN OFF.

IN THE OFFICES OF THE GLOBE LEADER

HEY, MR. TRAVIS-BLOCK BROUGHT IN HIS WITNESSES AND ON THEIR TESTIMONY MARKO HAS BEEN ACQUITTED!

HM, SHOWED HIS HAND PRETTY FAST THIS TIME. BLOCK'S WORKING SOME RACKET AND WE'VE GOT TO BREAK IT UP!

BLOCK IS WORKING  
A WITNESS RACKET—  
I'M SURE OF IT!  
LOOKS LIKE THE  
'CRIMSON' WILL HAVE  
TO STEP IN!

MEANWHILE AT MYRON BLOCK'S OFFICE —

I GOT YOU OUT OF A TOUGH  
SPOT, MARKO. NOW YOU'RE  
GOING WEST AND DO A FEW  
LITTLE JOBS FOR ME!

I AIN'T GOT NO MONEY TO  
PAY YOU, MR. BLOCK BUT  
I DON'T WANT TO LEAVE  
TOWN!

YOU'LL DO AS I SAY!  
YOU'RE TOO WELL  
KNOWN HERE — I'M  
GOING TO USE YOU  
AS A WITNESS IN A  
COUPLE OF CASES.

YOUR 'PHONE'S  
RINGIN', MR. BLOCK.

ON THE OTHER END OF THE LINE —

THAT YOU, BLOCK?  
NEVER MIND WHO  
THIS IS BUT GET  
THIS — I'M CALLING  
ON YOU TONIGHT AT  
YOUR APARTMENT!

I'M SORRY BUT I DON'T  
DO BUSINESS AT HOME.  
YOU'LL HAVE TO PHONE  
FOR AN — HELLO. HELLO —  
COMPOUND IT, MR. WING.  
UP.

THAT NIGHT —

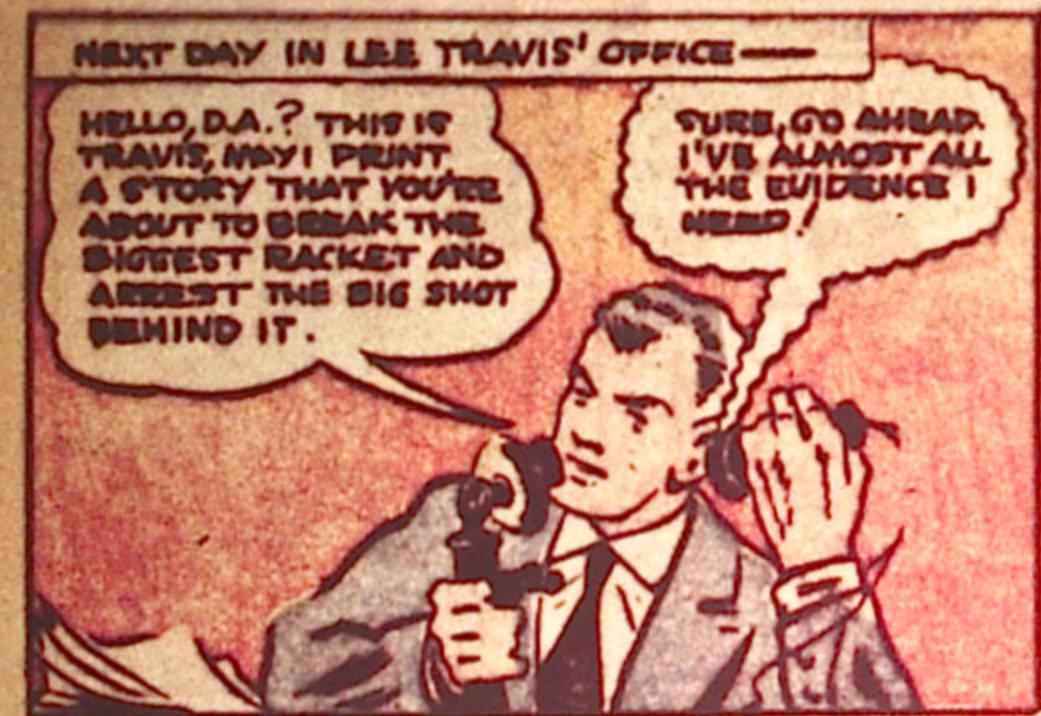
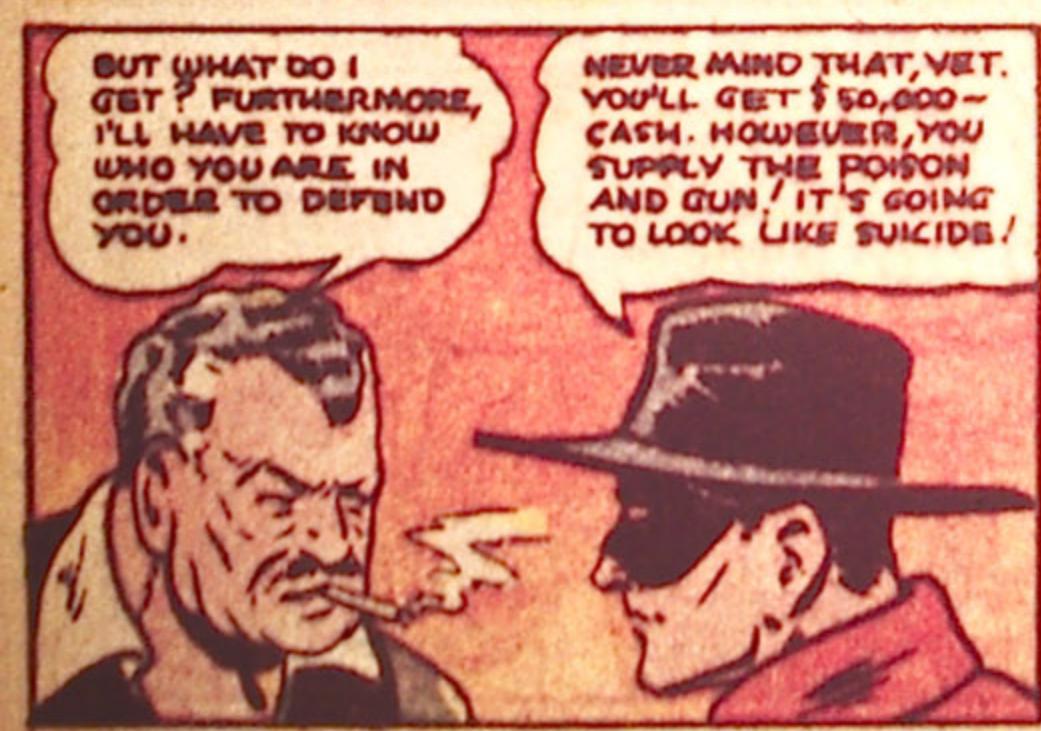
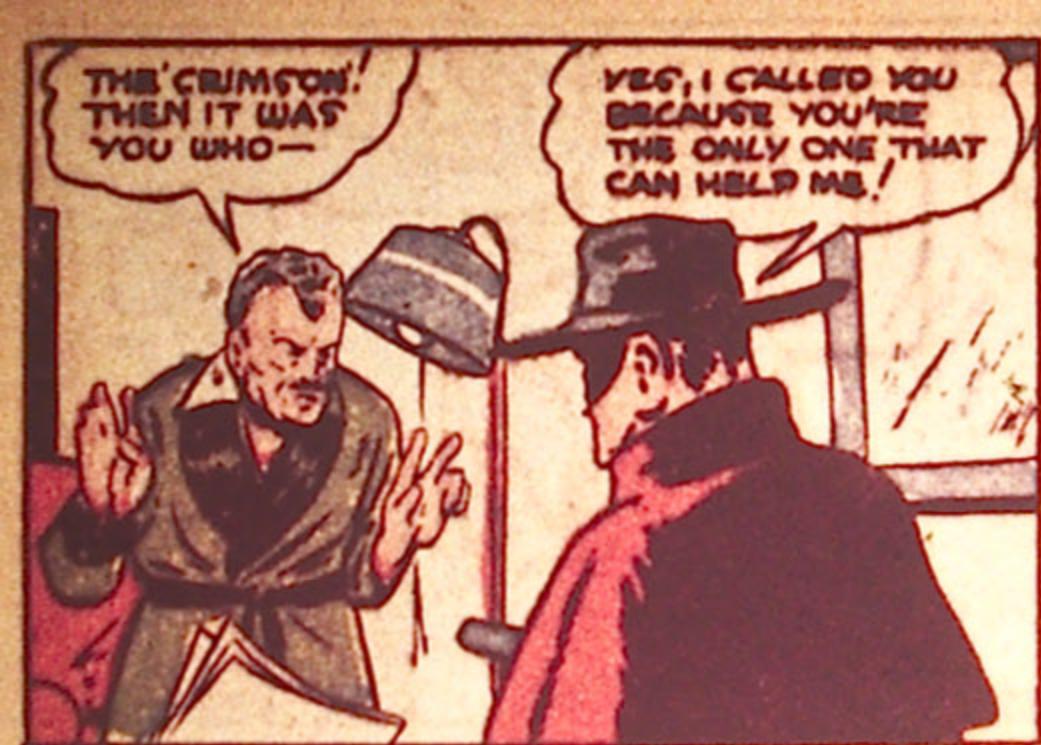
WAIT HERE, WING.  
BE READY FOR A  
QUICK GETAWAY!

YES, SIR!

AT THE REAR OF THE APARTMENT, THE 'CRIMSON'  
SCALES THE WALL TO BLOCK'S PENTHOUSE —

THE 'CRIMSON' SURPRISES THE BUTLER AND  
USES HIS GAS GUN —

YOU! OH —



THE FOLLOWING NIGHT —

WELL HERE I AM, BLOCK!  
EVERYTHING SET?

YES, EVERYTHING'S FINE.  
I HAVE SIX WITNESSES  
WHO WILL PHONE THE  
POLICE EXACTLY AT  
11:30! DID YOU BRING MY  
MONEY?

BEFORE I GIVE YOU  
THAT I WANT YOU  
TO TYPE OUT A  
SUICIDE NOTE!

ALL RIGHT, I'LL  
DO IT BUT FOR  
HEAVEN SAKE,  
PUT AWAY THAT  
GAS GUN!

I'M TAKING NO  
CHANCES! NOW,  
TYPE THAT NOTE.

I'LL SAY — "I'M  
TAKING THE  
EASIEST WAY  
OUT. I'VE FAILED  
MY JOB AS D.A."

THE CRIMSON REACHES OUT A GLOVED HAND FOR  
THE MURDER WEAPONS —

HERE'S THE GUN  
AND POISON! NOW  
WHAT ABOUT MY PAY?

THAT'S FINE!

HERE'S YOUR  
PAY — YOU RAT!

OH — THE GAS  
I CAN'T BR —

THE CRIMSON AND WING PARK THE CAR NEAR THE D.A.'S SUBURBAN HOME —

YOU HAVE YOUR  
INSTRUCTIONS, WING?  
DON'T FAIL ME!

WING, UNDERSTAND  
WILL DO EVERYTHING  
AS ORDERED!

THE CRIMSON SURPRISES THE DA. IN HIS STUDY —

THE CRIMSON! WHAT  
BRINGS YOU HERE?

DON'T MOVE OR I'LL  
SHOOT! I READ THE  
PAPERS TODAY —  
THOUGHT YOU'D CATCH  
THE CRIMSON — EH!

WHY THAT ARTICLE  
WASN'T ABOUT  
YOU!

SHUT UP! WHO'S  
MORE HUNTED THAN  
I AM? HOWEVER,  
YOU MUST DIE!

SIT THERE! WHICH  
WILL YOU TAKE —  
THE EASY WAY,  
POISON? OR WILL  
I HAVE TO SHOOT  
YOU? I'LL GIVE  
YOU ONE MINUTE!

WHY I —

THEY BOTH HEAR FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING

SOMEONE'S COMING!  
I'LL LEAVE THE GUN  
AND POISON — TAKE  
YOUR CHOICE. I'LL BE  
BACK AND IF YOU'RE  
NOT DEAD — I'LL DO  
IT! THE HARD WAY!

MEAN WHILE AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS —

THE CRIMSON, EH?  
THIS IS THE SECOND  
CALL — YOU SAY  
THE WAREHOUSE AT  
12TH AND BAND? O.K.

HEY, CHIEF! JUST  
GOT A RUSH CALL  
FROM THE D.A.!  
SOMEONE TRIED TO  
MURDER HIM!

HOLY SOCKS — I'LL  
GO OUT MYSELF!

NEXT DAY AT THE GLOBE LEADER —

HM. ALL I CAN  
DO IS WAIT! HOPE  
MY SCHEME WORKS  
OUT!

BOSS! THE  
CRIMSON TRIED  
TO MURDER THE  
DA LAST NIGHT!  
WHATTA STORY!

WE'VE CHECKED THE FINGER PRINTS ON THE GUN AND BOTTLE. THEY'RE MYRON BLOCK'S! THE TYPEWRITER FOR THE NOTE TOO.

I SEE HE TRIED TO HAVE THE CRIMSON BLAMED.

IT CHECKS TOO. THAT ARTICLE IN YESTERDAY'S PAPER. THAT CLINCHED MY SUSPICIONS ABOUT BLOCK! HE'S YOUR MAN.

MAYBE HE'S THE CRIMSON TOO. BE NICE IF WE COULD CATCH BOTH AT ONCE.

HEY, BLOCK—YOU BETTER BLOW! THEY FIGURE YOU'RE THE CRIMSON AND YOU PULLED THAT JOB AT THE D.A.'S!

WHY THAT, DIRTY DOUBLE CROSSIN'

THERE GOES BLOCK IN THAT CAB! STEP ON IT!

THOSE COPPERS AIN'T GONNA GET ME AGAIN. TAKE THAT YOU—!

A WELL DIRECTED GSHOT SENDS THE FUGITIVE CAB INTO A POLE —

THE GAMES UP, BLOCK! THERE'S ENOUGH CHARGES AGAINST YOU TO FIX YOU FOR A LIFETIME IN THE PEN.

WHATTA STORY! SAY, BLOCK WHAT ABOUT THE CRIMSON ANGLE?

WHY THAT LOUSEY — !

SEE THE NEXT ISSUE FOR MORE OF THE CRIMSON'S SUPER HUMAN EFFORTS TO CHECK CRIME AND JAIL THE CRIMINAL! DON'T MISS TRAITOR'S FATE!



# COSMO, THE PHANTOM OF DISGUISE

• • ILLUSTRATED BY SVEN ELVÉN • •

THE BALLROOM OF THE ROYAL YACHT CLUB IS CROWDED WITH DANCERS



AT A SIDE TABLE COSMO SITS WITH SOME FRIENDS:

LOOK! THERE IS TERRY CROFT. I'M SURPRISED AT THE NERVE OF HIM SHOWING HIS FACE AROUND HERE AFTER THE SCANDAL LAST FALL WHEN HE LET THOSE PASSENGERS DROWN ON THAT YACHT PARTY OF HIS.

HE WAS SAID TO BE TOO DRUNK TO STAY AT THE WHEEL. SOBER HE IS THE BEST PILOT IN THE GAME.



TERRY ACCOSTS ONE OF THE GIRLS OF THE PARTY HE APPEARS TO HAVE DRUNK HEAVILY.



MISS HALLOCK ACQUIESCES, FEARING TERRY WILL MAKE A SCENE IF SHE SNUBS HIM.

YU' KNOW, I MUSHN'T GET TIPSY TONIGHT CAUSE TO-MORROW I GOT TO PILOT THE FASTEST BOAT OUT OF THISH HARBOR.

WHAT BOAT IS THAT, TERRY, NED TRUMBLE'S FLYING FISH?



TERRY ACTS AS THOUGH HE REGRETS HAVING SAID WHAT HE HAS



A TALL, FOXY LOOKING MAN TAPS TERRY ON THE SHOULDER.

HE INTENDS ENTERING IT IN THE BELDEN RACE NEXT WEEK, YOU KNOW

COME WITH ME TERRY, BE FORE YOU SAY SOMETHING YOU'LL BE SORRY FOR



WHO IS THAT TALL MAN THAT JUST SPOKE TO TERRY, WALT?

HIM? OH, THAT'S LARRABEE, THE CRIMINAL LAWYER WHO KEEPS CROOKS OUT OF JAIL



ASIDE, MISS HALLOCK SPEAKS TO COSMO. LET US DANCE, COSMO, THERE IS SOMETHING I WANT TO SAY TO YOU IN PRIVATE AND I DON'T WANT TO MAKE IT TOO NOTICEABLE

DELIGHTED, JANE I LIKE INTRIGUE



SHE TELLS COSMO WHAT SHE HAS HEARD FROM TERRY.

--TERRY USED TO BE A NICE BOY BUT SINCE HIS DISGRACE HE ASSOCIATES WITH RACKETEERS AND I FEAR HE'S MIXED UP IN SOMETHING IN CONNECTION WITH NED TRUMBLE'S YACHT

YES, FROM WHAT YOU TELL ME IT LOOKS THAT WAY LET'S SEE WHAT IT IS, JANE.



COSMO RINGS NED TRUMBLE'S APARTMENT

WHAT'S THAT? HIS PHONE OUT OF ORDER? OH! THANK YOU



A MOMENT LATER COSMO AND THE GIRL GET INTO A TAXI.

SHOOT OVER TO 87 BROOK DRIVE AND STEP LIVELY!



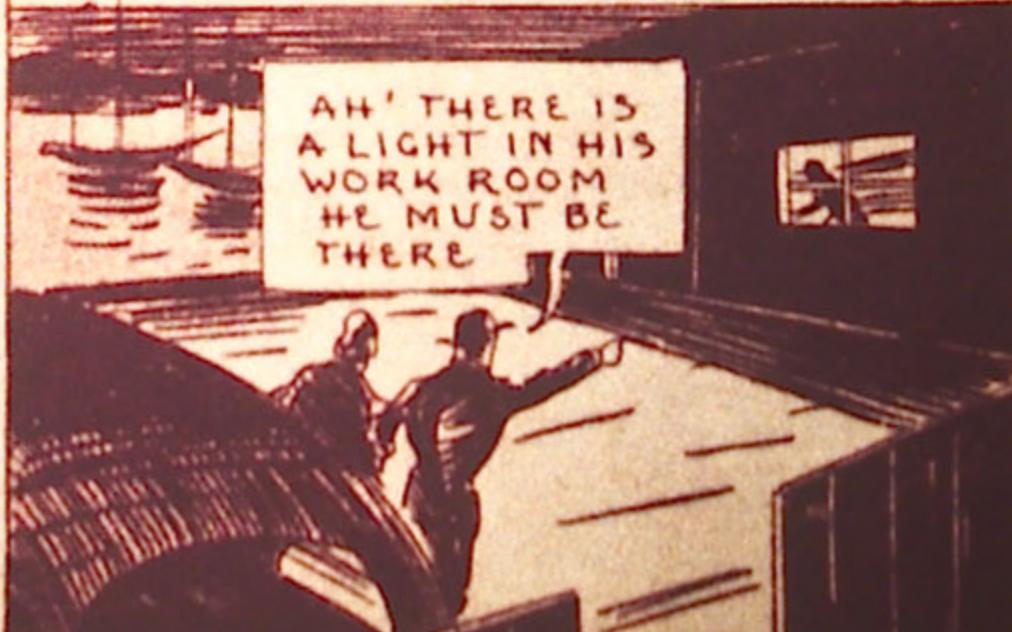
WELL HE WASN'T AT HOME DO YOU KNOW WHERE HE MIGHT BE AT THIS HOUR OF THE NIGHT?

HE HAS BEEN DEVOTING ALL HIS SPARE TIME LATELY TO HIS BOAT, SO PERHAPS HE IS AT HIS WORK SHOP.



THE TAXI STOPS BEFORE A LOW SHED.

AH! THERE IS A LIGHT IN HIS WORK ROOM HE MUST BE THERE



HELLO,  
NED!

HELLO, WHY JANE  
HALLOCK? WHAT BRINGS  
YOU HERE AT SUCH AN  
HOUR? AND YOU TOO,  
COSMO?

NO,  
WHY?

NED, HAVE YOU  
GIVEN ANYONE  
PERMISSION  
TO PILOT  
YOUR BOAT  
IN THIS AFTER-  
NOON'S  
RACES  
LATER

IS THERE ANY  
REASON WHY ANY  
ONE SHOULD BE  
INTERESTED IN  
STEALING YOUR  
BOAT?

ONLY THAT SHE'S  
THE FASTEST THING  
IN THE WATER AND  
I WAS ONLY NOW  
MAKING ADJUST-  
MENTS ON THIS  
MODEL OF HER ---

BUT DO YOU  
THINK SHE IS  
IN DANGER?

I DO. LET'S GO  
AND SEE THIS  
MOMENT. WHERE  
DO YOU KEEP  
HER?

AT THE NECK OF THE  
BAY, THREE MILES DOWN.  
MY CAR IS OUTSIDE;  
COME ON

THE WATCHMAN STOPS THEM AT THE  
ENTRANCE TO THE DOCK.

NED TRUMBLE? OH, YES,  
ABOUT A HALF HOUR AGO  
TWO MEN WENT IN TO SEE  
YOUR BOAT. I HAVE THEIR  
PASSES WHICH YOU SIGNED  
NO PASSES.  
THAT'S  
SIGNED  
FUNNY

HEY! LOOK,  
SOMEBODY IS MAKING  
OFF WITH  
MY BOAT

COSMO AND NED LEAP OUT AND DASH  
FOR THE BOAT.



COSMO'S FINGERS GRIP THE RAIL JUST AS THE BOAT GAINS SPEED.

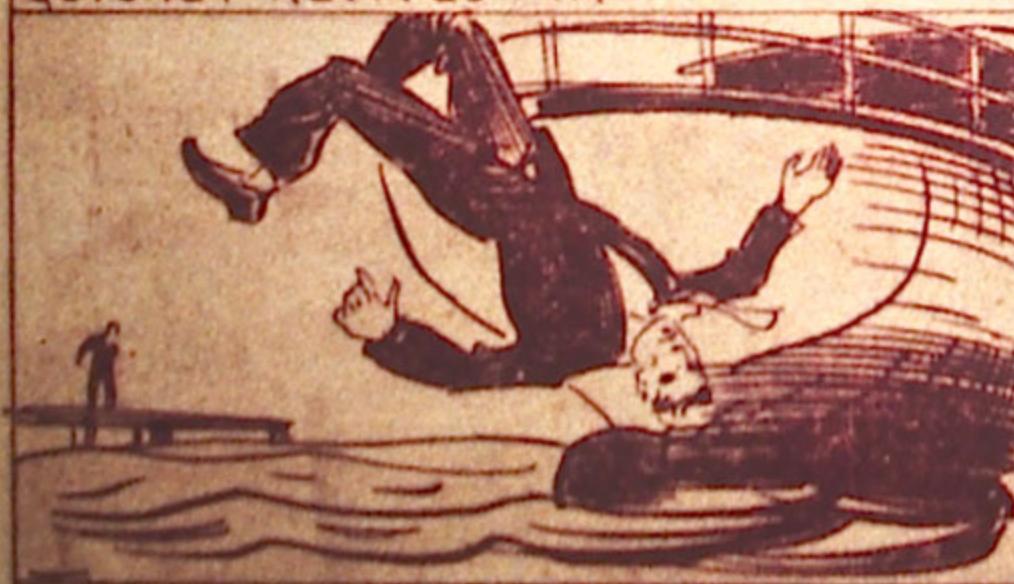


AS HE DRAWS HIMSELF UPWARD A SAVAGE FIST CLIPS HIM ON THE HEAD

ALRIGHT, MISTER NOSEY GUY, HERE'S SOMETHING FOR YOU TO BUTT INTO!



HIS SENSES REELING HE DROPS BACK INTO THE COLD WATER BUT THE DUCKING QUICKLY REVIVES HIM.



HE SWIMS BACK TO THE DOCK WHERE NED SITS STARING AT HIS SWIFTLY DISAPPEARING BOAT.



NED IS IN DISMAY AT THIS NEW TURN OF AFFAIRS. HE HAD STAKED HIS ALL ON THIS BOAT OF HIS OWN DESIGN AND MAKE, HOPING THEREBY TO WIN THE RACE AND THEN SELL THE BOAT AND GO INTO BUILDING MORE FINE SPEED BOATS.



WHAT WAS THAT JANE HALLOCK SAID IN THE CAR? - OH, YES, TERRY IS IN CAHOOTS WITH THAT TRICK LAWYER, LARRABEE. WELL, BY--- I'LL GO SEE HIM. I MAY FIND OUT SOMETHING.



HE ENTERS THE LAWYER'S SPACIOUS WAITING ROOM.



NED IS USHERED INTO THE LAWYER'S PRESENCE

AH! MISTER TRUMBLE. I'M GLAD YOU CAME, FOR IF YOU HADN'T I SHOULD HAVE BEEN OBLIGED TO SEND FOR YOU



WHAT MADE YOU SUPPOSE I MIGHT COME, LARRABEE?

THIS BILL OF SALE OF COURSE  
MY CLIENTS ASSUMED THE  
FLYING FISH TO BE IN PER-  
FECT CONDITION WHEN THEY  
BOUGHT IT. HOWEVER, THEY  
WILL PAY EXTRA IF YOU  
COMPLY WITH THEIR  
WISHES

I NEVER  
SIGNED  
ANY BILL  
OF SALE.  
THIS IS  
FORGERY  
WHERE IS  
MY BOAT

THAT I CAN'T TELL  
YOU, BUT HERE IS  
THE FIVE THOUSAND  
MY CLIENTS LEFT  
WITH ME IN ESCROW  
FOR THE COMPLETION  
OF THE  
DEAL

OH, SO I'VE AL-  
READY SOLD  
MY BOAT, EH?  
KEEP THE  
FILTHY MONEY!  
I WANT MY  
BOAT BACK

IF YOU ARE WISE,  
YOUNG MAN, YOU'LL  
ACCEPT THIS PRO-  
POSITION

MY CLIENTS ARE  
GENEROUS BUT IF  
CROSSED THEY WILL  
MAKE IT DIFFI-  
CULT FOR  
YOU

YOU AND YOUR  
CLIENTS CAN  
GO TO -

NED TRUMBLE ANGRILY LEAVES THE  
LAWYER'S OFFICE. ON THE STREET HE  
HAILS A PASSING CAB

HEY!  
TAXI

YES, SIR.  
RIGHT HERE,  
SIR

HE RIDES ABOUT A BLOCK, THEN TWO  
MEN JUMP INTO THE CAB AND SHOVE  
THEIR GUNS INTO HIS RIBS

THE TAXI STOPS FOR A TRAFFIC LIGHT.  
THE DRIVER, IN LEAGUE WITH THE GUN-  
MEN, RACES HIS MOTOR.

RACE THE MOTOR, BILL,  
AND TURN ON THE RADIO,  
- AND YOU'RE STILL KEEP-  
ING SHUT, MISTER,  
SEE?



ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN NED IS  
TAKEN TO AN ISOLATED HOUSE AND LOCKED  
UP IN A PITCHDARK CELLAR.

ALRIGHT,  
YOU CAN  
SQUAWK ALL  
YU WANT TO  
NOW, THEY AINT  
NOBODY CONNA  
HEAR YUH  
DOWN, HERE

MEANWHILE -- THE FLYING FISH RACES  
OUT TO SEA. PAST THE THREE MILE LIMIT  
OF SHIPS SHE STOPS ALONG-SIDE AN UN-  
PRENTITIOUS LOOKING SAILING VESSEL.



SOMETHING IS QUICKLY TRANSFERRED AND THE SPEED BOAT MAKES BACK FOR A SECLUDED PART OF THE SHORE



SEVERAL MEN LEAP ASHORE, CARRYING BOXES AND HURRY TOWARD A NEARBY CAVE



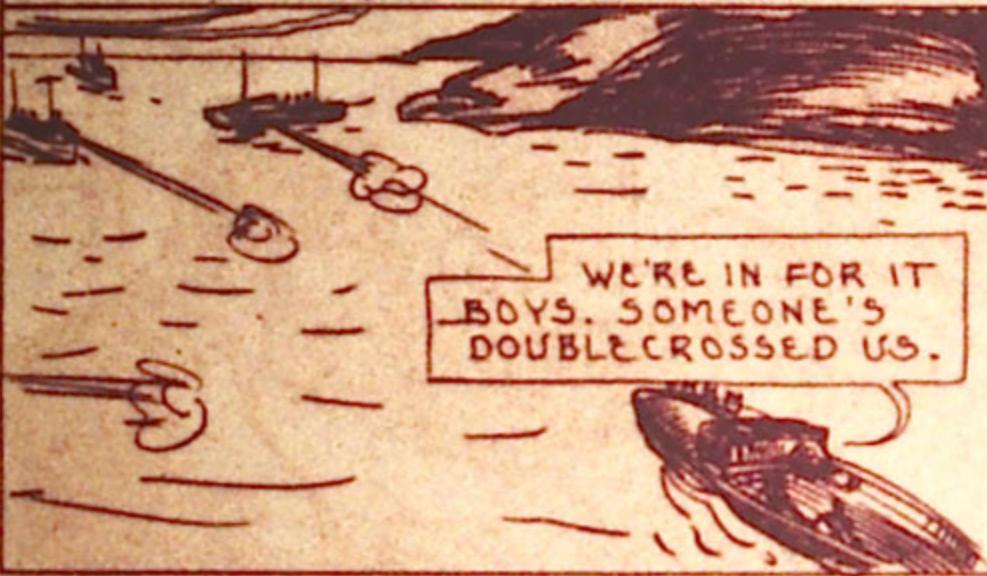
AS THEY ENTER, EACH ONE IS SLUGGED AND HAULED INSIDE.



THE PILOT OF THE FLYING FISH SUSPECTS SOMETHING WRONG.. HURRIEDLY HE BACKS AWAY.



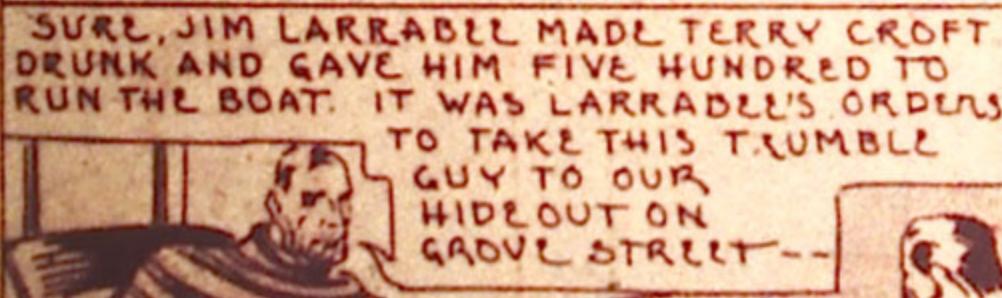
FROM AROUND THE LIP OF THE LAND A FLEET OF COAST GUARD CUTTERS HEAD HIM OFF, FIRING AS THEY GO.



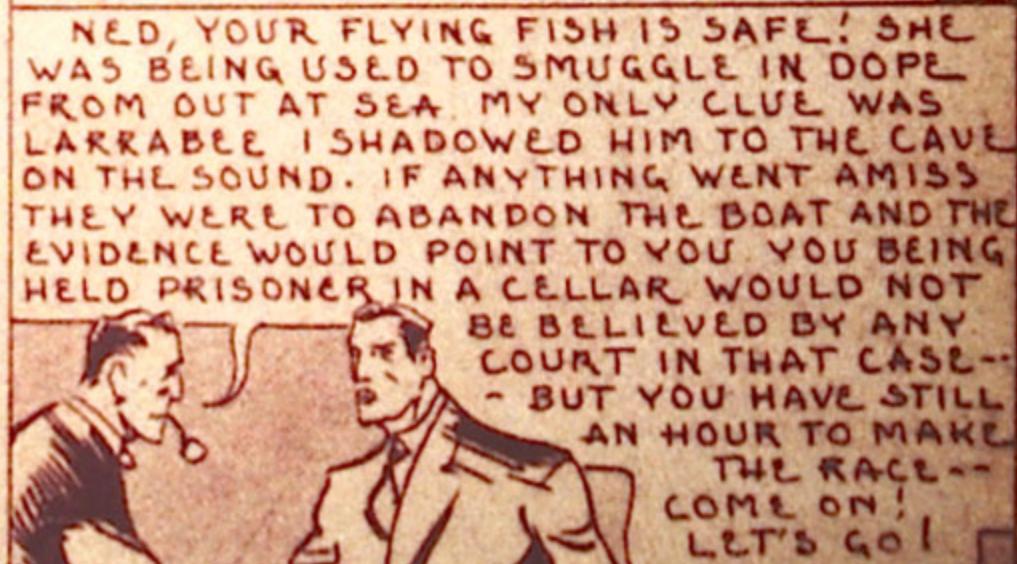
AT LAST THEY FORCE THE BOAT TO SHORE. COSMO AND THE COAST GUARDS MEN LOAD THE DOPE SMUGGLERS INTO ONE OF THE CUTTERS AND TOGETHER WITH THE FLYING FISH PROCELD TO HEAD QUARTERS



AT HEADQUARTERS THE PRISONERS ARE GRILLED AND THE WHEREABOUTS OF NED TRUMBLE IS DISCLOSED.



COSMO RELEASES THE YOUNG MAN.



# SLAM BRADLEY

JEROME  
SIEGEL  
— JOE  
SHUSTER

SINCE SLAM BRADLEY HAS TAKEN AN INTEREST IN STUDYING MAGIC, SHORTY HAS BEEN THE MISERABLE VICTIM OF MANY EXPERIMENTS! — BUT WHEN SLAM PULLS HIM OUT OF A HAT, THAT, TO SHORTY, IS THE SUPREME INSULT!

HEY! CUT IT OUT! — WHY DON'T YOU BUY A RABBIT AN' GIVE ME SOME PEACE?



I WON'T STAND FOR IT! — I'M GOING TO TAKE A VACATION UNTIL YOU GIVE UP THIS NONSENSE!

GOOD IDEA!

I'LL PACK MY TRUNK IMMEDIATELY!

DON'T BOTHER!

AT A GESTURE OF SLAM'S HAND, DRAWERS POP OPEN AND SHORTY'S CLOTHES FLY INTO HIS TRUNK!

WHAT TH?

GOODBYE! — WHEN I RETURN,  
I HOPE YOU'LL HAVE FORGOTTEN THIS NONSENSE!

WHO KNOWS?



FROM EVERY CORNER OF THE WORLD, MAGICIANS HAVE HASTENED TO ATTEND THE ANNUAL MAGICIANS' SOCIETY CONVENTION. OCCUPYING THE CENTER OF ATTENTION IS PROFESSOR MYSTO, CHAIRMAN OF THE MEETING, BUSILY ENGAGED IN ILLUSTRATING VARIOUS ILLUSIONS.

UNMOVED BY THE "OHS-AND-AHS" ABOUT HIM, SLAM BRADLEY RISES AND DECLARES :



I WON'T STAND FOR THIS INTERRUPTION! WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO DO? -- MAKE A MONKEY OUT OF ME?



FRIENDS, I'M SLAM BRADLEY, A MAGICIAN LIKE YOURSELVES BUT I'VE RESOLVED TO TURN MY TALENTS TO ASSISTING THOSE IN NEED OF HELP. HOW MANY OF YOU WILL JOIN WITH ME IN THIS ENDEAVOR?



AT A WAVE OF SLAM'S HAND, THE HALL'S CEILING COMMENCES TO BUCKLE AND CRASH!



AN INSTANT LATER THE FLEEING, PANICKY MAGICIANS HALT, AND BLINK THEIR EYES IN DISBELIEF

YES, EVERYTHING'S ALL RIGHT. YOU WITNESS JUST A MANEUVERED ILLUSION -- WELL, WILL YOU SUPPORT ME?



IF YOU CAN PROVE THAT YOU CAN ASSIST HUMANITY THRU LEGERDEMAIN, WE WILL!



EAGER NEWSPAPER REPORTERS PRESS BRADLEY FOR A STATEMENT.

WHOM ARE YOU GOING TO ASSIST FIRST?

THE TAX-PAYERS OF THIS CITY. THEIR TAXES ARE BEING ABSORBED BY RUTHLESS GRAFTERS. THIS MUST BE STOPPED!



PETE HANSON, THE CITY'S CROOKED POLITICAL BOSS, FINDS THE AFTERNOON NEWSPAPER NOT TO HIS LIKING.

IT SAYS HERE THIS MAGICIAN BRADLEY INTENDS TO CLEAN UP THE CITY'S GRAFT. "MUSCLES", DROP IN ON THIS GUY AND TELL HIM THAT IF HE DOESN'T KEEP HIS NOSE CLEAN, WE'LL CLEAN UP ON HIM.

LEAVE IT TO ME, BOSS!



AFTER SLAM'S RESIDENCE HAS BEEN REACHED . . .

THAT'S FUNNY! - I RING THE BELL, AN' THE DOOR OPENS BY ITSELF!



"MUSCLES" STEPS WITHIN AND THE DOOR AUTOMATICALLY CLOSES NEXT INSTANT, HE HEARS A VOICE . . .

W-WHERE ARE YOU? I DON'T NEVER MIND FOLLOW THE SOUND OF MY VOICE, AND YOU'LL BE USHERED INTO BRADLEY'S PRESENCE.



AS "MUSCLES" FOLLOWS THE DISEMBODIED VOICE, HE GRINS TO HIMSELF.

THIS WAY, PLEASE.

I'M NOT FOOLED, HE'S GOT MIKE-ER-PHONES HID AROUND TH' JOINT



AN ELEVATOR-LIFT BEARS "MUSCLES" UPWARD . . .

7-8-9-10

SO IT OPERATES ITSELF! WELL, WELL! NOW AIN'T THAT JUST TOO SPOOKY FER WORDS!



WHEN THE ELEVATOR STOPS, "MUSCLES" FINDS HIMSELF IN A WEIRD PENTHOUSE SUITE . . .

YOU MUST BE TH' FELLA BRADLEY THAT I READ ABOUT

YES, -- AND YOU ARE "MUSCLES" -

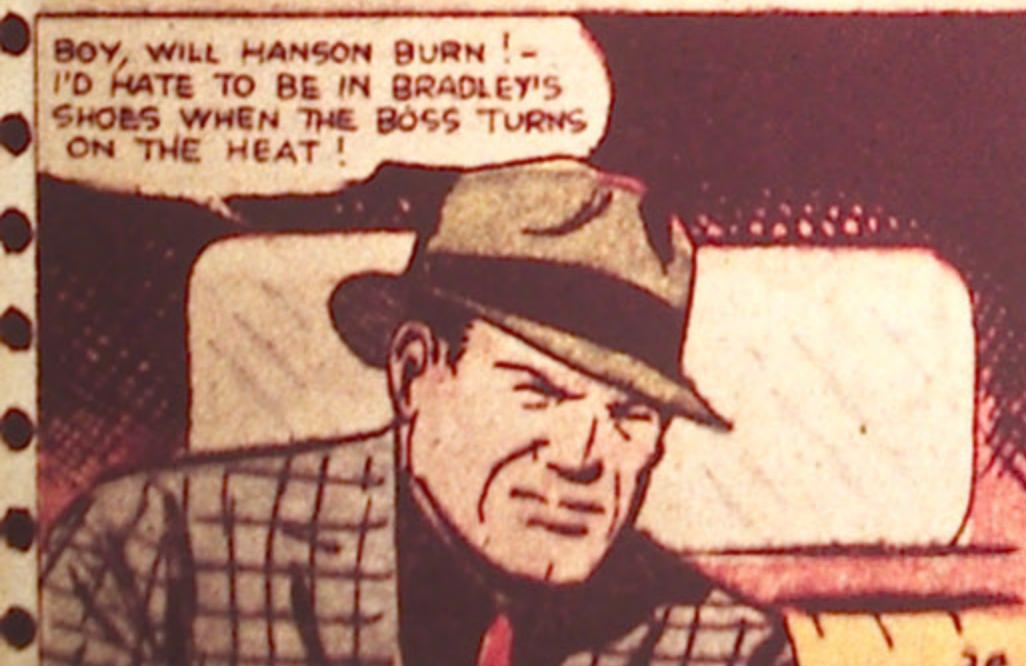
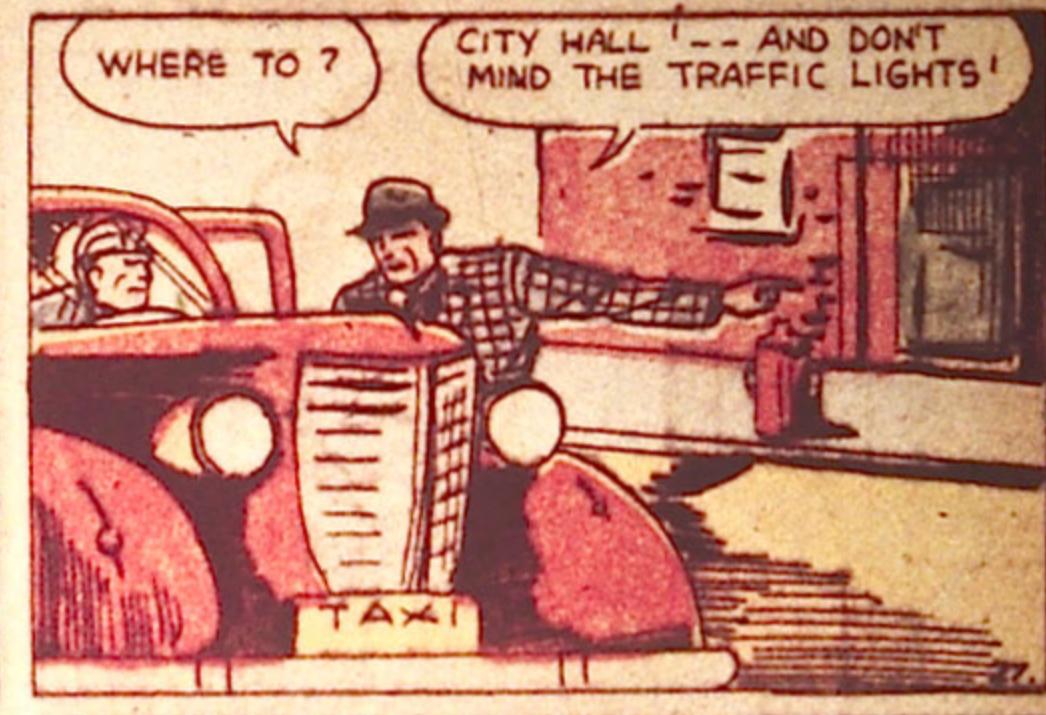
SIT DOWN I'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU



SAY! - HOW DID YOU KNOW MY NAME? AND THAT I WAS COMING?

THE STARS, "MUSCLES"! I READ IT IN THE STARS!





WHEN THEY ARE AGAIN ALONE

THEN I'M TO UNDERSTAND YOU REFUSE  
TO RETURN ALL THE MONEY YOU'VE  
GRAFTED, RESIGN, AND LEAVE THE  
COUNTRY?

ABSOLUTELY!

THEN I WARN YOU! YOU'LL REGRET  
IT! I HAVE POWERS AT MY CALL  
THAT COULD MAKE YOU VERY,  
VERY MISERABLE.

BRADLEY, YOUR FEATS OF  
MAGIC MAY FRIGHTEN  
SIMPLE-MINDED SOULS LIKE "MUSCLES",  
BUT WHEN YOU DEAL WITH ME, IT'S  
ANOTHER MATTER!

BUT WHEN HANSON TURNS .

GOOD LORD! HE WAS HERE  
AN INSTANT AGO! NOW HE'S  
GONE! OR WAS HE EVER  
HERE IN THE FIRST  
PLACE?

MAYBE THE FELLOW IS DAN-  
GEROUS! I'D BETTER  
CALL LANGLEY AND  
SEE THAT THE  
BRICK DEAL ISN'T  
RUINED.

HELLO, LANGLEY?  
THIS IS HANSON!  
COME OVER TO MY  
OFFICE, AT ONCE!

LATER -

IT'S LIKE THIS, LANGLEY! IF YOU  
DON'T FINISH THE QUOTA AGREED  
ON THE BRICK CONTRACT BY  
TONIGHT, I WON'T BE ABLE TO  
RENEW THE CONTRACT AND WE'LL  
BE OUT \$250,000  
GRAFT

DON'T WORRY  
I'LL SPEED UP  
PRODUCTION AT  
THE FACTORY AND  
FINISH IN TIME!

UNSEEN BY THE OTHERS, THE MIRROR REFLECTS  
THE IMAGE OF BRADLEY! HOVERING INVISIBLE  
IN THE ROOM, HE HAS OVERHEARD EVERY WORD,  
AND FORMULATED A COUNTER-PLAN!

WHEN LANGLEY DRIVES BACK TO HIS BRICK FACTORY  
HE IS UNAWARE THAT SLAM, STILL INVISIBLE, IS  
SEATED BESIDE HIM

THAT ORDER IS GOING TO BE DEFINITELY  
FINISHED TONIGHT!

WHAT A DIS-  
APPOINTMENT  
YOU'RE IN FOR!

MINUTES LATER, THE AUTO DRAWS UP BEFORE THE BUILDERS' BRICK SUPPLY COMPANY.



AS MIKE HURRIES TO CARRY OUT HIS ORDERS, HE ENCOUNTERS SLAM . . .



I'M YOUR GRANDMA AND I'VE COME TO BAWL YOU OUT FOR BEING A VERY BAD BOY — WHAT'S THE IDEA OF OVERWORKING YOUR MEN? YOU'VE GOT TO STOP IT, AND AT ONCE!



UNDER SLAM'S HYPNOTIC SUGGESTION, O'BRIEN IS FORCED TO BELIEVE ANY ABSURDITY . . .



STILL UNDER BRADLEY'S INFLUENCE, O'BRIEN CARRIES OUT HIS UNUSUAL ORDERS!



AGAIN SLAM TAKES A HAND IN THE SITUATION ! HE CONCENTRATES MIGHTILY ---



-- AND SUCCEEDS IN CONVINCING THE WORKERS THAT O'BRIEN IS A WOMAN



AN INSTANT LATER, LANGLEY DASHES FOR HIS PRIVATE OFFICE, WITH HIS ENTIRE STAFF OF WORKERS IN MAD PURSUIT !



LOCKING HIMSELF WITHIN HIS OFFICE, LANGLEY FRANTICALLY PHONES HANSON



DON'T LOSE YOUR NERVE ! I'LL BE RIGHT DOWN !



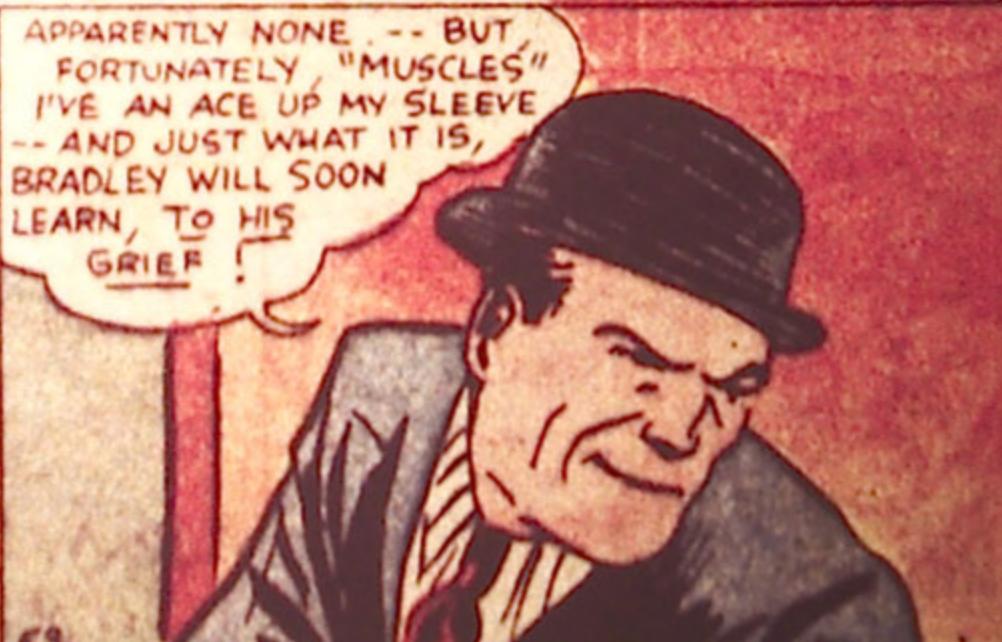
"MUSCLES", THAT WAS LANGLEY CALLING ! THE FACTORY IS DISRUPTED ! THAT MEANS ONLY ONE THING !

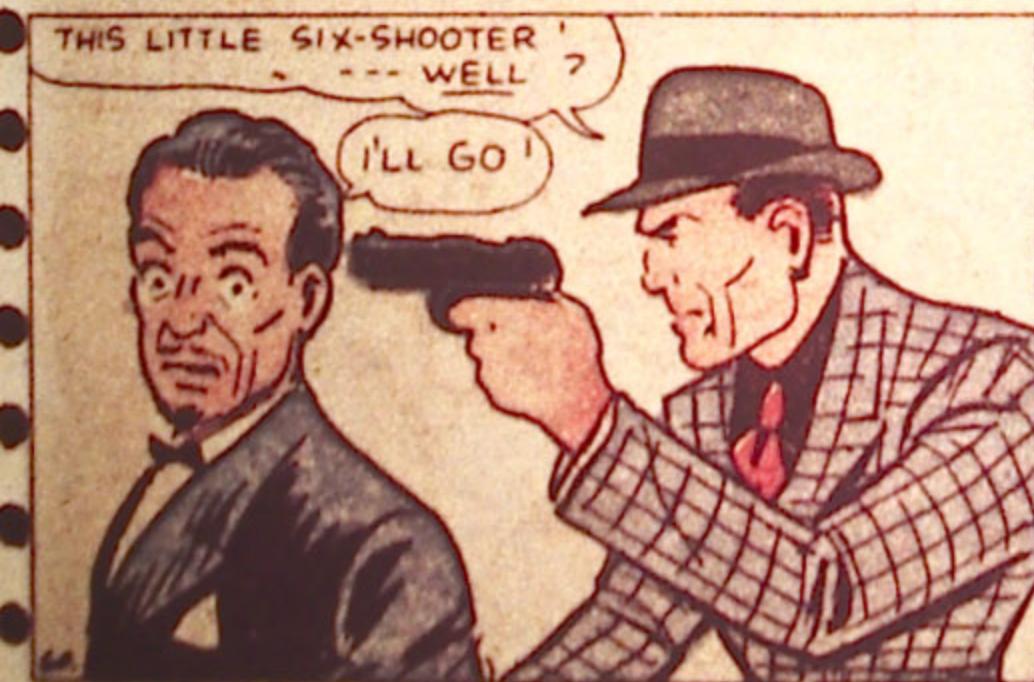


RIGHT ! -- COME ALONG WE'RE GOING TO THE FACTORY !



APPARENTLY NONE . -- BUT FORTUNATELY, "MUSCLES" I'VE AN ACE UP MY SLEEVE -- AND JUST WHAT IT IS, BRADLEY WILL SOON LEARN, TO HIS GRIEF !





SWIFTLY, THE NEWCOMERS ENTER THE FACTORY

THIS MAN IS EVIDENTLY UNDER  
SOMEONE'S HYPNOTIC INFLUENCE!  
SHALL I FREE HIM?

OF COURSE!  
WHAT DO YOU  
THINK YOU'RE  
HERE FOR?

AN INSTANT LATER --

W-WHERE AM I?

YOU SEE! HE DOESN'T  
KNOW WHAT  
HAPPENED TO  
HIM

FORGET HIM!  
CAPTURE BRAD  
LEY OR SOME-  
THING'LL HAPPEN TO  
YOU! ONLY YOU WON'T  
LIVE TO REMEMBER  
THAT!

IT'S CERTAIN THAT BRADLEY'S HERE  
SOMEWHERE. FINDING HIM SHOULDN'T  
BE DIFFICULT

WELL, HOW WILL  
YOU FIND HIM?

SIMPLY BY SEARCHING EVERY  
NOOK AND CRANNY IN THE  
FACTORY

BY GEORGE! YOU'RE  
RIGHT! -- LET THE  
SEARCH BE-  
GIN!

AT THAT INSTANT, SLAM MATERIALIZES

MAY I SAVE YOU THE TROUBLE  
OF SEARCHING FOR ME?

BRADLEY!

SO! YOU ARE THE CAUSE  
OF THIS DELAY!

CERTAINLY! --  
BUT YOU CAN  
AVOID FURTHER  
DIFFICULTY BY  
SIMPLY AGREE-  
ING TO THE CON-  
DITIONS I MEN-  
TIONED EARLIER  
TO DAY

I WARNED YOU I PLAY  
ROUGH "MUSCLES"  
SHOOT HIM  
DOWN!

INSTANTLY OBEDIING HIS EMPLOYER'S ORDERS,  
"MUSCLES" SHOOTS SQUARELY AT SLAM!

AND THAT FINISHES BRADLEY,  
THE GUY WHO THOUGHT HE WAS  
TOO SMART FOR  
PETE HANSON!

GOT  
HIM!

"MUSCLES" KNEELS AT SLAM'S SIDE

HE'S DEAD. ALL  
RIGHT! HIS HEART'S  
STOPPED BEAT-  
ING!

GOOD HEAVENS!  
THIS IS COLD-  
BLOODED MUR-  
DER!

YOU'RE LUCKY  
IT WASN'T  
YOU!

SLAM'S FIGURE DISSOLVES BEFORE THE ASTOUNDED  
TRIGGER-MAN'S EYES!

W-WHAT TH'--!

NEXT INSTANT, "MUSCLES" RECEIVES AN ADMONITION  
FROM THE REAR, AS SLAM MATERIALIZES BEHIND  
HIM.

THIS IS FOR NOT SAYING,  
"PARDON ME" WHEN YOU  
SHOOT A FELLOW DOWN!

AS HANSON LEAPS AT SLAM, HE CLUTCHES EMPTY  
AIR.

IF I COULD JUST LAY  
MY HANDS ON  
YOU -- !

LISTEN, YOU! -- YOU'VE GOT TO STOP BRADLEY FROM  
PULLING THAT DISAPPEARING ACT AGAIN, OR YOU'LL  
DISAPPEAR TOO FROM THE LAND  
OF THE LIVING!

LET ME GO! - I KNOW A METHOD WHERE-  
BY HE'LL BE FORCED TO REMAIN VISIBLE PERMANENTLY!

GOOD! - WHAT  
IS IT? GET ME A LARGE TUB OF  
HOT WATER, RIGHT  
AWAY, AND I'LL  
SHOW YOU!

MYSTO'S ORDERS ARE SWIFTLY OBEYED



BEHOLD! IN MY HAND I HOLD A  
CONTAINER OF SPIRIT-POWDERS!  
SEE HOW I POUR IT'S CONTENTS  
INTO THE TUB? IN AN INSTANT  
I SHALL SEE BRADLEY'S HIDING PLACE,  
AND THEN -

... AND THEN GENTLEMEN, HE IS  
DOOMED!

BUBBLE, WATERS ! FROTH  
AND BUBBLE ! AND BRING  
TO ME FROM THE VERY  
DEPTH OF INFINITY, A  
VISION OF BRADLEY'S  
WHEREABOUTS -- A-AH  
THE SURFACE IS A TRIFLE  
CLOUDY ! BUT I BEND  
FORWARD ! I BEGIN TO  
SEE - TO SEE !



PERCHED HIGH OVER-  
HEAD ON A RAFTER,  
SLAM WAVES A HAND  
IN PROFESSOR MYS-  
TO'S DIRECTION ....



AND THE CHAIRMAN OF THE MAGICIANS' SOCIETY  
GETS AN UNEXPECTED DUNKING !

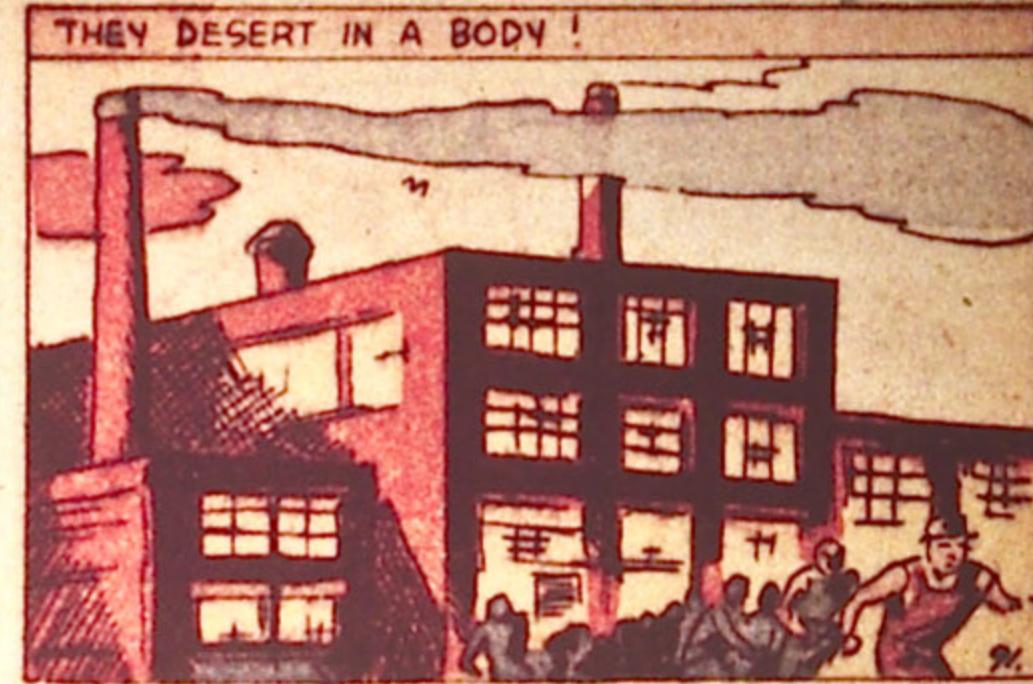
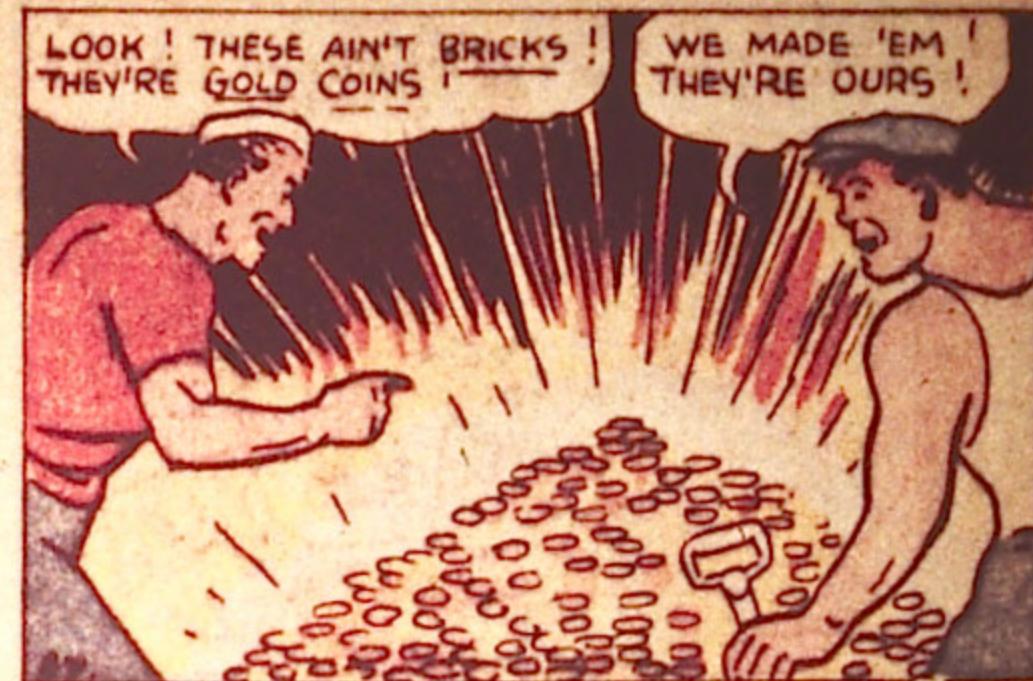


ENOUGH OF THIS NONSENSE !  
BACK TO WORK, EVERY  
ONE, AND GET THAT ORDER  
FINISHED !



SHOOT TO  
KILL !





THEY DRIVE OFF AT BREAKNECK SPEED . . .  
FASTER ! FASTER ! I'M PUSHIN' 'ER TO  
TH' LIMIT !

FASTER! FASTER!

I'M PUSHIN' 'ER TO  
TH' LIMIT'

WHAT'S HAPPENED ? WE'VE STOPPED ! GET GOIN' ! W-WE'D BETTER NOT. -- LOOK OUTSIDE !

W-WE'D BETTER NOT.  
-- LOOK OUTSIDE!

A cartoon illustration of a man with a large, round head, wearing a dark bowler hat. He has a wide-eyed, shocked expression with his mouth slightly open. A speech bubble to his right contains the text "GOOD LORD!" in capital letters. The background is a light beige color with some dark, smudged lines.

GOOD  
LORD !

THE CAR IS PERCHED ATOP  
THE HIGHEST CURVE ON A  
ROLLY-COASTER TRACK!



LOOK WHO'S SEATED ON THE RADIATOR !

HOW DO YOU DO ? - ARE YOU READY TO RESIGN YOUR POSITION, RETURN ALL GRAFT, AND LEAVE THE COUNTRY ?

BRADLEY

AS HANSON SPEAKS, THE CAR AND TRACK VANISH BE-  
NEATH HIM

NO' I DON'T -  
YES! YES! ANYTHING YOU SAY!



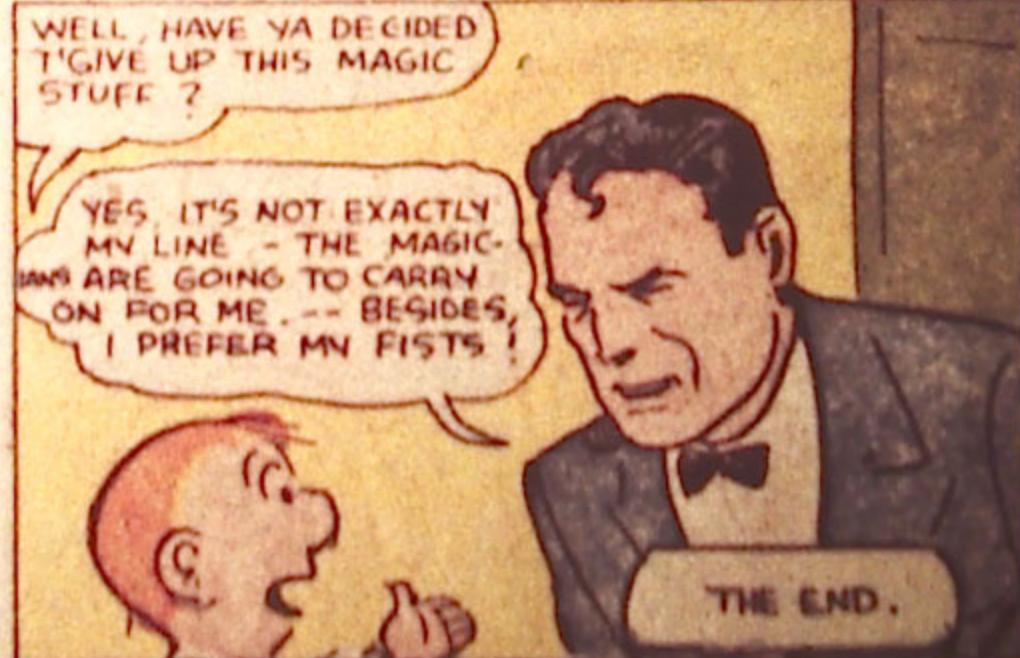
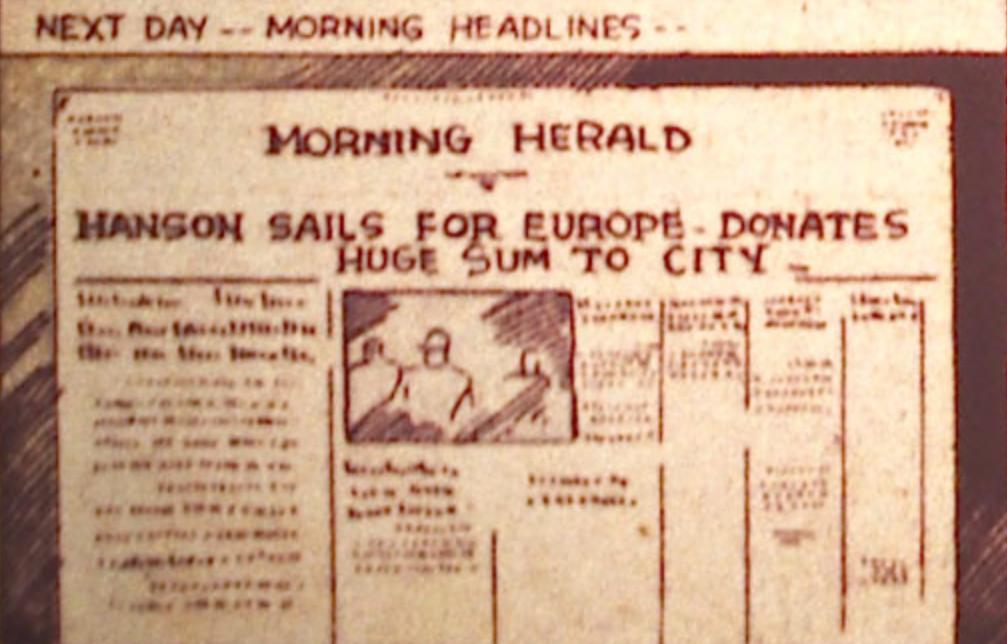
NEXT DAY -- MORNING HEADLINES --

## MORNING HERALD

## HANSON SAILS FOR EUROPE - DONATES HUGE SUM TO CITY -

WELL, HAVE YA DECIDED  
T'GIVE UP THIS MAGIC  
STUFF ?

YES, IT'S NOT EXACTLY  
MY LINE - THE MAGIC-  
IANS ARE GOING TO CARRY  
ON FOR ME. -- BESIDES,  
I PREFER MY FISTS!



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1. Get a blank sheet of white paper and on this draw a character from one of the stories in the magazine, preferably the one you enjoy reading most. For example, some of you like to draw SPEED SAUNDERS, BUCK MARSHALL and SLAM BRADLEY and others prefer SPY and BRUCE NELSON . . . you select the one you wish to draw.
2. When you finish drawing the character, take out your water colors or crayons and color the picture.
3. Then print your name and address clearly in the coupon in the lower right hand corner and mail it in together with your drawing to this magazine.

Be sure to fill in the coupon and mail your envelope to:

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**DETECTIVE COMICS**  
**480 Lexington Avenue**  
**New York, N. Y.**

All entries must be in by  
Friday, October 7, 1938

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**VINCENT A. SULLIVAN**

*Editor*

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# SPEED SAUNDERS

## AND THE JADE BUDDHA

BY FRED GUARDINEER

A TONG WAR IN FAMOUS CHINATOWN HAS BEEN KEEPING SPEED BUSY ABOUT MOTT AND PELL STREETS. . ONE NIGHT...



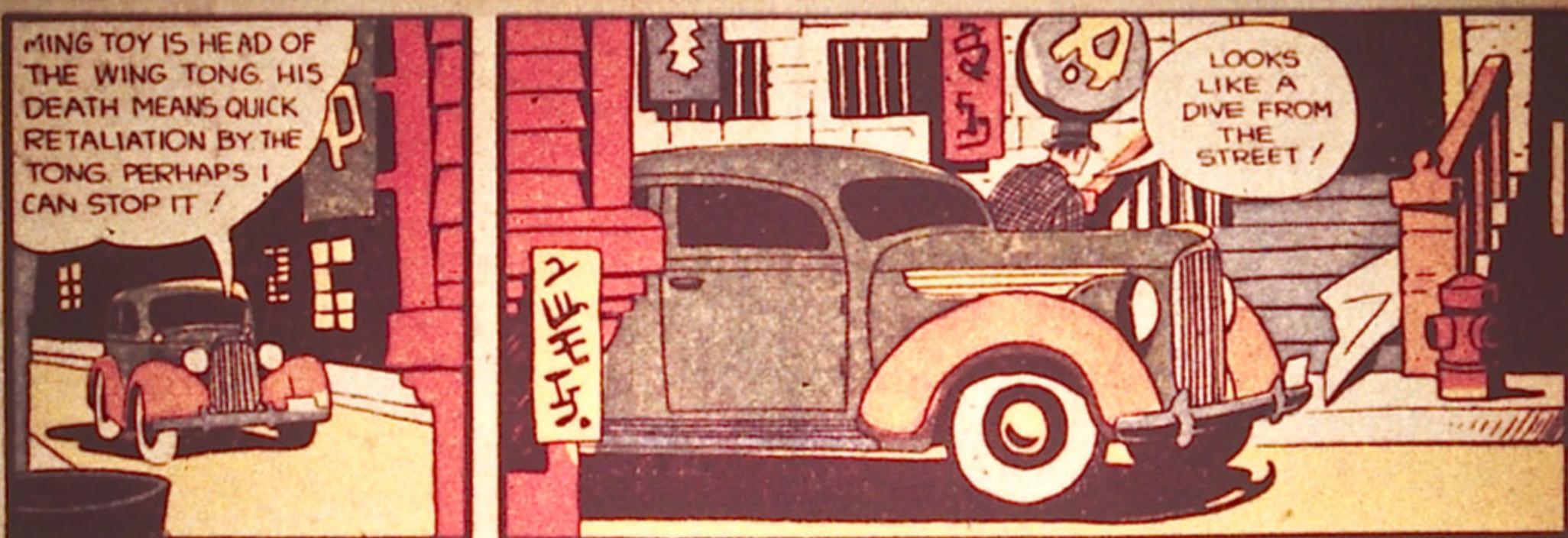
THERE IS AN URGENT CALL ON THE PHONE -



YES,  
THIS IS  
SAUNDERS,  
WHAT ? MING  
TOY ? RIGHT  
AWAY.  
YES.



MING TOY IS HEAD OF THE WING TONG. HIS DEATH MEANS QUICK RETALIATION BY THE TONG. PERHAPS I CAN STOP IT !



ENTER,  
HONORED  
SIR !

WHAT A LAYOUT !  
YOU'D NEVER THINK  
IT FROM THE  
OUTSIDE !



HELLO.  
WHAT'S THIS  
BUDDHA ?



HONORABLE SIR, JADE BUDDHA BROUGHT FROM CHINA BY MING TOY TWO MONTHS AGO. HE ALLTIME KEPT IT HIDDEN. HE SEEM 'FRAID OF IT !

SHOT IN THE HEAD FROM IN FRONT THOSE WINDOWS. MAYBE THEY SHOW ANOTHER HOUSE !

TOO FAR FOR A REVOLVER, AND NO PLACE FOR A RIFLEMAN TO HIDE. LOOKS LIKE AN INSIDE JOB !

I THINK YOU'RE GOING TO HELP ME A LOT, LITTLE FELLA !

SPEED SEEKS THE AID OF THE METROPOLITAN LIBRARY...

... AND FINDS A VOLUME OF ANCIENT CHINESE LORE

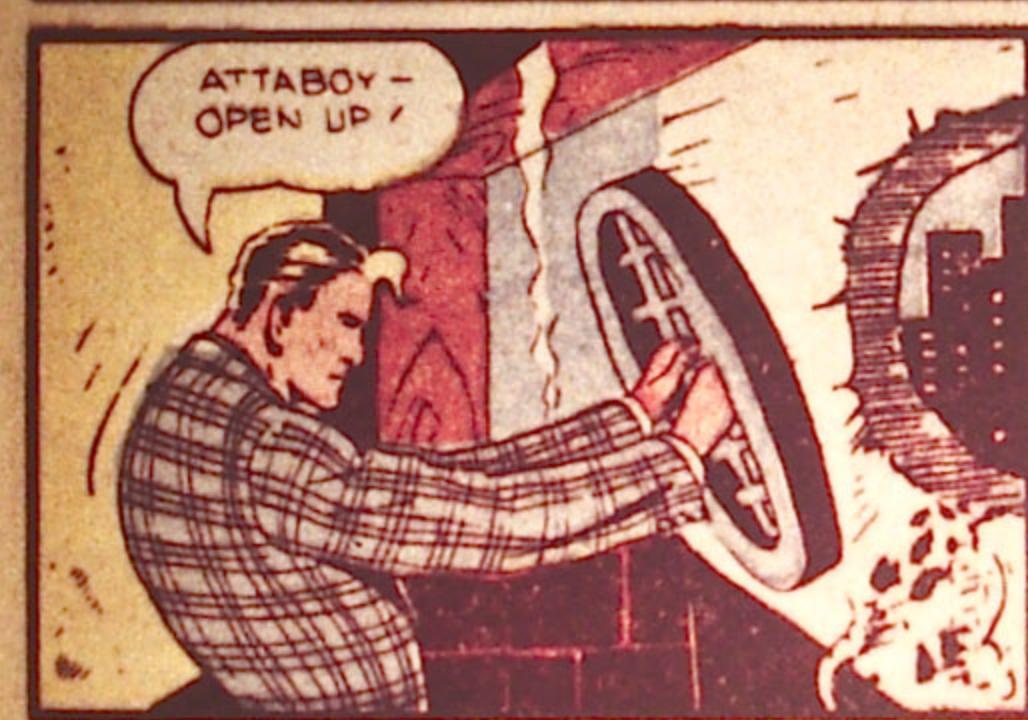
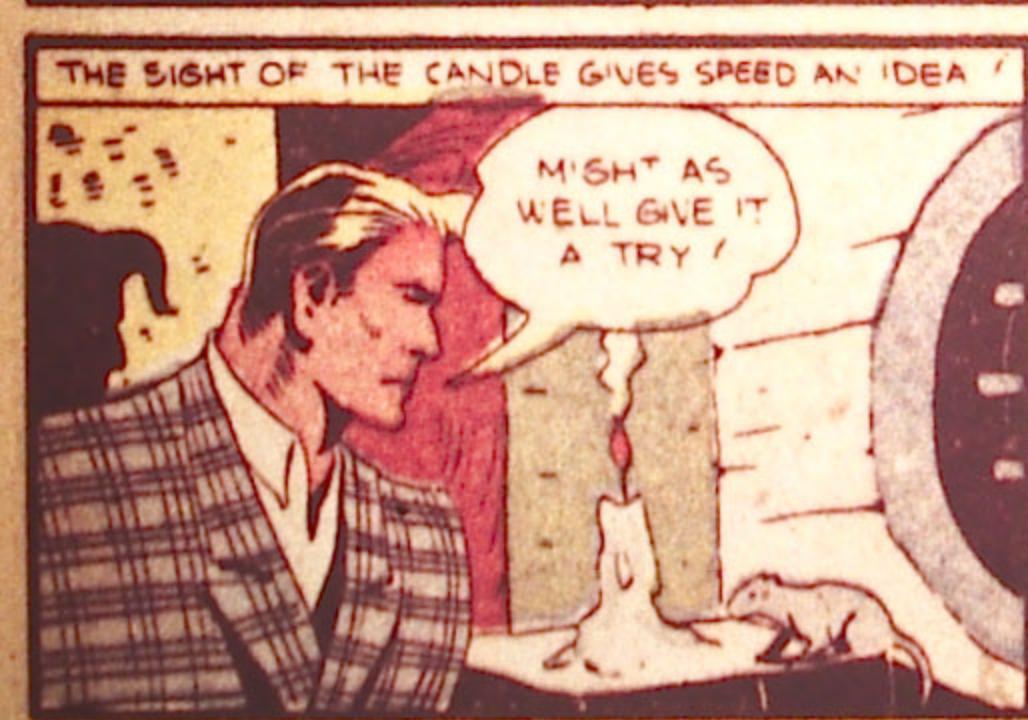
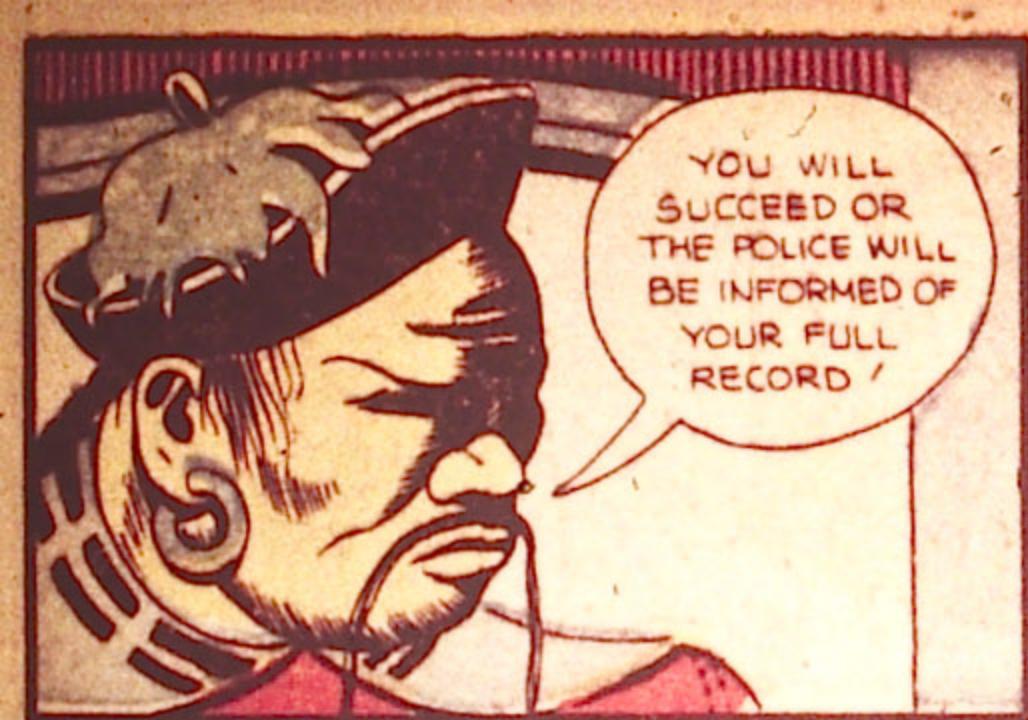
LATER  
THE JADE BUDDHA WAS STOLEN FROM THE ANGHOR TEMPLE IN INDIA BY SERVANTS OF MING TOY THERE IS A CURSE ATTACHED TO THE BUDDHA. DEATH TO THE ONE WHO STEALS IT !

AND KNOWING THAT YOU EXPECT TO FIND A GROUP OF CHINESE WHO SEEK TO REPLACE THE BUDDHA ? WHAT IS YOUR FIRST STEP ?

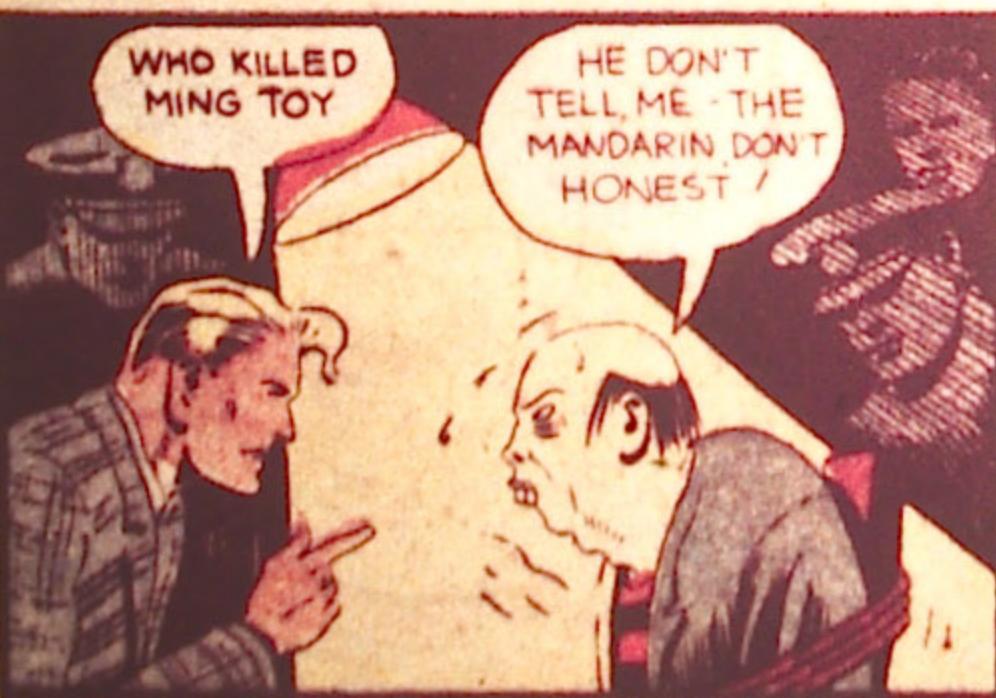
SPEED GOES FIRST TO AN AUTHORITY  
ON CHINESE CUSTOM -

I DON'T SEE HOW I CAN BE OF SERVICE  
I SHOULD ADVISE YOU TO ADVERTISE  
FOR THE TRUE OWNER -

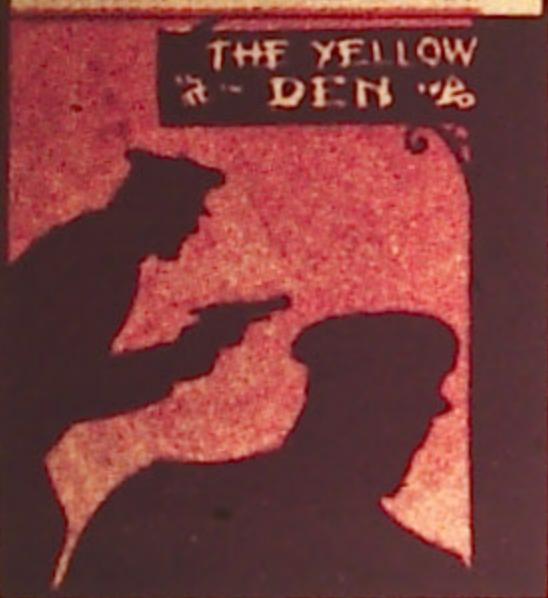




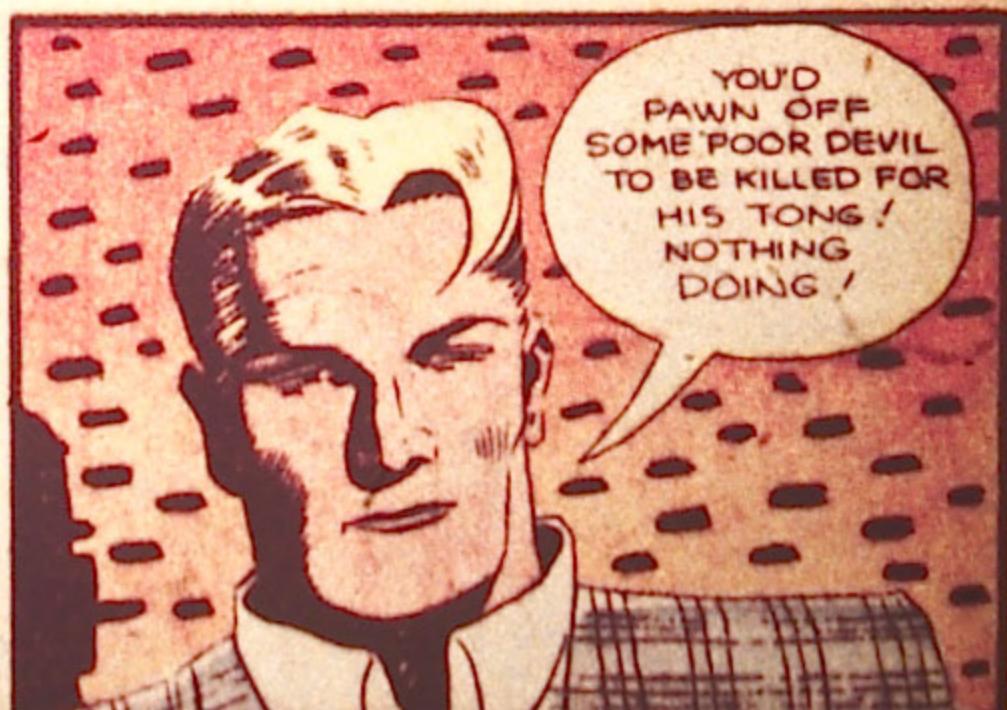
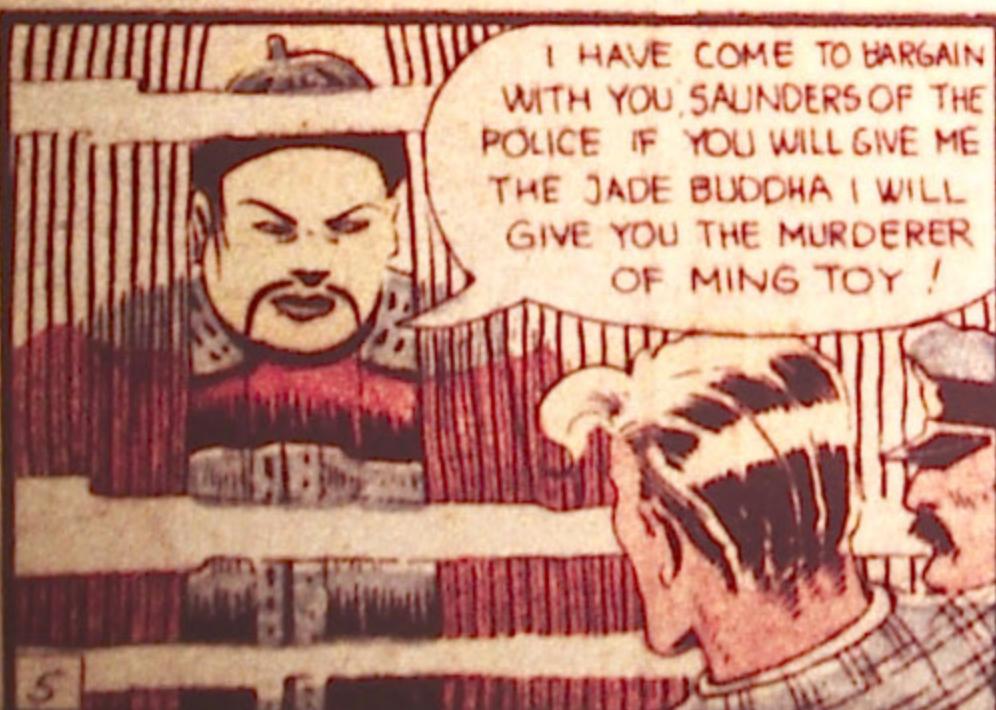
SPEED FINDS THE SAFECRACKER AT THE COMMISSIONER'S SAFE



THE POLICE SURROUND THE MANDARIN'S "YELLOW DEN"...



...AND CRUSH IN -





# Stamp Collectors' Corner

## FRENCH COLONIALS

The French colonies in Africa have quite an ambitious stamp program in preparation. Shifting monetary values have already brought about the release of several stamps in new denominations as well as numerous changes in color.

From Cameroons have come two new values and one change in color, all in the A6 design of the 1925 series. This is the stamp showing rubber trees being tapped. The additions are a 55c. value in blue and red, and an 80c. stamp in red and brown. The 35c. denomination is now printed in dark and light green.

Dahomey has also changed its 35c. stamp to light and dark green and added to its roster a 55c. in green and brown and an 80c. in rust and blue. The basic design used was A5 of the current series, picturing a native climbing an oil palm.

Similar changes come from the French Soudan, where type A5, showing the gateway to an African city, has been increased by three values, 35c., light and dark green; 55c., blue and crimson; 80c., magenta and brown.

Reunion adds the same three new values in the A23 design, which pictures Waterfowl Lake and Anchain Peak. The colors are: 35c., green; 55c., orange brown and 80c., black. The 1 Fr. of the same design has had a color change from green to red, and the 1.75 in A24 type is now a dark blue. The latter type shows Leon Dierx Museum.

The only colony producing a new design to accompany these changes is Senegal. Here the new stamps show a native woman carrying a large bowl on her head. The new values and colors are 35c., green; 55c., brown, and 80c., purple. Changes in color have also been made on old denominations in the new design. These are: 1 Fr., red-brown and 1 Fr. 75, powder blue.

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# LARRY STEELE

## PRIVATE DETECTIVE

by Will Ely

LARRY AND DELORES ARE IN THE BOSS' HUT PLANNING THEIR ESCAPE WHEN SUDDENLY WITHOUT WARNING THE BOSS APPEARS AT THE DOOR AND FINDS THE TWO TOGETHER — BLIND WITH RAGE HE SPRINGS AT LARRY'S THROAT



LARRY GOES DOWN UNDER THE TERRIFIC WEIGHT OF THE BOSS —



AS THEY STRUGGLE ACROSS THE FLOOR, DOLORES PICKS UP A CLUB FROM NEARBY AND WATCHES FOR AN OPENING —



LARRY'S HEAD HITS A TABLE LEG, AND HE IS TEMPORARILY STUNNED —



SEEING HIS CHANCE, THE BOSS STARTS A DEATH DEALING BLOW TO LARRY'S HEAD —



NO YOU DON'T !!

LET THAT BE  
YOUR PUNISHMENT  
FOR KILLING MY  
FATHER AND FRIENDS !!

HE'S DEAD—  
YOU SAVED  
MY LIFE—  
YOU'RE A  
GAME GIRL—

COME, HURRY; THE  
OTHERS MAY HAVE  
HEARD THE NOISE!

THIS WAY!  
WE MUST  
MAKE FOR  
THE PLANE!

QUIET! HERE  
COMES SOMEONE

THE BOSS! HE'S  
DEAD! DIRTY WORK!

SCOUR THE ISLAND  
FOR THE STRANGER  
AND THE GIRL!  
THEY'VE KILLED  
THE BOSS!

THEY'LL MAKE FOR  
THE PLANE !

WELL HURRAY - WE MUST  
CUT THEM OFF !

IF HE GETS AWAY  
WE'RE DOOMED HERE  
FOR LIFE !

THE ISLAND OF  
WANATOSA IS A  
VOLCANIC ONE -  
AT THAT MO-  
MENT A DISTANT  
RUMBLING IS  
HEARD FROM  
THE HILLS



COME, LARRY,  
THIS WAY  
IS SHORTER !

DOLORES, WHAT'S  
THAT NOISE !

IT'S THE VOLCANO !  
IT'S BEGINNING TO  
ACT UP !

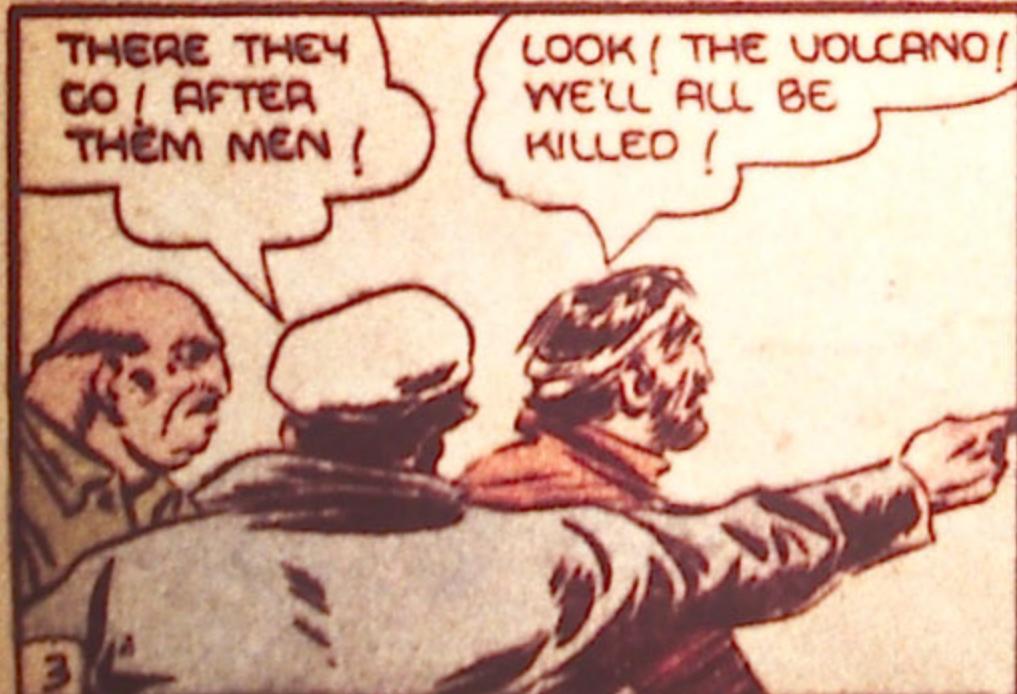
YOU'RE  
RIGHT !



THERE THEY  
GO ! AFTER  
THEM MEN !

LOOK ! THE VOLCANO !  
WE'LL ALL BE  
KILLED !

CAREFUL ! THIS IS  
TREACHEROUS !



MADE IT ! NOW  
DOWN TO THE  
BEACH !

THE EARTH IS BEGIN-  
NING TO TREMBLE !  
THIS IS BAD !!

LOOK, DOLORES !

OH, LARRY !

AS SOME OF THE  
RENEGADES TRY TO  
CROSS THE PRECIPICE  
WHERE DOLORES AND  
LARRY HAVE JUST  
CROSSED, SUDDENLY  
THERE IS A CRASH  
AND THE EARTH  
SEEMS TO OPEN AND  
SWALLOW THEM UP—



LAVA BEGINS TO POUR DOWN THE  
MOUNTAIN INSIDE AND IT'S A RACE  
AGAINST TIME FOR EVERYONE —



AS THEY RUN, THE VOLCANO'S ACTION  
BEGINS WITH NEW FURY —

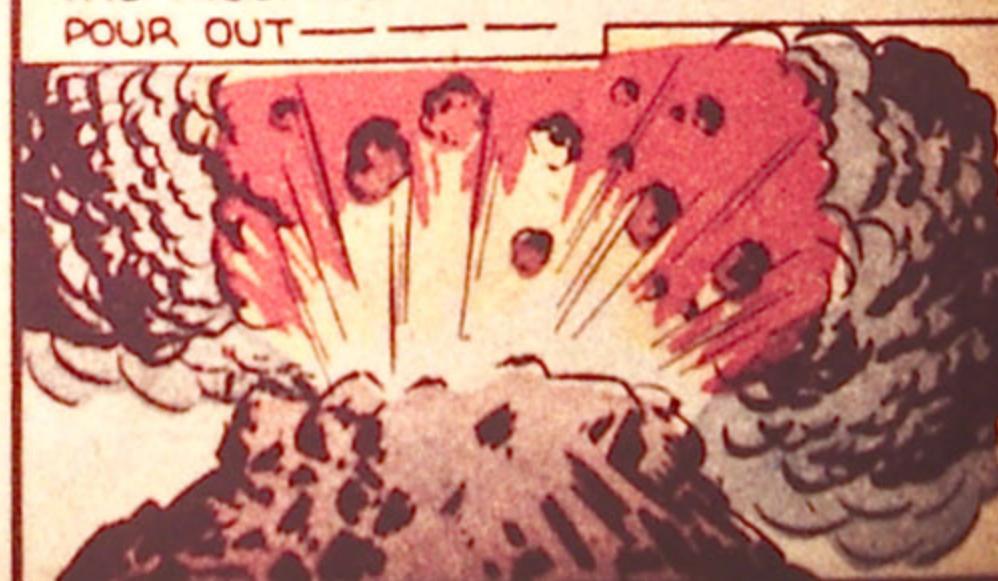


RUN, DOLORES, ONLY  
A DASH ACROSS  
THE BEACH !

I'M COMING !



THE VERY TOP SEEMS TO BLOW OFF  
THE MOUNTAIN — FIRE AND SMOKE  
POUR OUT —



WATCH YOUR  
STEP OVER  
THESE ROCKS !

WE'LL HAVE TO  
SWIM !

HERE WE GO !

THE RENEGADES  
REACH THE  
BEACH AS  
DOLORES AND  
LARRY ARE  
SPLASHING THRU  
THE BREAKERS TO  
THE SEAPLANE —

THEY PLUNGE MADLY INTO THE WATER  
AFTER THEM —

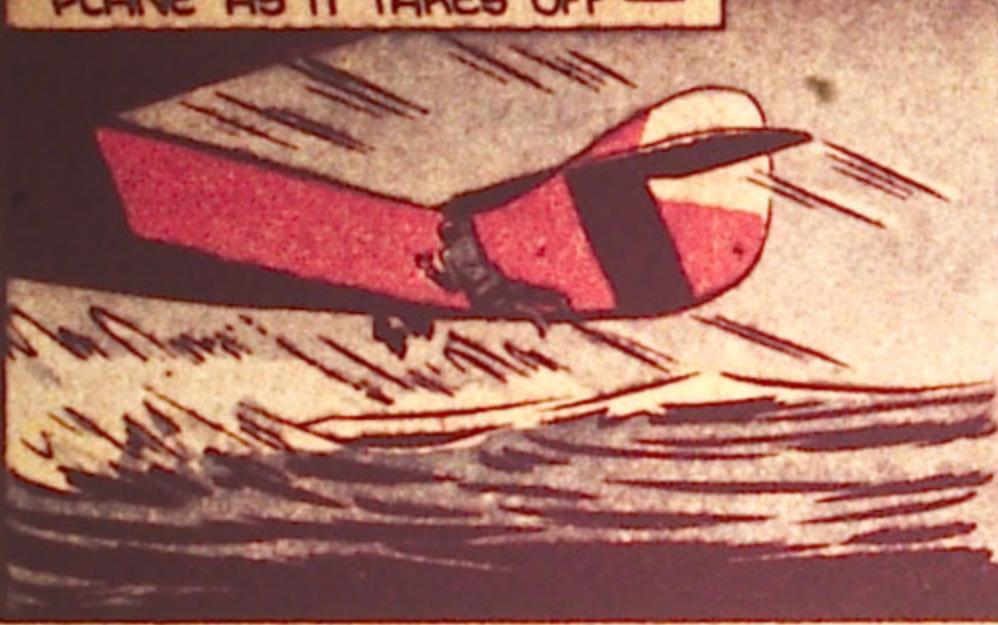
HERE WE ARE —  
UP YOU COME !

OH HURRY, LARRY !  
THEY'RE ALMOST  
HERE !!

SHE'S O.K.  
THANK GOOD-  
NESS !

HERE WE GO !

TWO OF THE EXCONVICTS GRASP THE PLANE AS IT TAKES OFF —



BUT ARE SHAKEN OFF AS IT GAINS ALTITUDE — — —



OH, LARRY,  
WE'RE SAFE !

NOT YET - LOOK -  
BACK THERE — —



OH !! I CAN'T  
BEAR TO LOOK !



AT THE MOMENT  
THE ENTIRE ISLAND  
SEEMS TO EXPLODE  
AS THE VOLCANO  
BURSTS FORTH IN ALL  
ITS PENT UP FURY !



ALL THAT IS LEFT ARE THE PIERCES  
FLOATING ON THE TROUBLED, MUDDY  
WATERS — — —



THEY'VE PAID  
FOR THEIR SINS,  
LARRY — —

YES, DOLORES, AND  
NOW - YOU'RE GOING  
BACK WHERE YOU  
BELONG — — —



# Buck Marshall

RANGE DETECTIVE

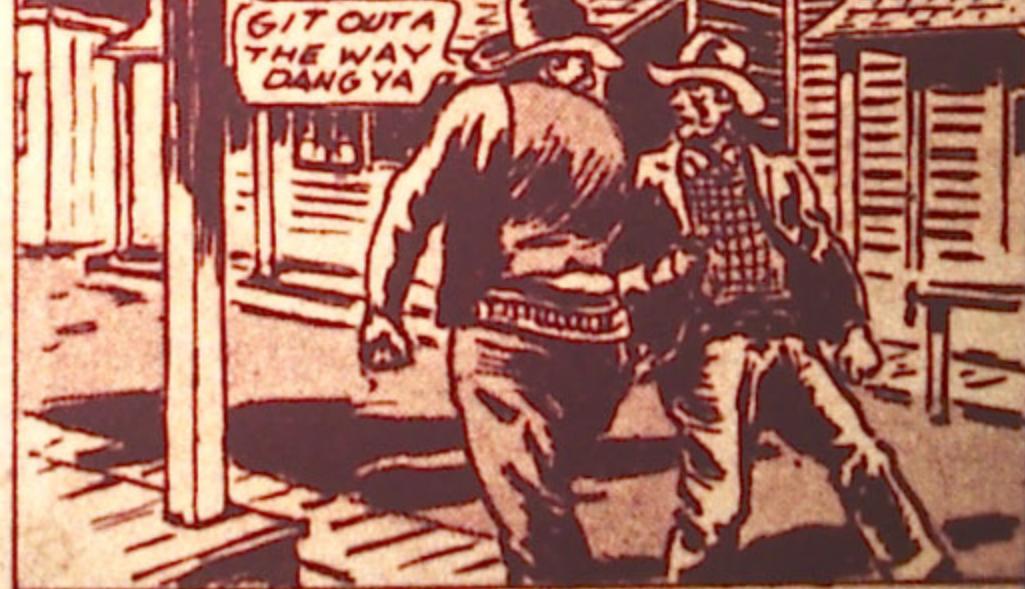
BY  
H. FLEMING

## THE DOOR OF DEATH

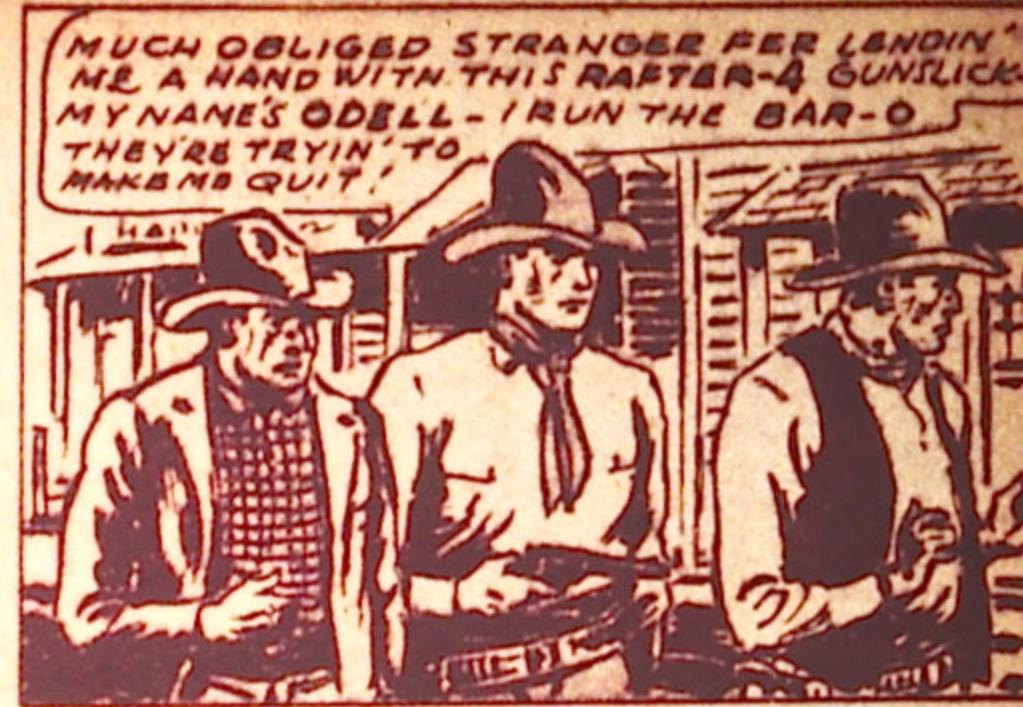
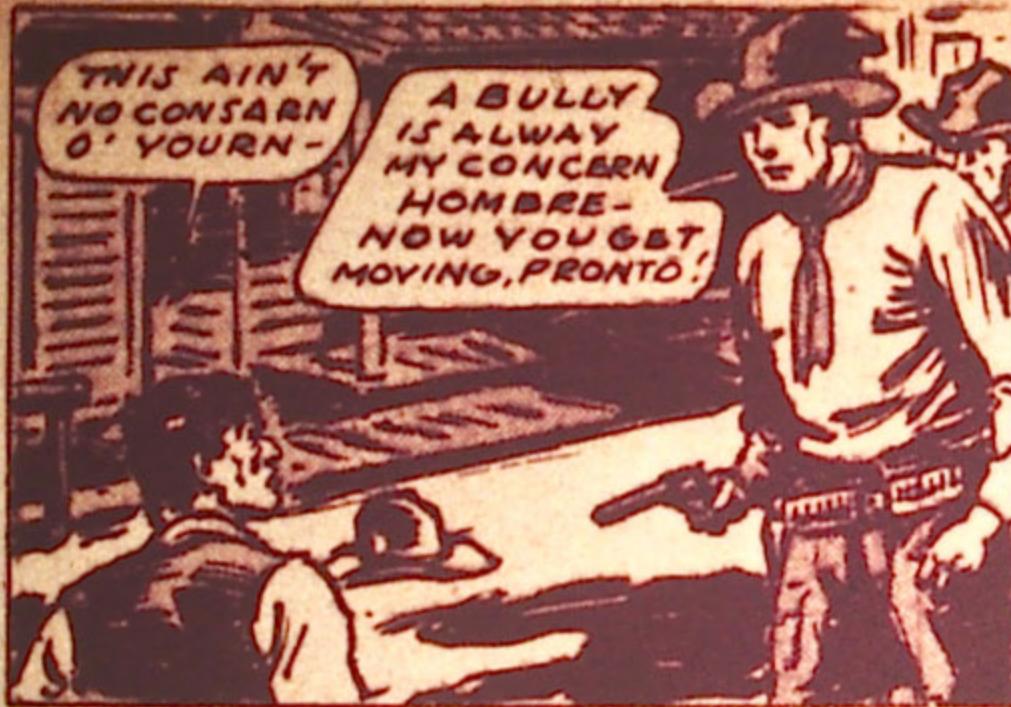
HOT DAWN IS GILDING THE SKY AS BUCK MARSHALL LOPES DOWN THE NARROW TRAIL, LEADING THROUGH THE HEAVILY TIMBERED FOOT-HILLS TO THE SOUTH OF SAGE CITY.

IN ANOTHER HOUR HE WILL BE RIDING UP THE DUSTY MAIN STREET OF THE LITTLE COW-TOWN AFTER AN ABSENCE OF SEVERAL WEEKS ...

BUCK, FINALLY STOPS IN A CLOUD OF DUST OUTSIDE THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE AND SLIDES TO THE GROUND. SUDDENLY, HIS ATTENTION IS DIRECTED TO TWO MEN SOME DISTANCE UP THE SIDEWALK



AS THE BULLY STANDS OVER THE OLD MAN, READY TO SMASH HIM AGAIN AS HE RISES ON ONE KNEE, BUCK VAULTS OVER THE HITCH-RAIL -



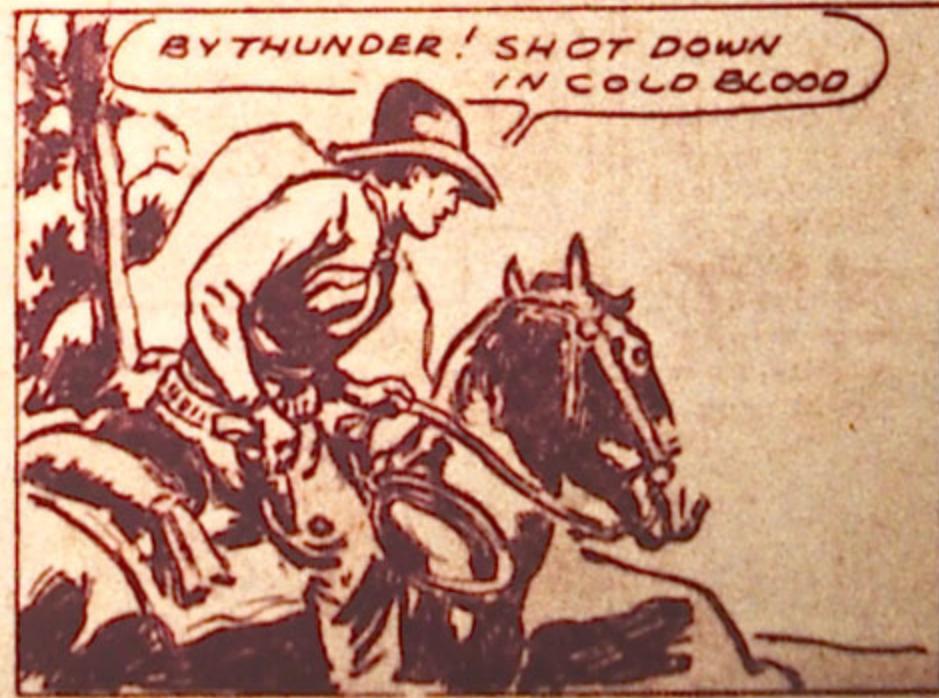
AFTER BUCK HAS SENT THE GURMAN ON HIS WAY AND WATCHES ODELL LEAVE, HE GOES TO THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE



A GREAT PART OF THE WAY IS OVER A ROUGH MOUNTAIN TRAIL - FINALLY, FROM THE TOP OF A CLIFF, BUCK SIGHTS THE RANCH CABIN -



AS ODELL OPENS THE DOOR, SUDDENLY THERE IS A GUN-BLAST FROM WITHIN. ODELL STAGGERS BACK AND LANDS IN A CRUMPLED HEAP -



LEAPING FROM THE SADDLE, BUCK CRAWLS AS NEAR AS POSSIBLE TO THE CLIFF'S EDGE TO WATCH FOR THE KILLER TO COME OUT.

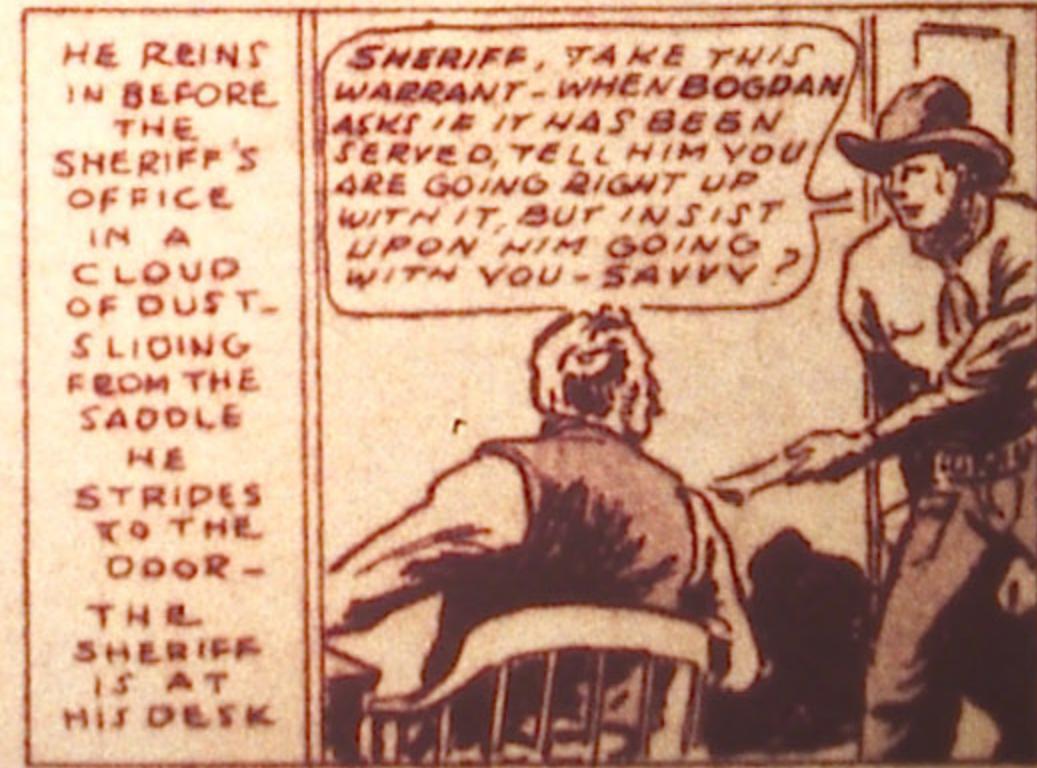
BUCK WAITS A FEW MINUTES PUZZLED BECAUSE THE KILLER DOES NOT COME OUT - FINALLY HE STARTS TO MAKE HIS WAY DOWN THE TRAIL TO THE REAR OF THE CABIN





DIRECTLY IN FRONT OF THE DOOR IS A TABLE ON WHICH IS LYING A RUNNING IRON — NEAR AN OVER-TURNED CHAIR, LIES A SAWED-OFF SHOT GUN — OTHERWISE, THE ROOM IS NOT IN DISORDER —





BUCK  
TAKES  
SAW-TOOTH  
JACKSON'S  
GUN,  
THEN  
ORDERS  
HIM  
AROUND  
TO THE  
DOOR

OPEN THAT  
DOOR!

NO - NO - DONT MAKE  
ME DO THAT! I'LL  
TELL EVERYTHING!

AFRAID OF THE  
GUN-TRAP  
YOU SET  
FOR  
ODELL  
EH!

BOGDAN  
MADE ME  
DO IT!  
HE WANTS  
ODELL'S  
LAND -

SUDDENLY  
BUCK  
GETS A  
GLIMPSE  
OF THE  
SHERIFF  
AND BOGDAN  
COMING -  
BINDING  
SAW-TOOTH'S  
WRISTS,  
HE SHOVES  
HIM  
BEHIND  
A  
BUSH -

GET YOUR CARCASS BEHIND  
THAT BUSH AND DONT OPEN  
YOUR MOUTH IF  
YOU WANT  
TO STAY  
HEALTHY!

QUICKLY  
SNAPPING  
THE  
PADLOCK  
ON THE  
DOOR  
BUCK  
STEPS  
BEHIND  
THE  
BUSH  
AND WAITS  
FOR  
THE SHERIFF  
AND  
BOGDAN  
TO COME

GUESS, WE'LL HAYE TO  
COME AGAIN, SHERIFF  
HE HASN'T GOT BACK  
YET!

YES THE  
DOOR IS  
PADLOCKED

YOU'RE WRONG  
BOGDAN. HE CAME  
BACK AND WAS  
MURDERED BY  
YOUR GUN-TRAP

YOU'RE PLUMB  
LOCO!  
I HAVEN'T  
BEEN NEAR  
THIS CABIN -  
WHERE'S YOUR  
PROOF?

RIGHT HERE, YOUR HIRED  
GUN SLINGER - SAW-TOOTH JACKSON.  
WANTED IN ARIZONA FOR EVERY  
THING ON THE COURT CALENDAR!  
SHERIFF, PUT THE CUFFS ON BOGDAN  
AND YOU'LL SEE ODELL'S BODY  
IF YOU'LL OPEN  
THAT DOOR -

JUST HOLD THAT HIDE-OUT GUN, BOGDAN! I'VE BEEN  
SUSPECTING YOU OF BEING THE HEAD OF A GANG THAT'S  
BEEN USING THIS LAND TO SMUGGLE CONTRABAND  
ACROSS THE BORDER!

BLAST YA!  
I SENT THAT LUNK-  
HEAD IN ADVANCE  
TO TAKE DOWN THAT  
GUN BEFORE WE  
GOT HERE!





HEADQUARTERS OF THE U.S. SPY SERVICE ----

SENATOR BARKLY HAS COME TO WASHINGTON WITH VALUABLE PAPERS. THERE ARE SINISTER FORCES FROM WHICH HE MUST BE GUARDED!

AND WE'RE TO WATCH OVER THE OLD BOY, EH?

SOUNDS LIKE A SIMPLE ASSIGNMENT TO ME!



BUT IT'S NOT AS SIMPLE AS IT APPEARS - THE SENATOR BULL-HEADEDLY INSISTS HE WANTS NO BODYGUARD - SO YOU'LL HAVE TO GUARD HIM WITHOUT HIS KNOWLEDGE



AS THEY ENTER THE SENATOR'S HOTEL ---

PAGING SENATOR BARKLY!

KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED SALLY! HERE'S WHERE WE CATCH OUR FIRST GLIMPSE OF THE SENATOR



I'M SENATOR BARKLY.

HERE'S A MESSAGE FOR YOU, SIR

AS THE SENATOR READS, HIS BROW FURROWS IN A FROWN



SOMETHING'S UP!

I'VE A HUNCH YOU AND I ARE SOON GOING INTO ACTION!

WHEN HE CONCLUDES READING THE MESSAGE, BARKLY TOSSES IT INTO A WASTE RECEPTACLE, AND HURRIES FROM THE HOTEL LOBBY

NOW?

NO, WAIT 'TILL HE'S OUT OF THE ROOM



THE MOMENT SENATOR BARKLY IS OUT OF VIEW, BART APPROPRIATES THE NOTE FROM THE WASTEBASKET



"DEAR SENATOR--  
IMPORTANT INFORMATION WILL BE GIVEN  
YOU IF YOU COME TO 349 GROGAN LANE--  
A FRIEND"



"COME ON! WE'VE GOT TO  
BEAT HIM TO THAT  
ADDRESS!"

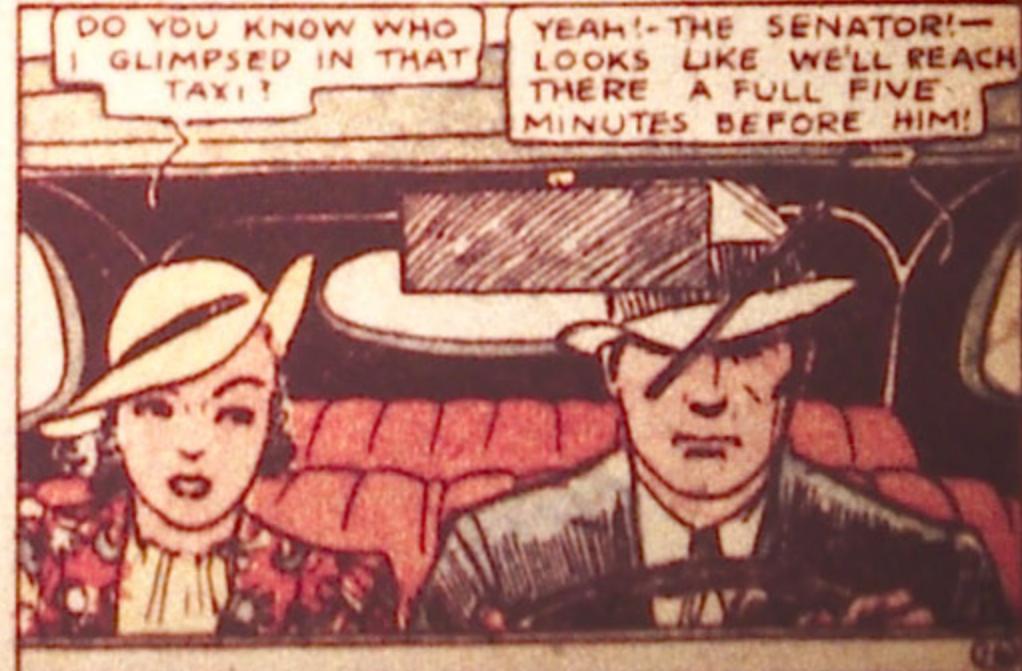
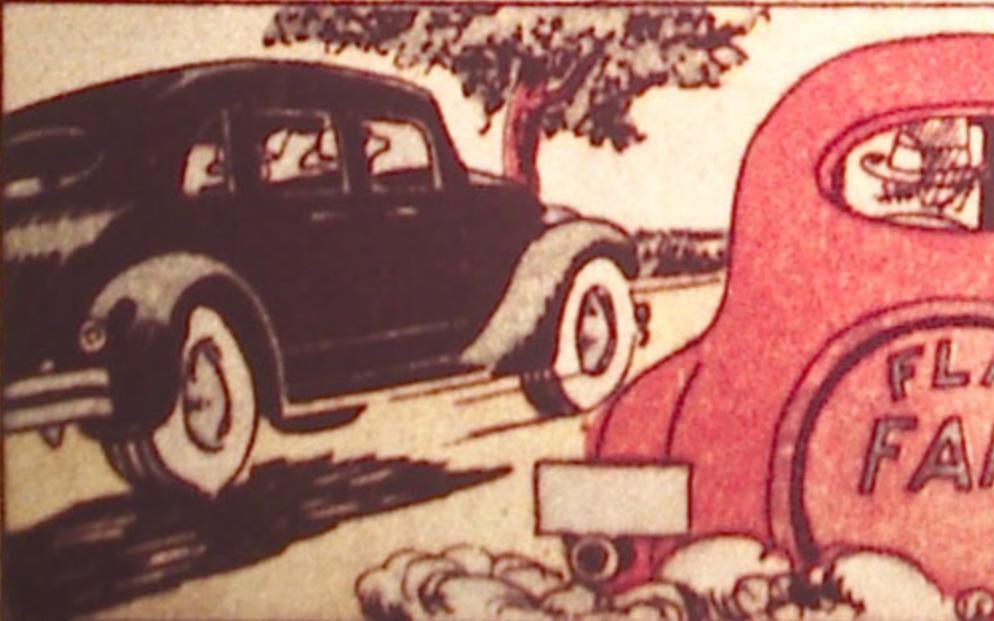


"TO HELL WITH  
TRAFFIC LIGHTS!-  
MORE SPEED!"

"WE'RE DOING SIXTY!-  
WHAT MORE DO  
YOU WANT?"



BART'S HURTLING CAR EASILY PASSES A TAXI---



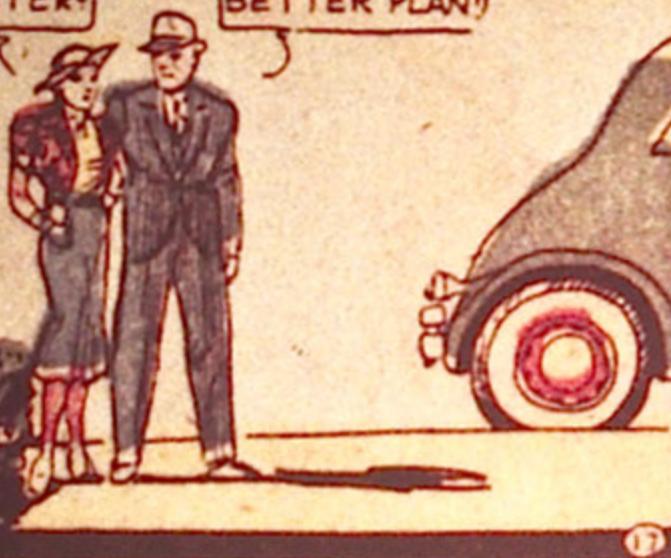
"DO YOU KNOW WHO  
I GLIMPSED IN THAT  
TAXI?"

"YEAH!-THE SENATOR!-  
LOOKS LIKE WE'LL REACH  
THERE A FULL FIVE  
MINUTES BEFORE HIM!"

WHEN GROGAN LANE IS REACHED---

WELL, WHAT DO WE DO NOW? ENTER?

NO, I'VE A BETTER PLAN!



WE WILL ENTER THE DESERTED LANE THRU ITS OTHER ENTRANCE. IN THIS WAY WE'LL SNEAK UP ON THE ENEMY FROM BEHIND!



SHORTLY LATER---

LOOK! OUR GUESS WAS RIGHT!

THEY'RE LYING IN WAIT FOR THE SENATOR!



FROM THE CROUCHED ATTITUDE OF THE MEN, AND THE PRESENCE OF THEIR WEAPONS, IT'S OBVIOUS THEY PLAN A COWARDLY MURDER.

DON'T GIVE HIM A CHANCE TO SHOUT FOR HELP!

ONE WELL PLACED SHOT WILL DO THE TRICK!



WAIT HERE, SALLY, WHILE I ATTEND TO THEM.

OH, NO! - I'M NOT GOING TO MISS THE FUN!



SALLY AND BART LEAP SIMULTANEOUSLY---

WHAT TH'-!

USE YOUR GUN!



THANKS FOR RESISTING!

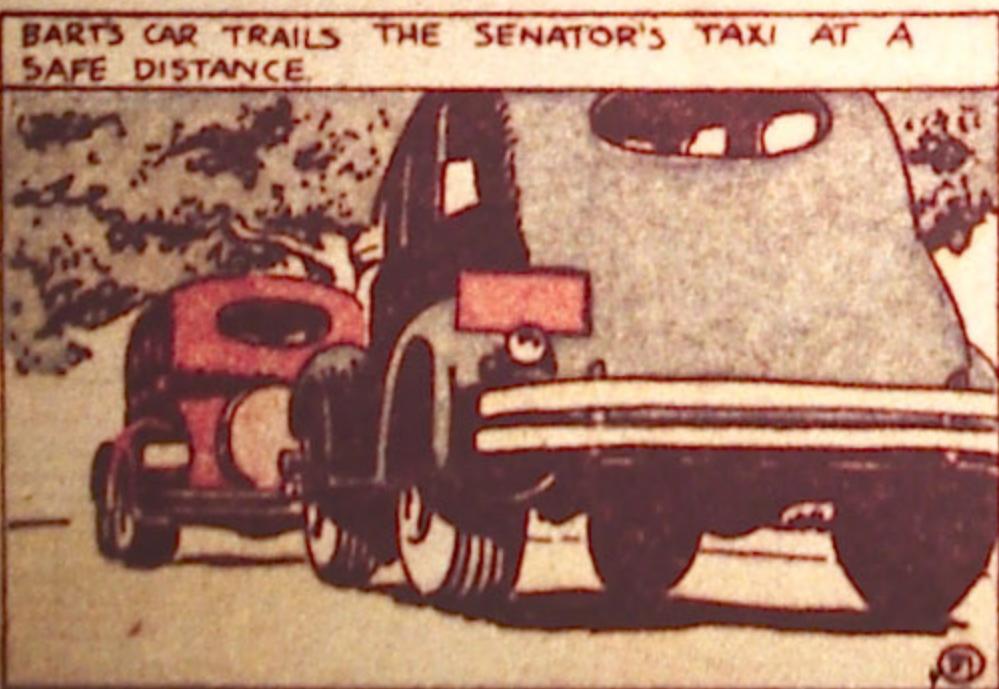


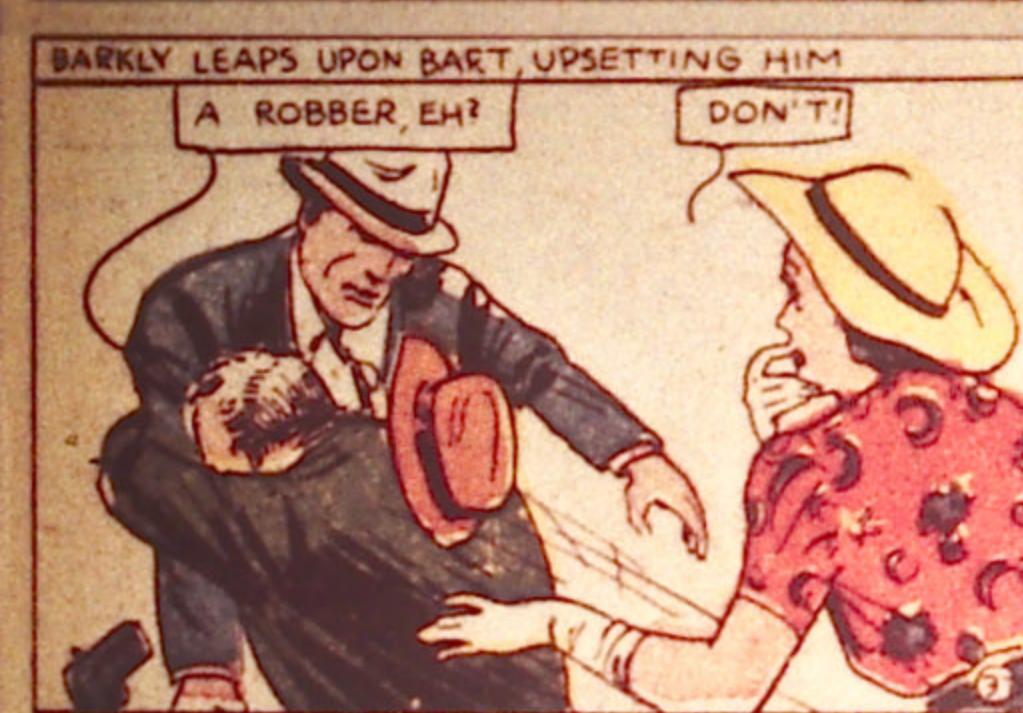
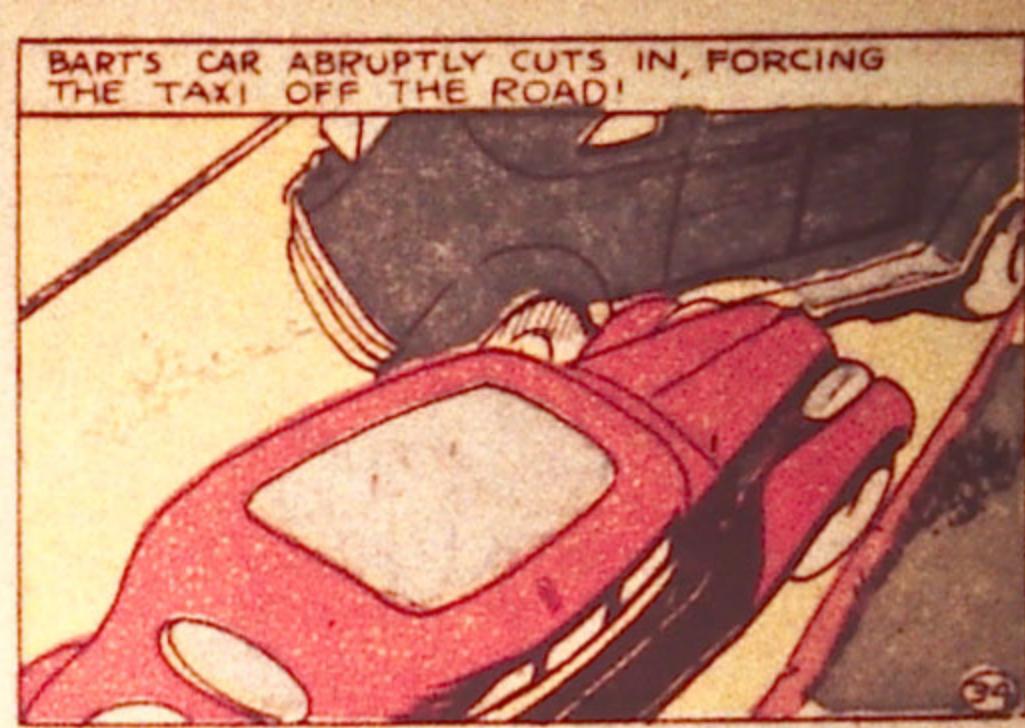
YOU'RE JUST A GIRL!

YEAH - BUT WOTTA GIRL!



THE COWARDLY WOULD-BE ASSASSINS DASH AWAY...





THE DRIVER STEERS WITH ONE HAND; HIS OTHER HAND, PRESSING A GUN AGAINST SALLY'S SIDE, EFFECTIVELY PREVENTS OPPOSITION



WITH EACH PASSING MOMENT THE TAXI IS BRINGING ITS PRISONERS CLOSER TO AN UNKNOWN FATE.

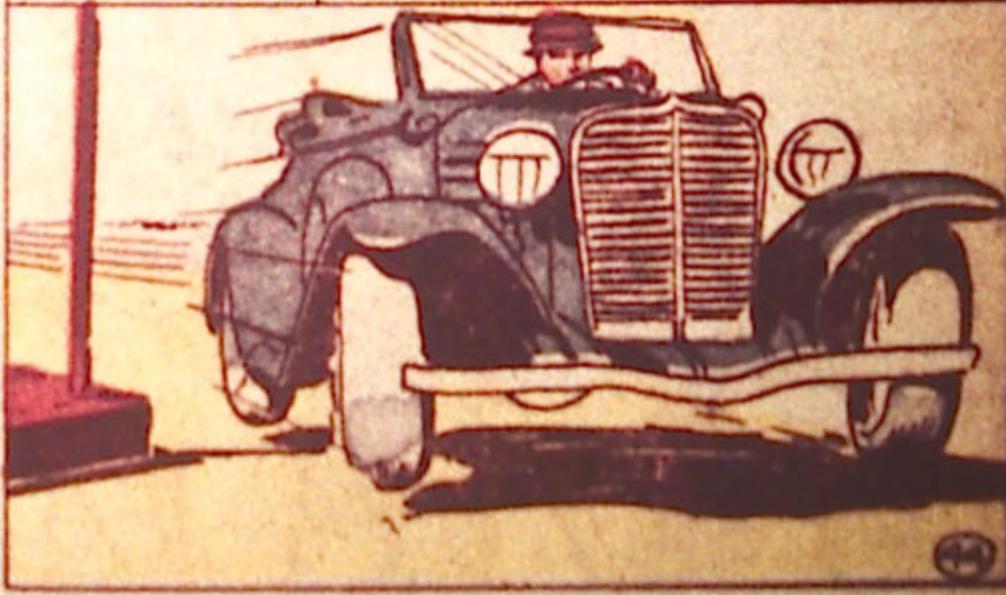
IF MY LIFE WERE THE ONLY ONE AT STAKE, I'D MAKE AN ATTEMPT AT RESISTANCE. BUT I CAN'T RISK SALLY'S



IT WOULD BE PURE SUICIDE FOR ME TO TRY ANYTHING! IF ONLY--!



FATE TAKES A HAND! - AROUND A NEARBY CORNER SWERVES A SPEEDER---



A COLLISION APPEARS CERTAIN, AS THE SPEEDER PENETRATES INTO THE WRONG LANE---



IN ORDER TO PULL OUT OF THE APPROACHING CAR'S PATH THE PSEUDO-TAXI-DRIVER IS FORCED TO PLACE BOTH HANDS ON THE STEERING-WHEEL---



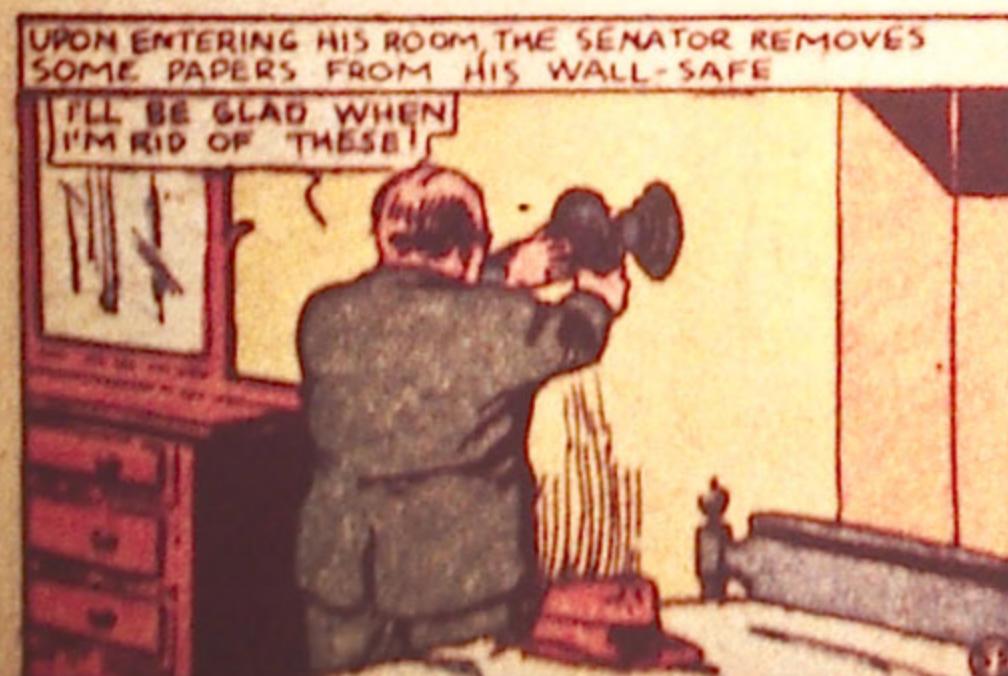
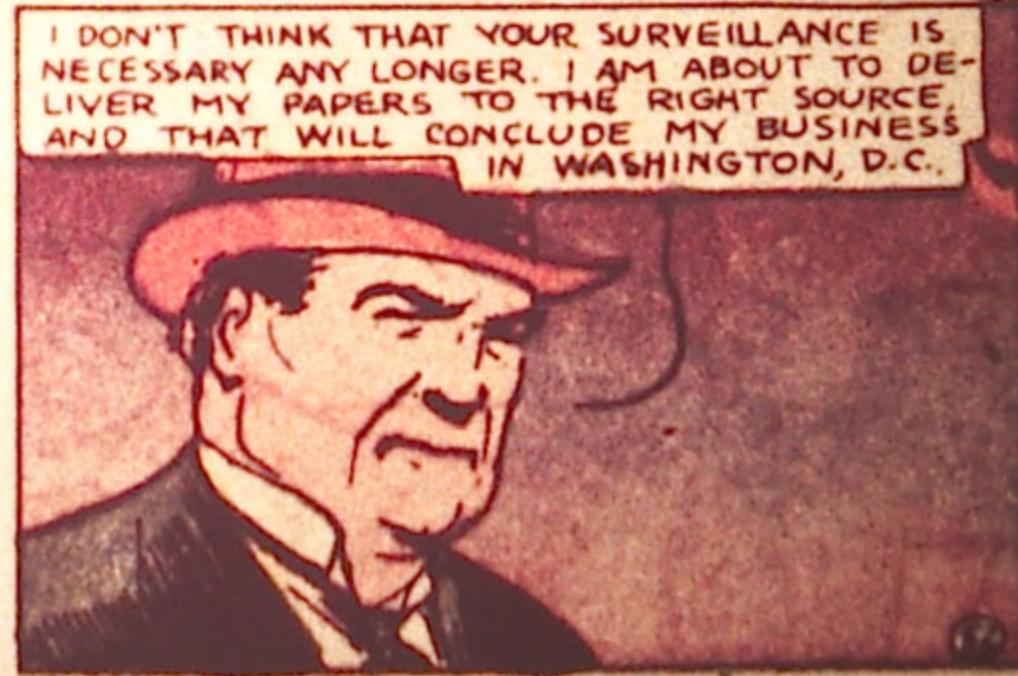
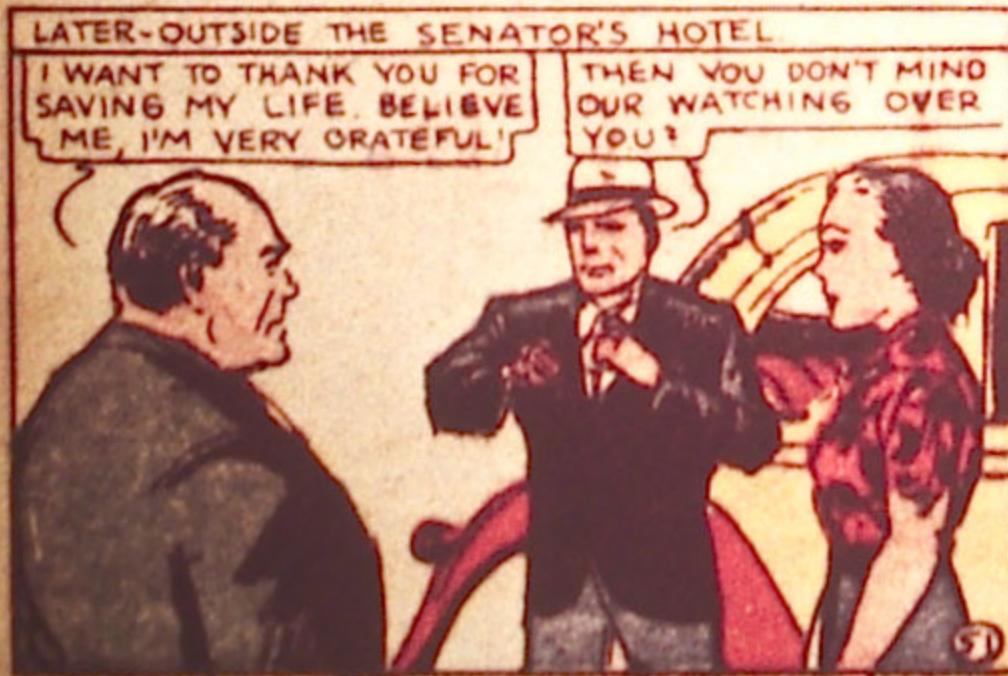
BART!-  
HELP!

LET GO YOU  
LITTLE FOOL!



BEYOND CONTROL THE TAXI SMASHES INTO A TELEPHONE-POLE!





WALLACE! - YOU  
STOOPING TO THIS!

I'VE NO OTHER  
CHOICE!

THOSE PAPERS CONTAIN DOCUMENTARY PROOF  
OF MY TRAITOROUS ACTIVITIES! THEY MUST BE  
DESTROYED!



THEN IT WAS YOU WHO HIRED  
THOSE THUGS TO SLAY ME!

YES, THEY FAILED--  
BUT I WON'T!



IN THE HALLWAY

DID Y' HEAR THAT?

GOOD THING FOR THE SENATOR  
THAT WE DECIDED TO DO A  
LITTLE SNOOPING ON OUR OWN



BEHIND THE TRAITOR'S BACK THE DOOR HANDLE  
SLOWLY TURNS! - BART PEERS INTO THE ROOM  
THRU A SLIGHT CRACK!



AN INSTANT BEFORE THE TRAITOR SHOOTS, BART SLAMS  
THE DOOR OPEN AGAINST HIM, DEFLECTING HIS AIM!



LATER - AT HEADQUARTERS...  
THE SENATOR IS AGAIN  
CALLING TO TELL HOW GRATE-  
FUL HE IS - DO YOU HEAR ME?

DO YOU HEAR  
ANYTHING,  
SALLY?  
ONLY THE  
POUNDING OF  
MY HEART!



THE END

The adventurous story  
of that sinister charac-  
ter of the Orient . . .

# DOCTOR FU MANCHU!

by  
The Celebrated  
English Author

**SAX ROHMER**



"You remember the call in the lane when Sir Crichton died," replied Smith, leading the way into the bedroom. "It is a dacoit—an East Indian murderer—who operates the Zayat Kiss. The ivy, you know, runs all the way up to the window. To a dacoit an ivy-covered wall is a grand staircase. . . ."



Smith put the perfumed envelope on a little table in the middle of the room. We stuffed coats and rags under the covers of the bed to give the appearance of a sleeper . . .



Smith squatted on cushions in a shadowy corner, with a revolver and an electric pocket-lamp. He also laid a golf club beside him. As I switched out the light, the utter silence was broken by a distant clock striking two . . .

Nayland Smith and I sat waiting tensely for the murderous hand of Fu Manchu to strike. No sound broke the stillness of the night . . . The full moon had painted about the floor weird shadows of the clustering ivy at the window, spreading the design gradually across the room . . . The distant clock struck quarter past two . . .



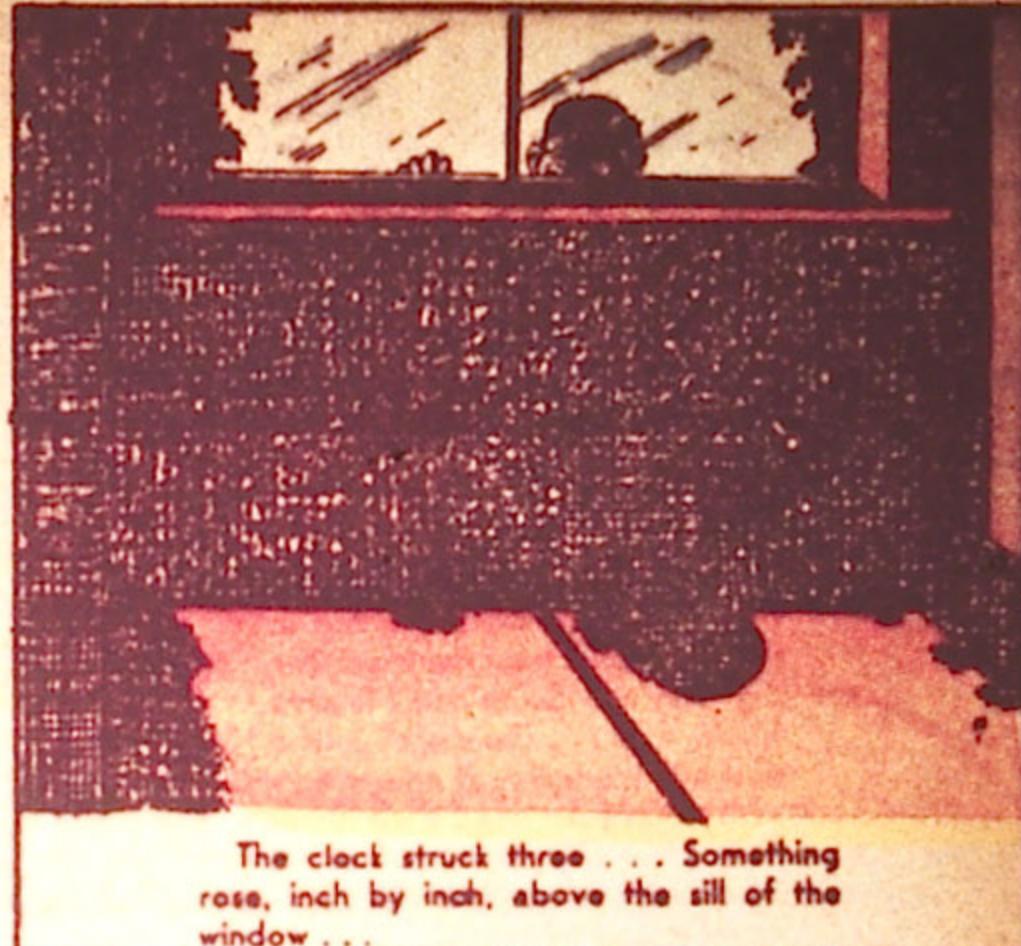
A slight breeze stirred the ivy, and the shadows spread further. The moonlight now touched the little table where lay the sin- ister perfumed envelope which was to lure to its deadly task the thing that dealt the Zayat Kiss . . . The far- away half-hour sounded . . .



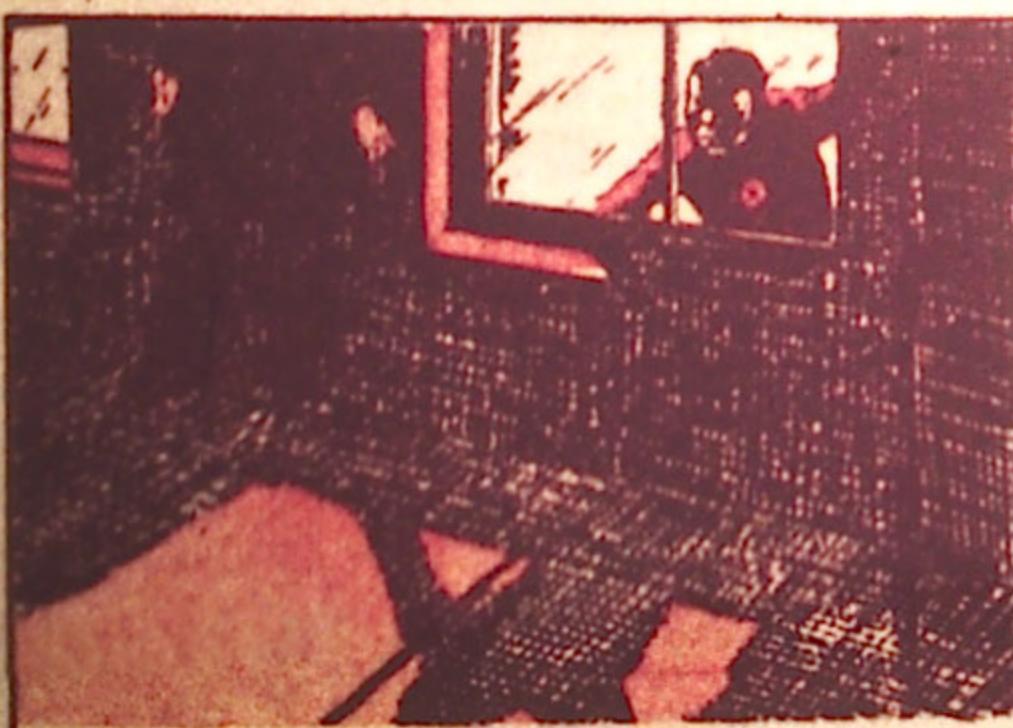


I pictured Fu Manchu, awaiting in some mysterious hiding place the outcome of this monstrous

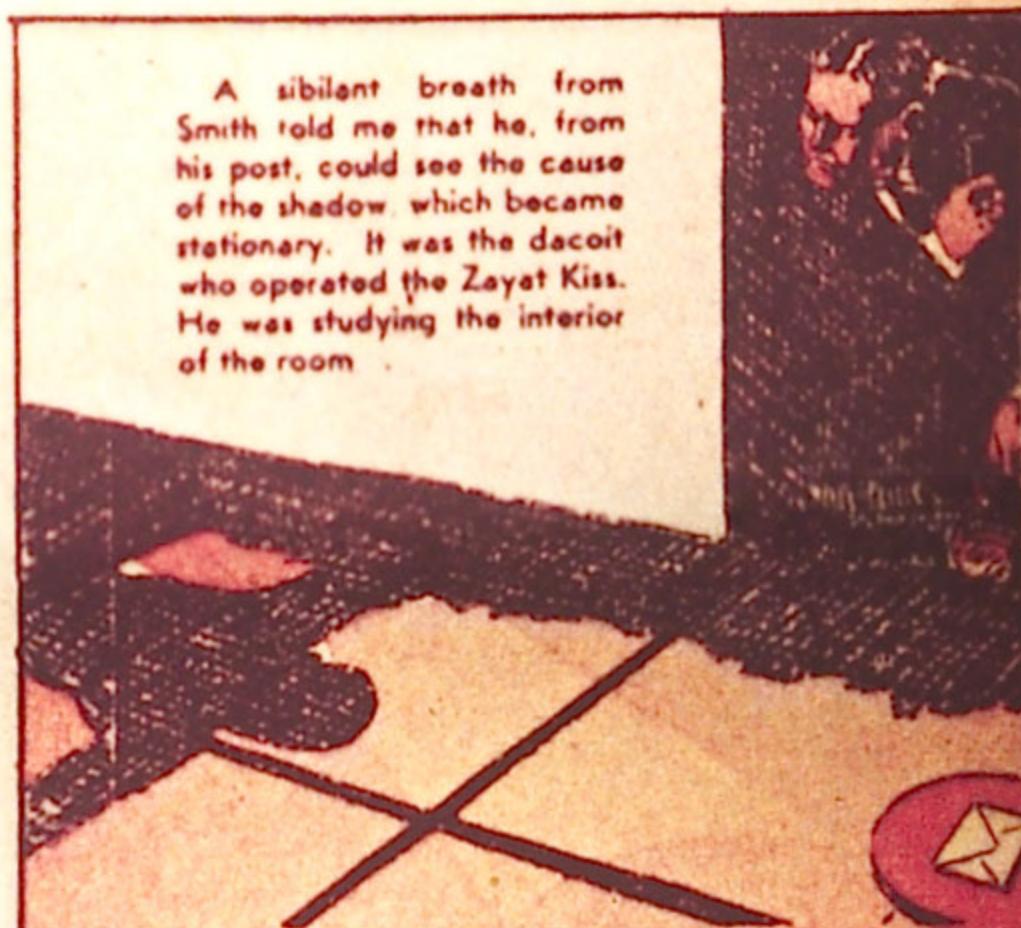
attempt to end Nayland Smith's war against his villainies . . . A shudder swept me at the thought of the Yellow genius of evil . . .



The clock struck three . . . Something rose, inch by inch, above the sill of the window . . .



Now the figure at the window cast a shadow on the floor in the form of a man. The moment for which Nayland Smith and I waited had come . . . I was icy cold, expectant, prepared for whatever horror might be upon us .



A silent breath from Smith told me that he, from his post, could see the cause of the shadow which became stationary. It was the dacoit who operated the Zayat Kiss. He was studying the interior of the room .

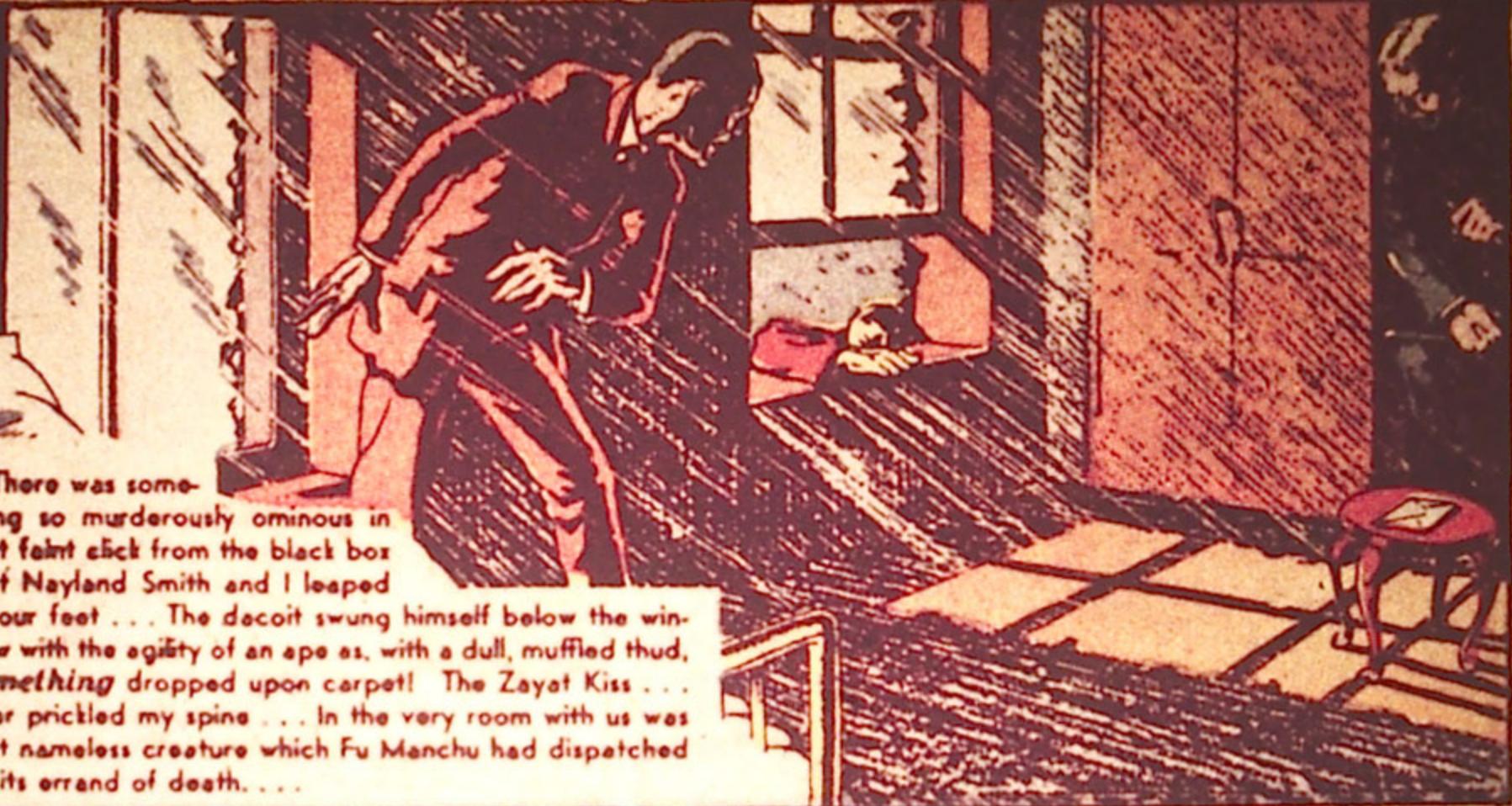


There was absolutely no sound at the window, but the litho form of a man clung there in the moonlight. A yellow face was pressed against the panes . . .



Thin hands raised the sash. One hand disappeared and reappeared in a moment grasping a small, square box . . .

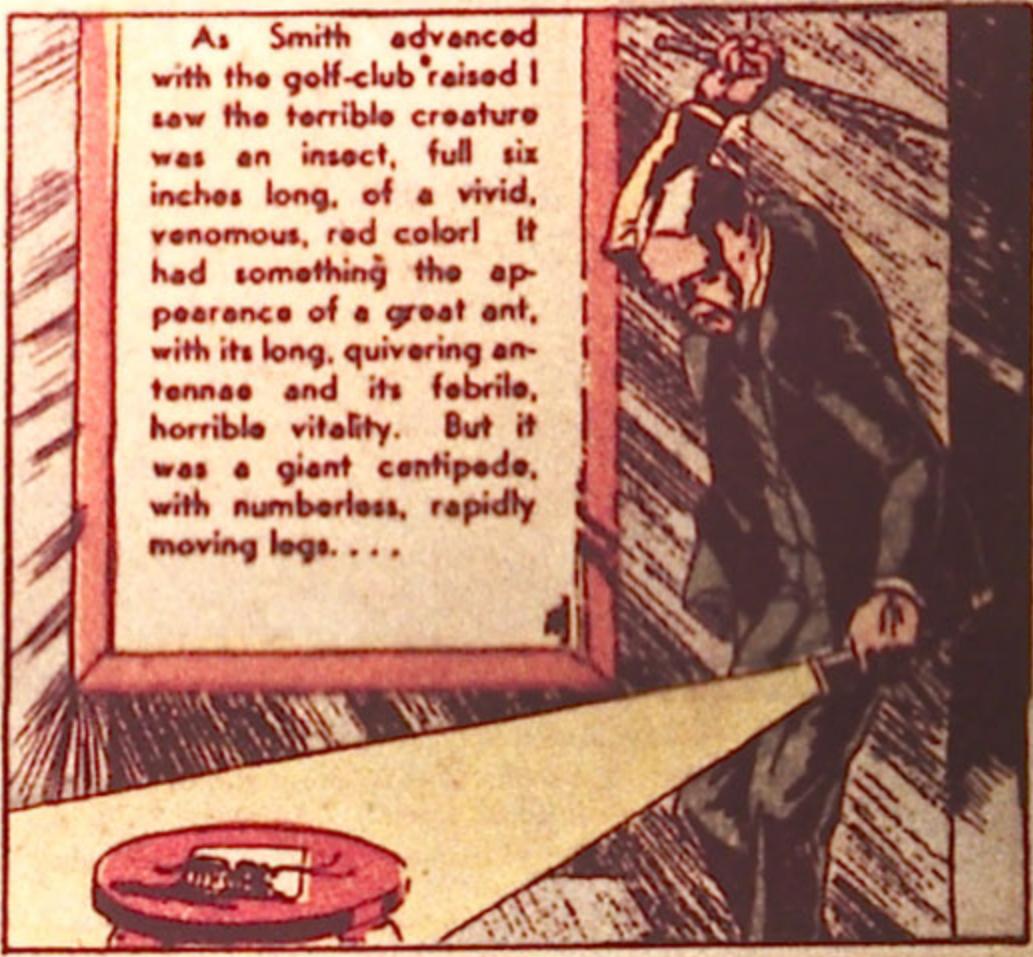
There was a very faint click .



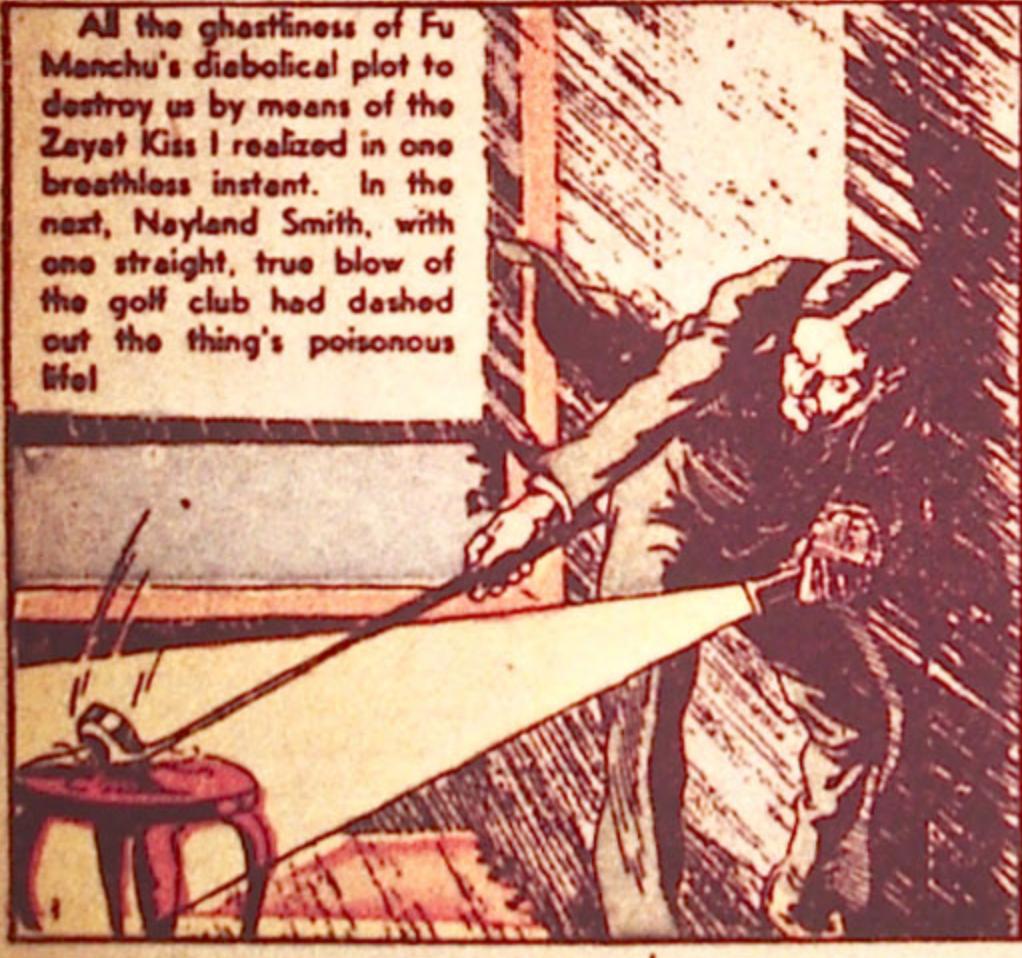
There was something so murderously ominous in that faint click from the black box that Nayland Smith and I leaped to our feet . . . The decoit swung himself below the window with the agility of an ape as, with a dull, muffled thud, something dropped upon carpet! The Zayat Kiss . . . Fear prickled my spine . . . In the very room with us was that nameless creature which Fu Manchu had dispatched on its errand of death. . . .



"Stand still for your life!" came Smith's voice, high-pitched. A beam of white light leaped out and I stifled a scream when it revealed the thing that was running around the perfumed envelope. . . .



As Smith advanced with the golf-club raised I saw the terrible creature was an insect, full six inches long, of a vivid, venomous, red color! It had something the appearance of a great ant, with its long, quivering antennae and its febrile, horrible vitality. But it was a giant centipede, with numberless, rapidly moving legs. . . .



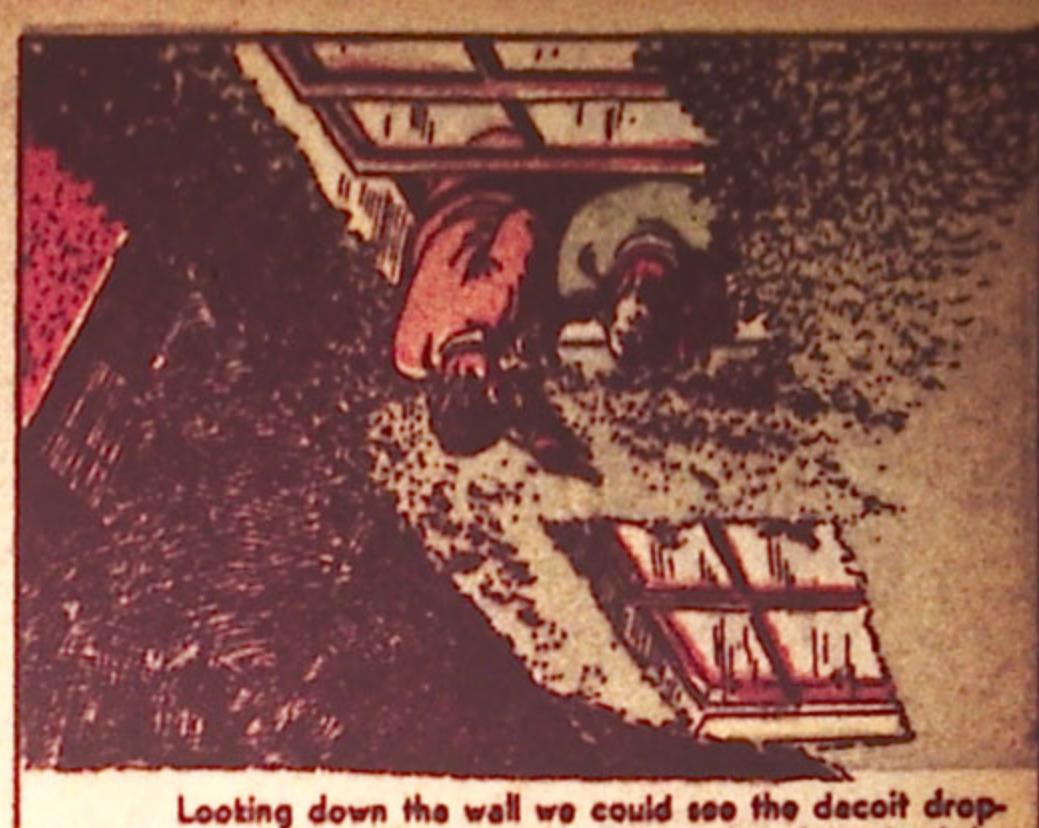
All the ghastliness of Fu Manchu's diabolical plot to destroy us by means of the Zayat Kiss I realized in one breathless instant. In the next, Nayland Smith, with one straight, true blow of the golf club had dashed out the thing's poisonous life!



"The window, Petrie!" cried Smith, and I ran to it . . . As I did so I felt brushing my hand the silken thread which had been the giant centipede's tether. . . .



Drawing my pistol, I leaned far out over the window ledge. Smith at my elbow.... But we were too late....



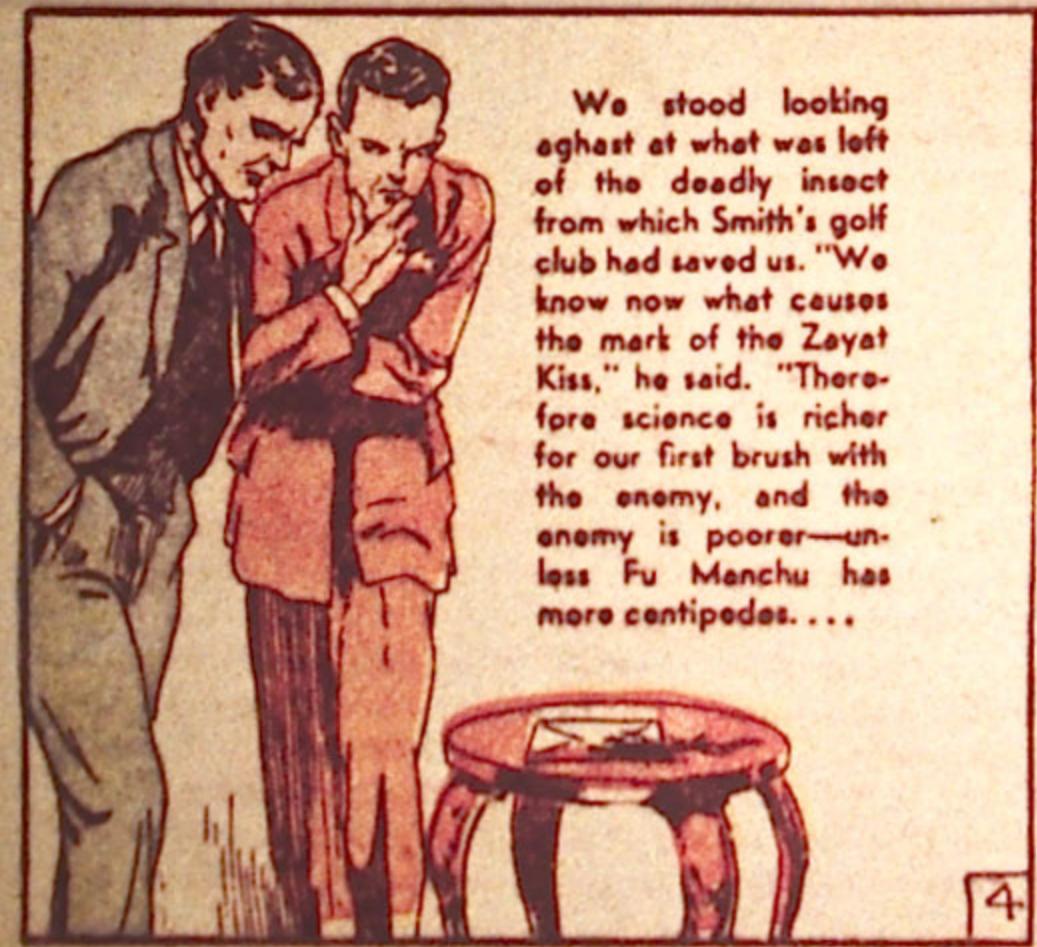
Looking down the wall we could see the decoit dropping with incredible agility from branch to branch of the ivy. Without offering a mark for a shot, Fu Manchu's servant of death melted into the shadows beneath the garden's trees....



Nayland Smith dropped limply into a chair as I turned on the light. Even his grim courage had been sorely tried in thwarting Fu Manchu's hideous plot against our lives.



I had gone back to the window and was gazing out again, hoping for a glimpse of our late visitor. Smith joined me there. "Never mind the decoit, Petrie," he said. "Nemesis will know where to find him."



We stood looking aghast at what was left of the deadly insect from which Smith's golf club had saved us. "We know now what causes the mark of the Zayat Kiss," he said. "Therefore science is richer for our first brush with the enemy, and the enemy is poorer—unless Fu Manchu has more centipedes....



"And another mystery is solved, Petrie," Smith added eagerly. "Now I understand something that has puzzled me ever since the night Sir Crichton Davey was murdered. As he staggered dying from his study, you remember, he uttered a stifled cry...." (To be continued)

# GIVE AND TAKE

By  
**Paul Dean**

THE still night air was suddenly shattered by a piercing scream, fearful and blood-chilling. Detective Bedford, awakened from a sound sleep, leaped from his bed and dashed to the door. He flung it open and raced swiftly down the hotel corridor to Room 16. Others in the building must have heard the cry for several doors were cautiously pulled back and Bedford could hear the puzzled murmurings of the aroused guests.

He reached Room 16 and tried the door. It was locked from the inside. "I thought as much!" he said fiercely, and without hesitation he stood back and rammed his shoulders against the heavy panels. Three times, four times and finally the lock snapped and the door swung inward.

Bedford bounded into the room and halted. Kneeling by the foot of the bed was Sir Charles Knight, his wrists securely fastened by a silken cord to one of the bed-posts. The detective was at his side and quickly untied the elderly man's bonds.

"What is it, Sir Charles?" he asked him. "What happened?"

The man turned his head slowly and merely looked at the detective.

He opened his mouth to speak but the sounds he produced were nothing more than incoherent babblings. His eyes seemed to be coated with some sort of film and were vacant and staring.

The manager of the hotel, having heard the commotion, raced into the room. Bedford motioned to him and together they carried Sir Charles to an easy chair.

"What's the trouble?" asked the anxious manager. "Is Sir Charles ill?"

"Yes, he is quite sick!" the detective replied, pouring a glass of whiskey from a decanter. "But his illness is of the mind . . . Sir Charles has been hypnotized!"

The manager closed the door to the prying eyes of curious guests. "Hypnotized! That seems incredible! Who would want to hypnotize him . . . and why?"

"Many people would be only too glad to approach Sir Charles in a hypnotic coma," Bedford said, offering the glass to the elderly man. "You see, he happens to be one of England's wealthiest gem collectors and time and again he has outbid other collectors for pieces of jewelry . . . jewelry that these same men would rob, plunder and murder for without the slightest qualms!"

"You believe, then, that one of his competitors is responsible for

his condition?" the manager asked, wiping his brow.

"Not only do I believe this but I am certain that I know who he is!" the detective answered. "Sir Charles came here to New York for the sole purpose of buying the famous Burma Ruby. He accomplished his mission but by the same token, acquired several enemies who also had their hearts set on purchasing this well-known gem. Needless to say, each and everyone of these gentlemen—I say 'gentlemen', because in every day society, these men hold high and esteemed positions—would not hesitate to employ unlawful methods to acquire the stone."

"You say you actually know who attacked Sir Charles?" the manager asked. "Who is it, then?"

Bedford held the silken cord in his hand that had bound Sir Charles. "Of all the gentlemen anxious to get their hands on the Burma Ruby, only one would use a cord made of silk fiber for that purpose. And his name is Wen Tung?"

"An Oriental?"

"Exactly. And a clever one at that!" the detective answered. "Down at police headquarters we had received word of Sir Charles' advent and we anticipated something of this nature. That's the reason why I was assigned to follow Sir Charles, to prevent just this thing. But it seems as if I'm too late . . . or perhaps I'm *not* too late at that!"

\* \* \* \* \*

A DISTANT church tower chimed the hour of 2 A.M. Detective Bedford hurried along the dark side streets of the lower East Side. An hour ago he had left Sir Charles in the capable hands of a noted specialist and the hotel manager. It was now his task to regain the Burma Ruby that Wen Tung had taken from the English collector.

He turned into a narrow, alley-like street that ended abruptly at the river's edge. The house he sought was half-way down the block, a bleak and dismal looking building with drawn blinds and a forbidding iron-grille door.

"Well, Mr. Wen Tung, I've come to pay you a visit," Bedford said

to himself. "Whether or not its social call depends on you!"

Bedford did not approach the front door but slipped through a walk running between the buildings, to the rear of the house. Quietly he climbed to the roof of a shed set close to the side of the building and tried one of the windows. It was locked, as he had expected. From his pocket he took a slim file and working patiently for a minute or more, succeeded in unloosening the bolt. He lifted the window softly and stepped into a black room.

The place was absolutely quiet and Bedford remained motionless, wondering whether he had been heard. His eyes became accustomed to the gloom and from the numerous rows and shelves of books, he guessed that he must be in Wen Tung's library.

Then he heard a voice and a lamp in the next room was snapped on, for he could see a sliver of light beneath the door leading to it. Noiselessly he tip-toed across the floor and placed his ear against the door. The high, cackling monotone drifted to him and he knew he was listening to Wen Tung.

"... one of the greatest and perhaps the finest example of its kind in the world today. This stone, Sin Lao, is a veritable gift of the gods and I will confess that I would not hesitate at murder to possess it and to keep it in my possession!"

"He's got the stone, all right, and he's determined to keep it, too!" Bedford muttered grimly. He must act quickly and strike hard. He placed his hand on the knob and was relieved when it turned. Ever so slowly he opened the door and through the crack he saw that the backs of both the men in the room were facing him. Resting on a piece of black velvet on the table before them was the Burma Ruby, a huge and sparkling gem glowing warm and red.

So engrossed were the two orientals that neither heard Bedford step into the room. "Raise your hands to the ceiling, both of you!" he ordered, pointing his automatic at them. "And remain turned as you are!"

Wen Tung and his companion did as they were commanded, though the former cursed the de-



tective freely in his native tongue. Bedford slipped to the side and advancing to the center of the room, scooped the ruby from the table. He deposited the gem in his pocket and retreated toward the library, with the intention of leaving as he came. And at that instant the lights went out!

Instinctively Bedford ducked... and fortunately so! Something whizzed over his head and ripped into the wall back of him. Whatever it was came from immediately in front of him and he fired in that direction. One of the two orientals screamed in pain and fell to the floor. A door slammed and then everything was quiet. Bedford waited for another attack but none was forthcoming. He turned and went back through the doorway, across the library floor and out the window onto the shed. He raced to the street and hailed a cab. The church clock chimed 2:30 A. M. as he slammed the taxi door shut.

\* \* \* \* \*

Sir Charles, pale and visibly shaken by his recent ordeal, was propped up in bed in his hotel room. In his hand he clutched the

Burma Ruby.

"How can I ever thank you, Mr. Bedford?"

"There's no need to, Sir Charles," said the detective. "As a matter of fact I feel rather guilty for letting the ruby slip out of your grasp in the first place."

At that moment the bell rang and a messenger entered with a note. Sir Charles took it, tore it open and read:

*Congratulations upon your acquisition of the Burma Ruby, a supreme achievement.*

*Signed,*

*Wen Tung.*

THE END

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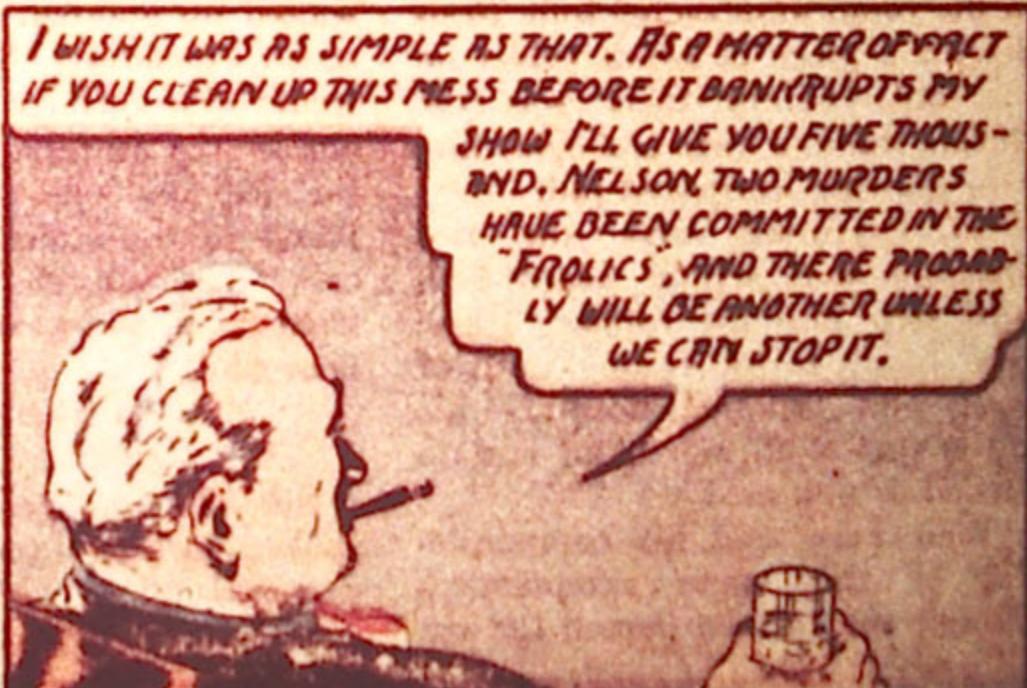
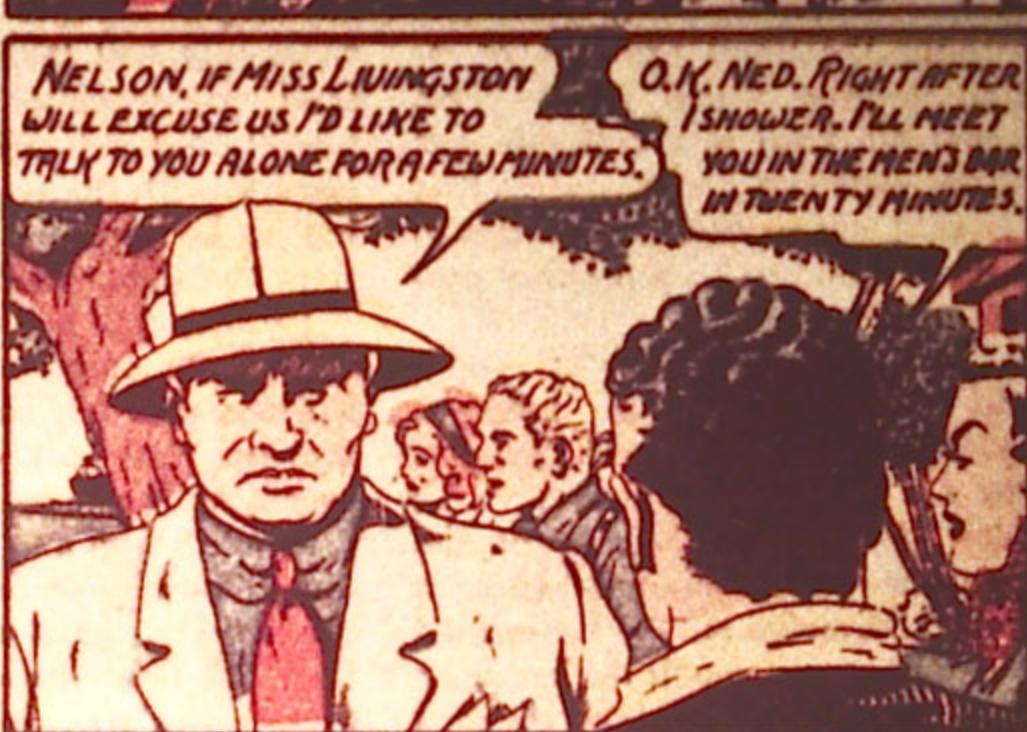
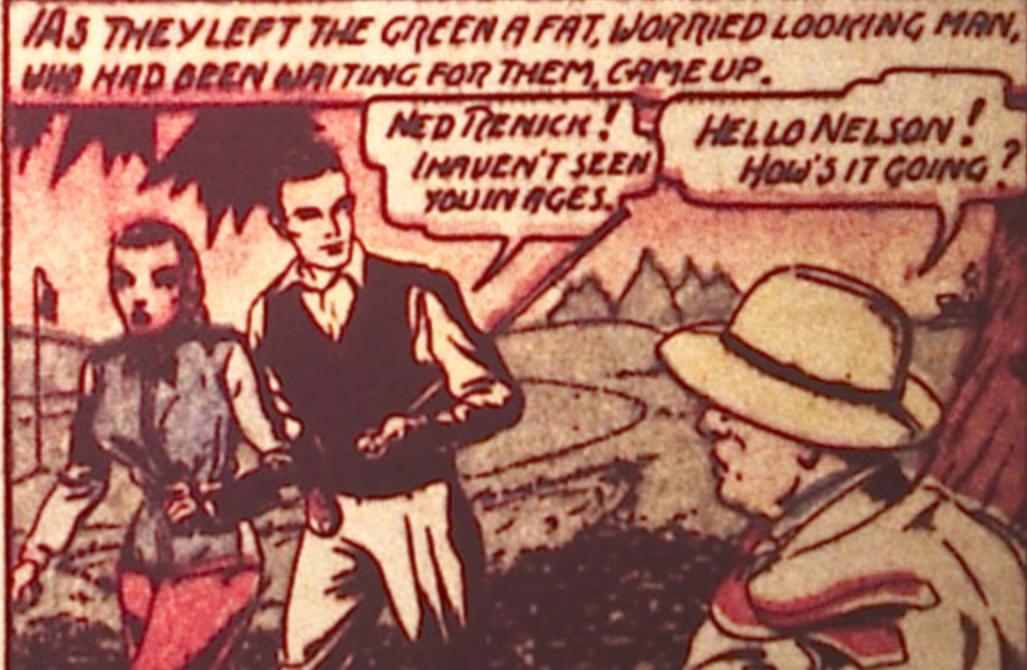
ALL-AMERICAN FENCERS GUILD  
Dept. 10-342, 45 West 44th St., New York, N. Y.

# Bruce Nelson

and the

## Song of Death

by Tom Hickey



YOU MEAN THAT "SONG OF DEATH" STUNT OF YOURS IN THE "FROLICS". I SAW SOMETHING ABOUT IT IN THE PAPERS BUT I DIDN'T PAY MUCH ATTENTION TO IT. ANOTHER ONE OF YOUR HOT PUBLICITY STUNTS, ISN'T IT?



PUBLICITY STUNT NOTHING! BOTH OF THOSE GIRLS ARE REALLY DEAD!

START FROM THE BEGINNING, AND LET'S HAVE THE WHOLE THING.



WELL, THE OPENING NIGHT OF THE "FROLICS" MY LEAD SINGER, LOLA MAINE, HEELLED OVER WHILE SHE WAS SINGING "THE NIGHT IS BLUE". SHE WAS PRONOUNCED DEAD.



TWO NIGHTS LATER HER UNDERSTUDY, HOLLY LAWSON, WAS SINGING THE SAME SONG. AS SHE REACHED THE IDENTICAL SPOT IN THE SONG WHERE LOLA DROPPED DEAD SHE PITCHED OVER, DEAD TOO. THE NEWSPAPERS DUBBED THE TUNE, "SONG OF DEATH".

GOOD PUBLICITY FOR YOUR SHOW. I'LL BET YOU'VE HAD THE S.P.O. SIGN OUT EVER SINCE.



ON THE CONTRARY, I'VE HAD TO CLOSE THE SHOW. I CAN'T GET A SINGER TO TAKE OVER THAT PART, AND THE SONG IS A VITAL PART OF THE SHOW.



I SUPPOSE EVERYONE IS TALKING THAT "SONG OF DEATH" GAG SERIOUSLY AND THINK THAT THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THE SONG THAT CAUSES THEIR DEATH.



EXACTLY! NELSON, THAT SHOW MUST REOPEN. I'VE SUNKE EVERY PENNY I'VE GOT INTO IT. BUT IT WON'T REOPEN UNTIL THE MYSTERIOUS DEATHS ARE CLEARED UP. WILL YOU SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO. THE POLICE ARE TOO SLOW, AND I CAN'T LOSE TOO MUCH TIME.



IT SOUNDS LIKE AN INTERESTING CASE PENICK. I'LL TAKE IT.

GOOD BOY! CLEAR UP THIS MESS AND I'LL MAKE IT WORTH YOUR WHILE.

O.K. PENICK. YOU'LL HEAR FROM ME TOMORROW. I WANT TO SLEEP ON IT TONIGHT.



NEXT MORNING IN NELSON'S APARTMENT. HE IS TALKING TO MEDICAL EXAMINER MONROE ON THE PHONE.



KAYE, I'M GOING DOWN TO THE LINCOLN THEATRE. CALL BILLIE BRYSON AND ASK HER TO COME UP HERE ABOUT FOUR P.M. IT'S IMPORTANT.



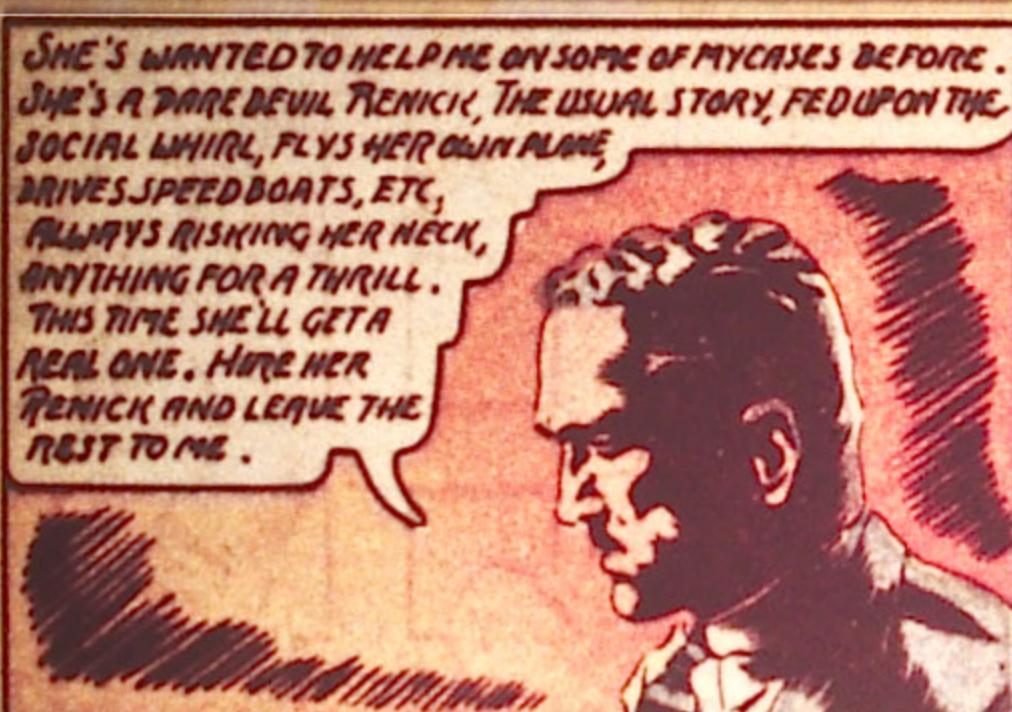
THIRTY MINUTES LATER NELSON STRODE INTO PENICK'S OFFICE.

PENICK, I'VE GOT A SINGER FOR YOU. LET'S SEE. THIS IS THURSDAY. YOUR SHOW REOPENS SATURDAY.

WHAT! WHO'S CRAZY ENOUGH TO WANT THAT SPOT?



NOT BILLIE BRYSON OF THE PARK AVENUE BRYSONS? WHY SHE HAS MILLIONS. WHY SHOULD SHE RISK HER NECK IN A SHOW LIKE THIS? BECAUSE SHE'S TOO INEXPERIENCED.



I KNEW YOU WOULD LIKE IT.  
NOW LISTEN CAREFULLY. HERE'S  
MY PLAN

I'M ALL EARS.



NEXT MORNING AT A HURRIEDLY CALLED REHEARSAL  
OF THE FROLICS.

NED, THIS IS BILLIE DRYSON,  
YOUR NEW STAR.

SHOW DO MISS DRYSON.  
HERE'S YOUR MUSIC. I  
DON'T KNOW WHETHER OR  
NOT YOU CAN LEARN THIS PART  
IN SUCH A SHORT  
TIME. I'LL GIVE  
YOU A HAND  
IN A MINUTE.



WHILE DANCE DIRECTOR  
HOWARD WAS PUTTING THE  
CHORUS THROUGH ITS PACES  
AND PEENICK WAS GIVING  
BILLIE SOME POINTERS,  
NELSON STROLLED ABOUT  
LOOKING OVER THE  
VARIOUS MEMBERS OF  
THE ENTOURAGE.



NELSON DECIDED TO QUESTION OLE CARLSEN, THE AGED  
GUARDIAN OF THE STAGE DOOR.

DO THE GIRLS SOMETIMES  
HAVE A BITE TO EAT  
IN THEIR DRESSING  
ROOMS INSTEAD OF  
GOING OUT TO DINNER  
BEFORE THE EVENING  
PERFORMANCE?

THE PRINCIPLES OFTEN  
DO BUT THE CHORUS  
GIRLS GENERALLY  
GO OUT TO A DRUG  
STORE OR SOMEPLACE.

WHO WOULD KNOW?

JOHNNY PURVIS IS  
GENERALLY THE ONE WHO  
RUNS ERRANDS  
AROUND HERE.

NO  
SMOKING

DID EITHER MISS MAINE OR MISS  
LAWSON SEND OUT FOR FOOD THE  
NIGHT THEY WERE KILLED?

I COULDN'T TELL. THERE  
WAS FOOD BROUGHT IN  
THAT NIGHT BUT I DON'T  
KNOW WHO FOR.



4

YOU'RE JOHNNY PURVIS,  
AREN'T YOU?

WHAT CHA ASKIN' ME  
FOR. YOU'RE TH' GREAT  
NELSON. YOU'RE SUPPOSED  
TA KNOW ALL TH'  
ANSWERS.



OH! A TOUGHY, EH? — JOHNNY,  
DID YOU BRING IN FOOD FOR EITHER  
MISS MAINE OR MISS LAWSON THE  
NIGHT THEY WERE KILLED?

I AIN'T SAYIN'.  
THE LESS A GUY  
TALKS TO A DICK  
THE BETTER OFFA  
GUY IS.

THAT'S WHAT I CALL THE PHILOSOPHY OF A MORON AND  
YOU HARDLY SEEM TO BE THAT. YOU'LL GET IN MORE  
TROUBLE BY NOT TALKING TO  
A DICK THAN YOU WILL BY  
TALKING. THINK IT OVER  
JOHNNY. SEE YOU  
LATER.

YOU'RE DARN TOOTIN'  
YOU'LL SEE ME  
LATER!

THE GREAT ZAMBINI,  
A NOUVELTY KNIFE THROW-  
ING ACT, TAKES A FEW  
PRACTICE HEAVES.

JUST AS NELSON ROUNDED THE CORNER FROM THE  
CORRIDOR TO THE STAGE.

CLUNK!

IDIOT! IMBICILE! WHY YOU NO WATCH WHERE YOU  
GO? YOU ALL MOST MAKE A ME STICK A YOU!

HEY! I'M THE ONE THAT WAS ALL MOST STUCK, NOT YOU.  
I'M THE ONE WHO SHOULD BE GETTING SORE.  
WHAT'S A KNIFE THROWER  
DOING IN A MUSICAL  
COMEDY ANYWAY?

YOU INSINUATE MY KNIFE THROWING NOT GOOD  
ENOUGH FOR DA MUSICAL COMEDY!  
IMBICILE! YOU APOLOGIZE TO  
DA GREAT ZAMBINI!  
YOU APOLOGIZE, I SAY!

THIS HAS GONE FAR ENOUGH. ONE MORE PUSH AND I'LL CURL THAT MUSTACHE AROUND BACK OF YOUR NECK.



AH HA! YOU INSULT DA GREAT ZAMBINI AGAIN!  
DOGOFADOG!



I'VE GOT HALF A MIND TO JAM THE LID ON AND SHIP YOU BACK TO WHERE YOU CAME FROM. YOU TWO BIT VAUDEVILLE HAM.



BRUCE, I DON'T THINK THAT WAS A VERY WISE THING TO DO. YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO MAKE ANY ENEMIES AROUND HERE.



I'LL GO A LONG WAY'S ON THIS CASE AT THE RATE I'M GOING. I'VE TALKED WITH THREE PEOPLE. CARLSEN, PURVIS AND ZAMBINI AND HAVE ANTORGANIZED TWO OF THEM, PURVIS AND ZAMBINI. SOME AVERAGE.



ZAMBINI NEVER FORGET DA INSULT. HE'LL PAY THRU DA NOSE!



CONCLUDED IN NEXT ISSUE.

# THE CRIMSON AVENGER

FEARED BY THE UNDER-WORLD AND HUNTED BY THE POLICE, THE CRIMSON CARRIES ON THE WORK OF BEFRIENDING THE HELPLESS. KNOWN AS THE CRIMSON TO ONLY HIS CHINESE SERVANT, WING, LEE TRAVIS IS THE WEALTHY YOUNG PUBLISHER OF THE GLOBE LEADER

BY Jim Chambers

IN A BACK ROOM CARD GAME A MAN IS SHOT BY AN EX-CON —

IS HE — ?

YAH CROAKED HIM, JOE!

— AND SO, JOE MARKO, AN EX-CONVICT BRUTALLY MURDERED JACK STONE! OUR WITNESSES HAVE PROVED IT CONCLUSIVELY!

DEFENSE LAWYER, MYRON BLOCK SPEAKS —  
YOUR HONOR, I ASK FOR ONE HOUR RECESS. I HAVE FOUND WITNESSES TO PROVE MY CLIENT'S INNOCENCE!

— BUT BOSS, THIS GUY'S GUILTY! HE CAN'T BEAT THE CHAIR!

YOU AND I KNOW THAT ED, BUT BLOCK IS HANDLING HIS CASE AND HE'S CROOKED! HE'S NEVER FAILED TO GET A MAN OFF.

IN THE OFFICES OF THE GLOBE LEADER

HEY, MR. TRAVIS-BLOCK BROUGHT IN HIS WITNESSES AND ON THEIR TESTIMONY MARKO HAS BEEN ACQUITTED!

HM, SHOWED HIS HAND PRETTY FAST THIS TIME. BLOCK'S WORKING SOME RACKET AND WE'VE GOT TO BREAK IT UP!

BLOCK IS WORKING  
A WITNESS RACKET—  
I'M SURE OF IT!  
LOOKS LIKE THE  
'CRIMSON' WILL HAVE  
TO STEP IN!

MEANWHILE AT MYRON BLOCK'S OFFICE —

I GOT YOU OUT OF A TOUGH  
SPOT, MARKO. NOW YOU'RE  
GOING WEST AND DO A FEW  
LITTLE JOBS FOR ME!

I AIN'T GOT NO MONEY TO  
PAY YOU, MR. BLOCK BUT  
I DON'T WANT TO LEAVE  
TOWN!

YOU'LL DO AS I SAY!  
YOU'RE TOO WELL  
KNOWN HERE — I'M  
GOING TO USE YOU  
AS A WITNESS IN A  
COUPLE OF CASES.

YOUR 'PHONE'S  
RINGIN', MR. BLOCK.

ON THE OTHER END OF THE LINE —

THAT YOU, BLOCK?  
NEVER MIND WHO  
THIS IS BUT GET  
THIS — I'M CALLING  
ON YOU TONIGHT AT  
YOUR APARTMENT!

I'M SORRY BUT I DON'T  
DO BUSINESS AT HOME.  
YOU'LL HAVE TO PHONE  
FOR AN — HELLO. HELLO.  
COMPOUND IT, MR. WING.  
UP.

THAT NIGHT —

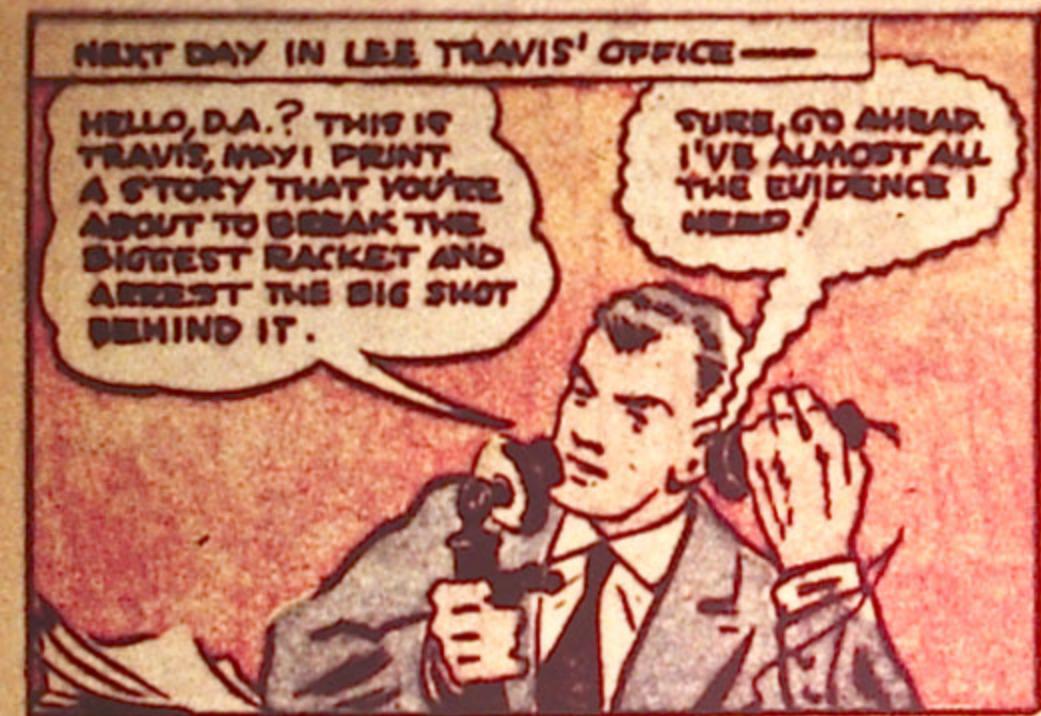
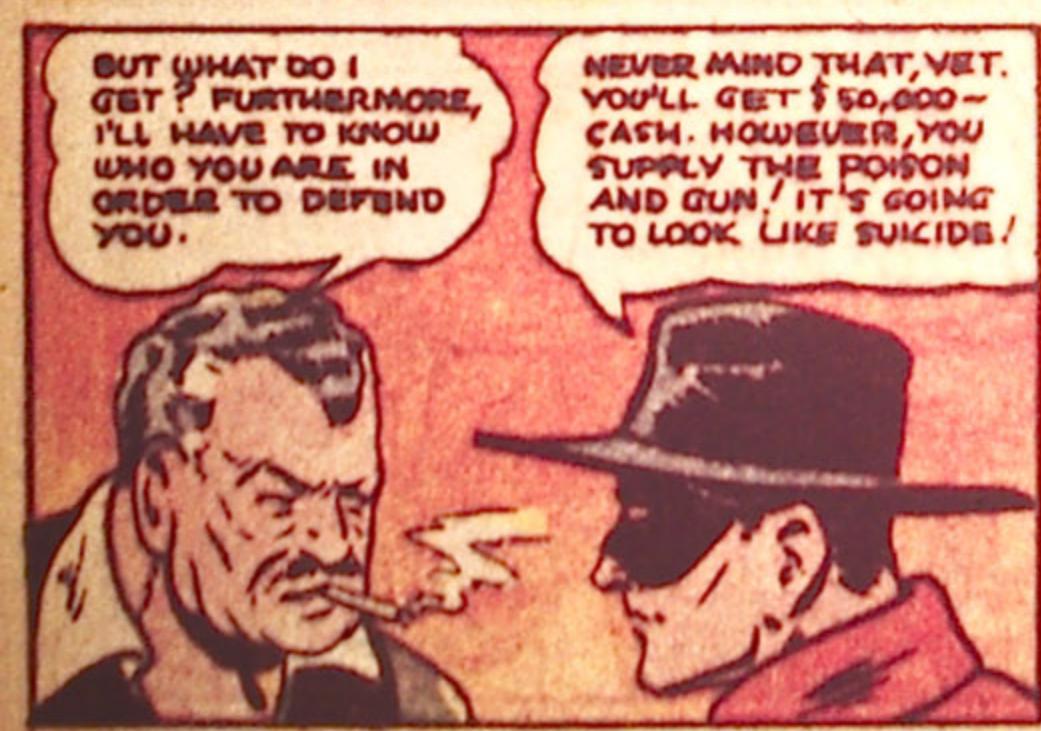
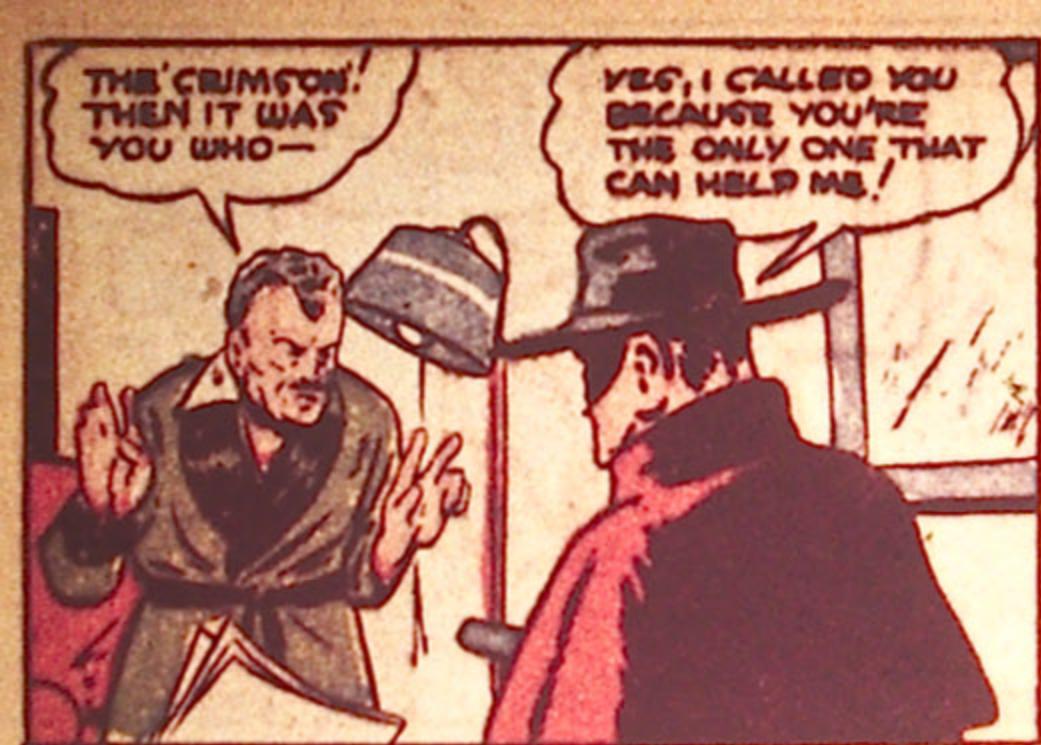
WAIT HERE, WING.  
BE READY FOR A  
QUICK GETAWAY!

YES, SIR!

AT THE REAR OF THE APARTMENT, THE 'CRIMSON'  
SCALES THE WALL TO BLOCK'S PENTHOUSE —

THE 'CRIMSON' SURPRISES THE BUTLER AND  
USES HIS GAS GUN —

YOU! OH —



THE FOLLOWING NIGHT —

WELL HERE I AM, BLOCK!  
EVERYTHING SET?

YES, EVERYTHING'S FINE.  
I HAVE SIX WITNESSES  
WHO WILL PHONE THE  
POLICE EXACTLY AT  
11:30! DID YOU BRING MY  
MONEY?

BEFORE I GIVE YOU  
THAT I WANT YOU  
TO TYPE OUT A  
SUICIDE NOTE!

ALL RIGHT, I'LL  
DO IT BUT FOR  
HEAVEN SAKE,  
PUT AWAY THAT  
GAS GUN!

I'M TAKING NO  
CHANCES! NOW,  
TYPE THAT NOTE.

I'LL SAY — "I'M  
TAKING THE  
EASIEST WAY  
OUT. I'VE FAILED  
MY JOB AS D.A."

THE CRIMSON REACHES OUT A GLOVED HAND FOR  
THE MURDER WEAPONS —

HERE'S THE GUN  
AND POISON! NOW  
WHAT ABOUT MY PAY?

THAT'S FINE!

HERE'S YOUR  
PAY — YOU RAT!

OH — THE GAS  
I CAN'T BR —

THE CRIMSON AND WING PARK THE CAR NEAR THE D.A.'S SUBURBAN HOME —

YOU HAVE YOUR  
INSTRUCTIONS, WING?  
DON'T FAIL ME!

WING, UNDERSTAND  
WILL DO EVERYTHING  
AS ORDERED!

THE CRIMSON SURPRISES THE DA. IN HIS STUDY —

THE CRIMSON! WHAT  
BRINGS YOU HERE?

DON'T MOVE OR I'LL  
SHOOT! I READ THE  
PAPERS TODAY —  
THOUGHT YOU'D CATCH  
THE CRIMSON — EH!

WHY THAT ARTICLE  
WASN'T ABOUT  
YOU!

SHUT UP! WHO'S  
MORE HUNTED THAN  
I AM? HOWEVER,  
YOU MUST DIE!

SIT THERE! WHICH  
WILL YOU TAKE —  
THE EASY WAY,  
POISON? OR WILL  
I HAVE TO SHOOT  
YOU? I'LL GIVE  
YOU ONE MINUTE!

WHY I —

THEY BOTH HEAR FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING

SOMEONE'S COMING!  
I'LL LEAVE THE GUN  
AND POISON — TAKE  
YOUR CHOICE. I'LL BE  
BACK AND IF YOU'RE  
NOT DEAD — I'LL DO  
IT! THE HARD WAY!

MEAN WHILE AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS —

THE CRIMSON, EH?  
THIS IS THE SECOND  
CALL — YOU SAY  
THE WAREHOUSE AT  
12TH AND BAND? O.K.

HEY, CHIEF! JUST  
GOT A RUSH CALL  
FROM THE D.A.!  
SOMEONE TRIED TO  
MURDER HIM!

HOLY SOCKS — I'LL  
GO OUT MYSELF!

NEXT DAY AT THE GLOBE LEADER —

HM. ALL I CAN  
DO IS WAIT! HOPE  
MY SCHEME WORKS  
OUT!

BOSS! THE  
CRIMSON TRIED  
TO MURDER THE  
DA LAST NIGHT!  
WHATTA STORY!

WE'VE CHECKED THE FINGER PRINTS ON THE GUN AND BOTTLE. THEY'RE MYRON BLOCK'S! THE TYPEWRITER FOR THE NOTE TOO.

I SEE HE TRIED TO HAVE THE CRIMSON BLAMED.

IT CHECKS TOO. THAT ARTICLE IN YESTERDAY'S PAPER. THAT CLINCHED MY SUSPICIONS ABOUT BLOCK! HE'S YOUR MAN.

MAYBE HE'S THE CRIMSON TOO. BE NICE IF WE COULD CATCH BOTH AT ONCE.

HEY, BLOCK—YOU BETTER BLOW! THEY FIGURE YOU'RE THE CRIMSON AND YOU PULLED THAT JOB AT THE D.A.'S!

WHY THAT, DIRTY DOUBLE CROSSIN'

THERE GOES BLOCK IN THAT CAB! STEP ON IT!

THOSE COPPERS AIN'T GONNA GET ME AGAIN. TAKE THAT YOU—!

A WELL DIRECTED GSHOT SENDS THE FUGITIVE CAB INTO A POLE —

THE GAMES UP, BLOCK! THERE'S ENOUGH CHARGES AGAINST YOU TO FIX YOU FOR A LIFETIME IN THE PEN.

WHATTA STORY! SAY, BLOCK WHAT ABOUT THE CRIMSON ANGLE?

WHY THAT LOUSEY — !

SEE THE NEXT ISSUE FOR MORE OF THE CRIMSON'S SUPER HUMAN EFFORTS TO CHECK CRIME AND JAIL THE CRIMINAL! DON'T MISS TRAITOR'S FATE!



# COSMO, THE PHANTOM OF DISGUISE

• • ILLUSTRATED BY SVEN ELVÉN • •

THE BALLROOM OF THE ROYAL YACHT CLUB IS CROWDED WITH DANCERS



AT A SIDE TABLE COSMO SITS WITH SOME FRIENDS:

LOOK! THERE IS TERRY CROFT. I'M SURPRISED AT THE NERVE OF HIM SHOWING HIS FACE AROUND HERE AFTER THE SCANDAL LAST FALL WHEN HE LET THOSE PASSENGERS DROWN ON THAT YACHT PARTY OF HIS.

HE WAS SAID TO BE TOO DRUNK TO STAY AT THE WHEEL. SOBER HE IS THE BEST PILOT IN THE GAME.



TERRY ACCOSTS ONE OF THE GIRLS OF THE PARTY HE APPEARS TO HAVE DRUNK HEAVILY.



MISS HALLOCK ACQUIESCES, FEARING TERRY WILL MAKE A SCENE IF SHE SNUBS HIM.

YU' KNOW, I MUSHN'T GET TIPSY TONIGHT CAUSE TO-MORROW I GOT TO PILOT THE FASTEST BOAT OUT OF THISH HARBOR.

WHAT BOAT IS THAT, TERRY, NED TRUMBLE'S FLYING FISH?



TERRY ACTS AS THOUGH HE REGRETS HAVING SAID WHAT HE HAS



A TALL, FOXY LOOKING MAN TAPS TERRY ON THE SHOULDER.

HE INTENDS ENTERING IT IN THE BELDEN RACE NEXT WEEK, YOU KNOW

COME WITH ME TERRY, BE FORE YOU SAY SOMETHING YOU'LL BE SORRY FOR



WHO IS THAT TALL MAN THAT JUST SPOKE TO TERRY, WALT?

HIM? OH, THAT'S LARRABEE, THE CRIMINAL LAWYER WHO KEEPS CROOKS OUT OF JAIL



ASIDE, MISS HALLOCK SPEAKS TO COSMO. LET US DANCE, COSMO, THERE IS SOMETHING I WANT TO SAY TO YOU IN PRIVATE AND I DON'T WANT TO MAKE IT TOO NOTICEABLE

DELIGHTED, JANE I LIKE INTRIGUE



SHE TELLS COSMO WHAT SHE HAS HEARD FROM TERRY.

--TERRY USED TO BE A NICE BOY BUT SINCE HIS DISGRACE HE ASSOCIATES WITH RACKETEERS AND I FEAR HE'S MIXED UP IN SOMETHING IN CONNECTION WITH NED TRUMBLE'S YACHT

YES, FROM WHAT YOU TELL ME IT LOOKS THAT WAY LET'S SEE WHAT IT IS, JANE.



COSMO RINGS NED TRUMBLE'S APARTMENT

WHAT'S THAT? HIS PHONE OUT OF ORDER? OH! THANK YOU



A MOMENT LATER COSMO AND THE GIRL GET INTO A TAXI.

SHOOT OVER TO 87 BROOK DRIVE AND STEP LIVELY!



WELL HE WASN'T AT HOME DO YOU KNOW WHERE HE MIGHT BE AT THIS HOUR OF THE NIGHT?

HE HAS BEEN DEVOTING ALL HIS SPARE TIME LATELY TO HIS BOAT, SO PERHAPS HE IS AT HIS WORK SHOP.



THE TAXI STOPS BEFORE A LOW SHED.

AH! THERE IS A LIGHT IN HIS WORK ROOM HE MUST BE THERE



HELLO,  
NED!

HELLO! WHY JANE  
HALLOCK! WHAT BRINGS  
YOU HERE AT SUCH AN  
HOUR? AND YOU TOO,  
COSMO?

NO,  
WHY?

NED, HAVE YOU  
GIVEN ANYONE  
PERMISSION  
TO PILOT  
YOUR BOAT  
IN THIS AFTER-  
NOON'S  
RACES  
LATER

IS THERE ANY  
REASON WHY ANY  
ONE SHOULD BE  
INTERESTED IN  
STEALING YOUR  
BOAT?

ONLY THAT SHE'S  
THE FASTEST THING  
IN THE WATER AND  
I WAS ONLY NOW  
MAKING ADJUST-  
MENTS ON THIS  
MODEL OF HER---

BUT DO YOU  
THINK SHE IS  
IN DANGER?

I DO. LET'S GO  
AND SEE THIS  
MOMENT. WHERE  
DO YOU KEEP  
HER?

AT THE NECK OF THE  
BAY, THREE MILES DOWN.  
MY CAR IS OUTSIDE;  
COME ON

THE WATCHMAN STOPS THEM AT THE  
ENTRANCE TO THE DOCK.

NED TRUMBLE? OH, YES,  
ABOUT A HALF HOUR AGO  
TWO MEN WENT IN TO SEE  
YOUR BOAT. I HAVE THEIR  
PASSES WHICH YOU SIGNED  
NO PASSES.  
THAT'S  
SIGNED  
FUNNY

HEY! LOOK,  
SOMEBODY IS MAKING  
OFF WITH  
MY BOAT

COSMO AND NED LEAP OUT AND DASH  
FOR THE BOAT.



COSMO'S FINGERS GRIP THE RAIL JUST AS THE BOAT GAINS SPEED.



AS HE DRAWS HIMSELF UPWARD A SAVAGE FIST CLIPS HIM ON THE HEAD

ALRIGHT, MISTER NOSEY GUY, HERE'S SOMETHING FOR YOU TO BUTT INTO!



HIS SENSES REELING HE DROPS BACK INTO THE COLD WATER BUT THE DUCKING QUICKLY REVIVES HIM.



HE SWIMS BACK TO THE DOCK WHERE NED SITS STARING AT HIS SWIFTLY DISAPPEARING BOAT.



NED IS IN DISMAY AT THIS NEW TURN OF AFFAIRS. HE HAD STAKED HIS ALL ON THIS BOAT OF HIS OWN DESIGN AND MAKE, HOPING THEREBY TO WIN THE RACE AND THEN SELL THE BOAT AND GO INTO BUILDING MORE FINE SPEED BOATS.



WHAT WAS THAT JANE HALLOCK SAID IN THE CAR? - OH, YES, TERRY IS IN CAHOOTS WITH THAT TRICK LAWYER, LARRABEE. WELL, BY--- I'LL GO SEE HIM. I MAY FIND OUT SOMETHING.



HE ENTERS THE LAWYER'S SPACIOUS WAITING ROOM.



OH, YES, MR. TRUMBLE. I'LL TELL MISTER LARRABEE THAT YOU ARE HERE.

NED IS USHERED INTO THE LAWYER'S PRESENCE

AH! MISTER TRUMBLE. I'M GLAD YOU CAME, FOR IF YOU HADN'T I SHOULD HAVE BEEN OBLIGED TO SEND FOR YOU

WHAT MADE YOU SUPPOSE I MIGHT COME, LARRABEE?



THIS BILL OF SALE OF COURSE  
MY CLIENTS ASSUMED THE  
FLYING FISH TO BE IN PER-  
FECT CONDITION WHEN THEY  
BOUGHT IT. HOWEVER, THEY  
WILL PAY EXTRA IF YOU  
COMPLY WITH THEIR  
WISHES

I NEVER  
SIGNED  
ANY BILL  
OF SALE.  
THIS IS  
FORGERY  
WHERE IS  
MY BOAT

THAT I CAN'T TELL  
YOU, BUT HERE IS  
THE FIVE THOUSAND  
MY CLIENTS LEFT  
WITH ME IN ESCROW  
FOR THE COMPLETION  
OF THE  
DEAL

OH, SO I'VE AL-  
READY SOLD  
MY BOAT, EH?  
KEEP THE  
FILTHY MONEY!  
I WANT MY  
BOAT BACK

IF YOU ARE WISE,  
YOUNG MAN, YOU'LL  
ACCEPT THIS PRO-  
POSITION

MY CLIENTS ARE  
GENEROUS BUT IF  
CROSSED THEY WILL  
MAKE IT DIFFI-  
CULT FOR  
YOU

YOU AND YOUR  
CLIENTS CAN  
GO TO -

NED TRUMBLE ANGRILY LEAVES THE  
LAWYER'S OFFICE. ON THE STREET HE  
HAILS A PASSING CAB

HEY!  
TAXI

YES, SIR.  
RIGHT HERE,  
SIR

HE RIDES ABOUT A BLOCK, THEN TWO  
MEN JUMP INTO THE CAB AND SHOVE  
THEIR GUNS INTO HIS RIBS

THE TAXI STOPS FOR A TRAFFIC LIGHT.  
THE DRIVER, IN LEAGUE WITH THE GUN-  
MEN, RACES HIS MOTOR.

RACE THE MOTOR, BILL,  
AND TURN ON THE RADIO,  
- AND YOU'RE STILL KEEP-  
ING SHUT, MISTER,  
SEE?



ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN NED IS  
TAKEN TO AN ISOLATED HOUSE AND LOCKED  
UP IN A PITCHDARK CELLAR.

ALRIGHT,  
YOU CAN  
SQUAWK ALL  
YU WANT TO  
NOW, THEY AINT  
NOBODY CONNA  
HEAR YUH  
DOWN, HERE

MEANWHILE -- THE FLYING FISH RACES  
OUT TO SEA. PAST THE THREE MILE LIMIT  
OF SHIPS SHE STOPS ALONG-SIDE AN UN-  
PRENTITIOUS LOOKING SAILING VESSEL.



SOMETHING IS QUICKLY TRANSFERRED AND THE SPEED BOAT MAKES BACK FOR A SECLUDED PART OF THE SHORE



SEVERAL MEN LEAP ASHORE, CARRYING BOXES AND HURRY TOWARD A NEARBY CAVE



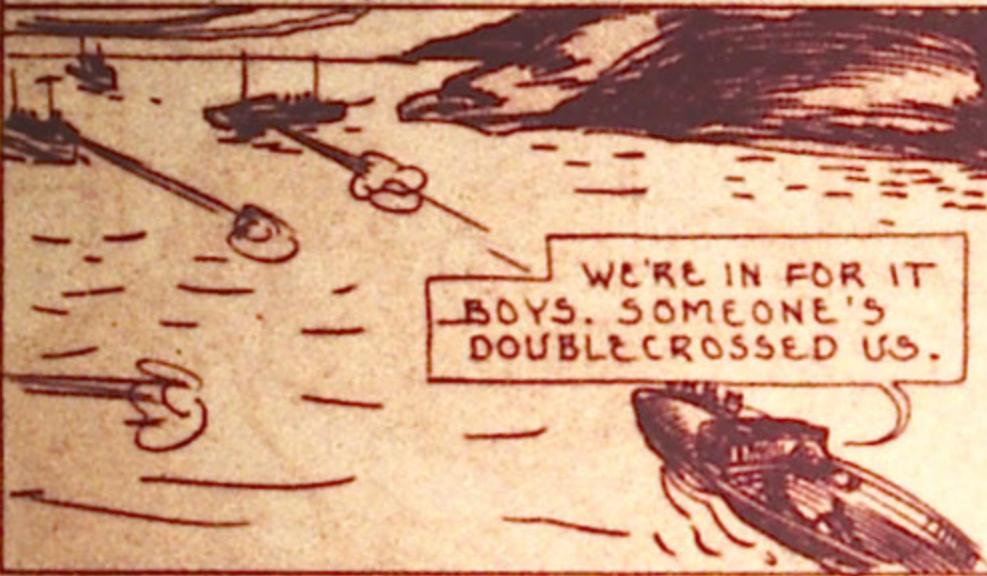
AS THEY ENTER, EACH ONE IS SLUGGED AND HAULED INSIDE.



THE PILOT OF THE FLYING FISH SUSPECTS SOMETHING WRONG.. HURRIEDLY HE BACKS AWAY.



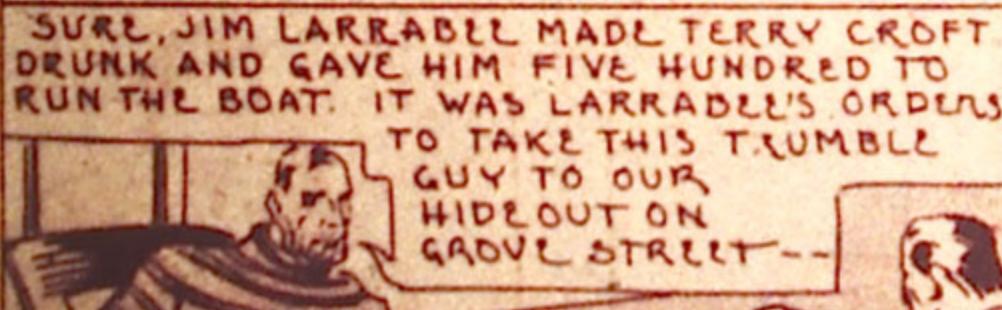
FROM AROUND THE LIP OF THE LAND A FLEET OF COAST GUARD CUTTERS HEAD HIM OFF, FIRING AS THEY GO.



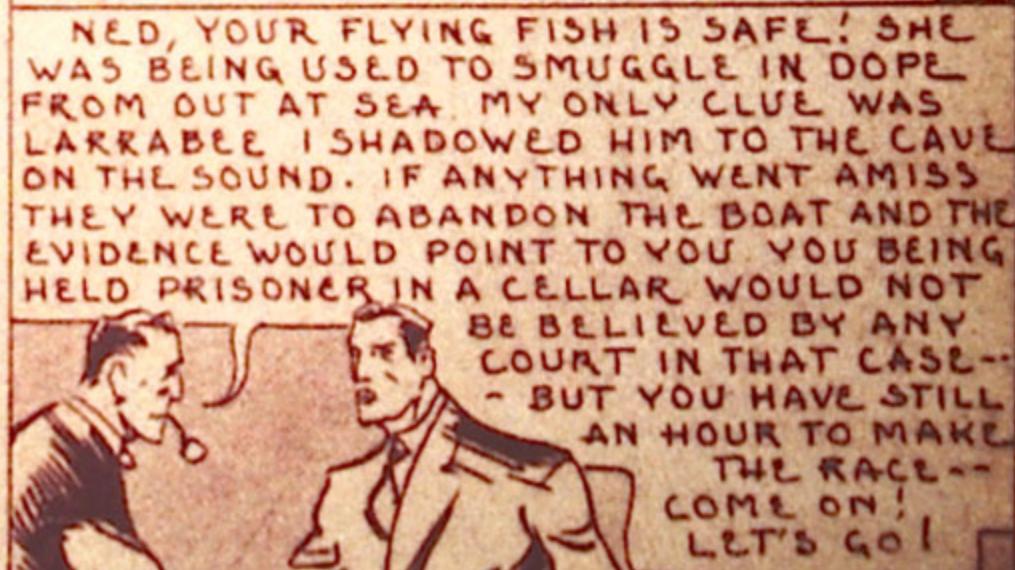
AT LAST THEY FORCE THE BOAT TO SHORE. COSMO AND THE COAST GUARDS MEN LOAD THE DOPE SMUGGLERS INTO ONE OF THE CUTTERS AND TOGETHER WITH THE FLYING FISH PROCELD TO HEAD QUARTERS



AT HEADQUARTERS THE PRISONERS ARE GRILLED AND THE WHEREABOUTS OF NED TRUMBLE IS DISCLOSED.



COSMO RELEASES THE YOUNG MAN.



# SLAM BRADLEY

JEROME  
SIEGEL  
— JOE  
SHUSTER

SINCE SLAM BRADLEY HAS TAKEN AN INTEREST IN STUDYING MAGIC, SHORTY HAS BEEN THE MISERABLE VICTIM OF MANY EXPERIMENTS! — BUT WHEN SLAM PULLS HIM OUT OF A HAT, THAT, TO SHORTY, IS THE SUPREME INSULT!

HEY! CUT IT OUT! — WHY DON'T YOU BUY A RABBIT AN' GIVE ME SOME PEACE?



I WON'T STAND FOR IT! — I'M GOING TO TAKE A VACATION UNTIL YOU GIVE UP THIS NONSENSE!

GOOD IDEA!

I'LL PACK MY TRUNK IMMEDIATELY!

DON'T BOTHER!

AT A GESTURE OF SLAM'S HAND, DRAWERS POP OPEN AND SHORTY'S CLOTHES FLY INTO HIS TRUNK!

WHAT TH?

GOODBYE! — WHEN I RETURN,  
I HOPE YOU'LL HAVE FORGOTTEN THIS NONSENSE!

WHO KNOWS?



FROM EVERY CORNER OF THE WORLD, MAGICIANS HAVE HASTENED TO ATTEND THE ANNUAL MAGICIANS' SOCIETY CONVENTION. OCCUPYING THE CENTER OF ATTENTION IS PROFESSOR MYSTO, CHAIRMAN OF THE MEETING, BUSILY ENGAGED IN ILLUSTRATING VARIOUS ILLUSIONS.

UNMOVED BY THE "OHS-AND-AHS" ABOUT HIM, SLAM BRADLEY RISES AND DECLARES :



I WON'T STAND FOR THIS INTERRUPTION! WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO DO? -- MAKE A MONKEY OUT OF ME?



WHILE YOU PUZZLE THAT OUT, I'VE A FEW WORDS TO SAY TO THE AUDIENCE.

FRIENDS, I'M SLAM BRADLEY, A MAGICIAN LIKE YOURSELVES BUT I'VE RESOLVED TO TURN MY TALENTS TO ASSISTING THOSE IN NEED OF HELP. HOW MANY OF YOU WILL JOIN WITH ME IN THIS ENDEAVOR?



AT A WAVE OF SLAM'S HAND, THE HALL'S CEILING COMMENCES TO BUCKLE AND CRASH!



AN INSTANT LATER THE FLEEING, PANICKY MAGICIANS HALT, AND BLINK THEIR EYES IN DISBELIEF

YES, EVERYTHING'S ALL RIGHT. YOU WITNESS JUST A MANEUVERED ILLUSION -- WELL, WILL YOU SUPPORT ME?



IF YOU CAN PROVE THAT YOU CAN ASSIST HUMANITY THRU LEGERDEMAIN, WE WILL!



EAGER NEWSPAPER REPORTERS PRESS BRADLEY FOR A STATEMENT.

WHOM ARE YOU GOING TO ASSIST FIRST?

THE TAX-PAYERS OF THIS CITY. THEIR TAXES ARE BEING ABSORBED BY RUTHLESS GRAFTERS. THIS MUST BE STOPPED!



PETE HANSON, THE CITY'S CROOKED POLITICAL BOSS, FINDS THE AFTERNOON NEWSPAPER NOT TO HIS LIKING.

IT SAYS HERE THIS MAGICIAN BRADLEY INTENDS TO CLEAN UP THE CITY'S GRAFT. "MUSCLES", DROP IN ON THIS GUY AND TELL HIM THAT IF HE DOESN'T KEEP HIS NOSE CLEAN, WE'LL CLEAN UP ON HIM.

LEAVE IT TO ME, BOSS!

AFTER SLAM'S RESIDENCE HAS BEEN REACHED . . .

THAT'S FUNNY! - I RING THE BELL, AN' THE DOOR OPENS BY ITSELF!



"MUSCLES" STEPS WITHIN AND THE DOOR AUTOMATICALLY CLOSES NEXT INSTANT, HE HEARS A VOICE . . .

W-WHERE ARE YOU? I DON'T NEVER MIND FOLLOW SEE ANYONE!

THE SOUND OF MY VOICE, AND YOU'LL BE USHERED INTO BRADLEY'S PRESENCE.



AS "MUSCLES" FOLLOWS THE DISEMBODIED VOICE, HE GRINS TO HIMSELF.

THIS WAY, PLEASE.

I'M NOT FOOLED, HE'S GOT MIKE-ER-PHONES HID AROUND TH' JOINT



AN ELEVATOR-LIFT BEARS "MUSCLES" UPWARD . . .

7-8-9-10

SO IT OPERATES ITSELF! WELL, WELL! NOW AIN'T THAT JUST TOO SPOOKY FER WORDS!



WHEN THE ELEVATOR STOPS, "MUSCLES" FINDS HIMSELF IN A WEIRD PENTHOUSE SUITE . . .

YOU MUST BE TH' FELLA BRADLEY THAT I READ ABOUT

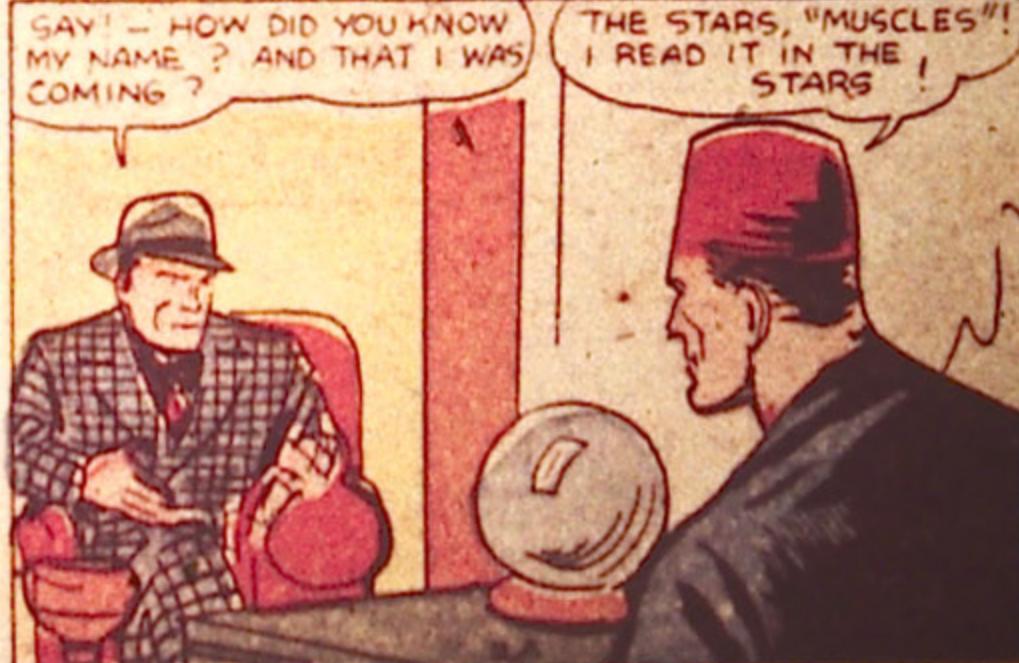
YES, -- AND YOU ARE "MUSCLES" -

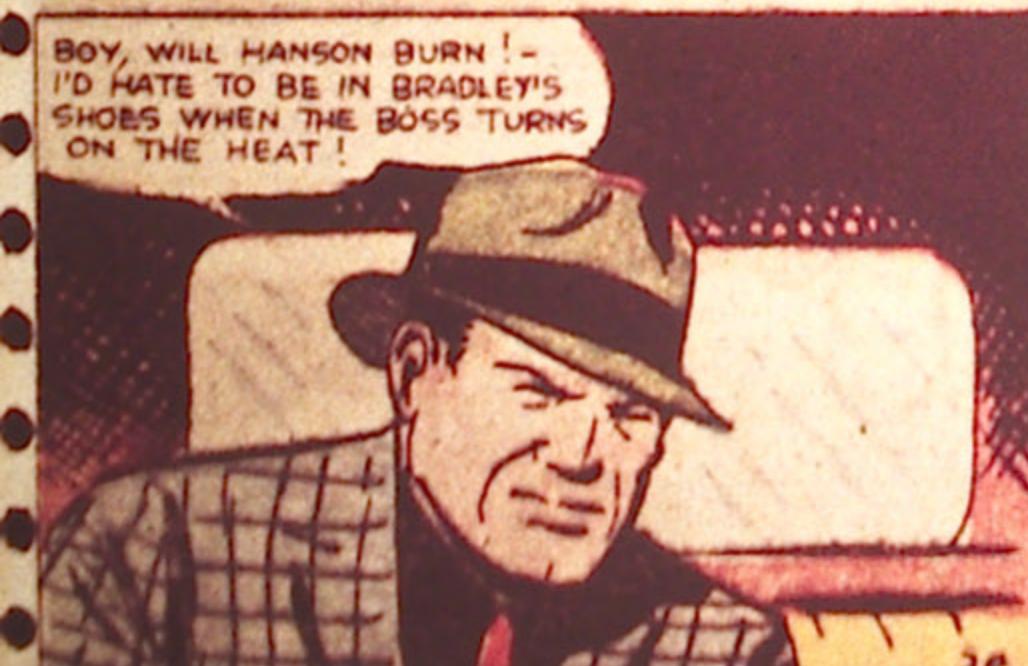
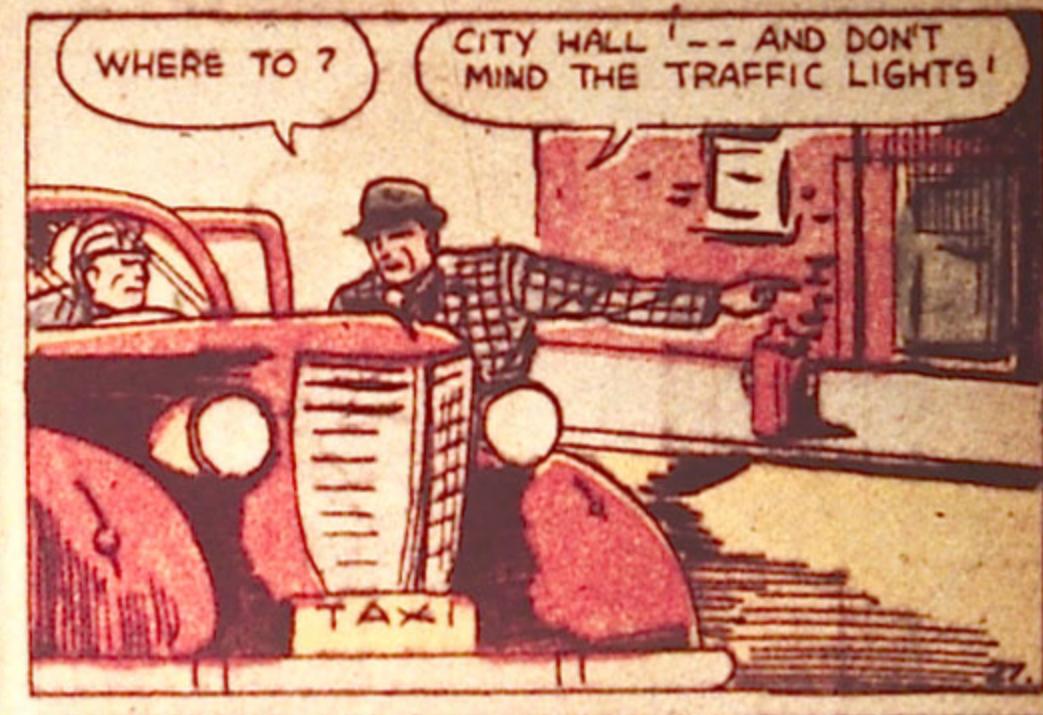
SIT DOWN I'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU



SAY! - HOW DID YOU KNOW MY NAME? AND THAT I WAS COMING?

THE STARS, "MUSCLES"! I READ IT IN THE STARS!





WHEN THEY ARE AGAIN ALONE

THEN I'M TO UNDERSTAND YOU REFUSE  
TO RETURN ALL THE MONEY YOU'VE  
GRAFTED, RESIGN, AND LEAVE THE  
COUNTRY?

ABSOLUTELY!

THEN I WARN YOU! YOU'LL REGRET  
IT! I HAVE POWERS AT MY CALL  
THAT COULD MAKE YOU VERY,  
VERY MISERABLE.

BRADLEY, YOUR FEATS OF  
MAGIC MAY FRIGHTEN  
SIMPLE-MINDED SOULS LIKE "MUSCLES",  
BUT WHEN YOU DEAL WITH ME, IT'S  
ANOTHER MATTER!

BUT WHEN HANSON TURNS .

GOOD LORD! HE WAS HERE  
AN INSTANT AGO! NOW HE'S  
GONE! OR WAS HE EVER  
HERE IN THE FIRST  
PLACE?

MAYBE THE FELLOW IS DAN-  
GEROUS! I'D BETTER  
CALL LANGLEY AND  
SEE THAT THE  
BRICK DEAL ISN'T  
RUINED.

HELLO, LANGLEY?  
THIS IS HANSON!  
COME OVER TO MY  
OFFICE, AT ONCE!

LATER -

IT'S LIKE THIS, LANGLEY! IF YOU  
DON'T FINISH THE QUOTA AGREED  
ON THE BRICK CONTRACT BY  
TONIGHT, I WON'T BE ABLE TO  
RENEW THE CONTRACT AND WE'LL  
BE OUT \$250,000  
GRAFT

DON'T WORRY  
I'LL SPEED UP  
PRODUCTION AT  
THE FACTORY AND  
FINISH IN TIME!

UNSEEN BY THE OTHERS, THE MIRROR REFLECTS  
THE IMAGE OF BRADLEY! HOVERING INVISIBLE  
IN THE ROOM, HE HAS OVERHEARD EVERY WORD,  
AND FORMULATED A COUNTER-PLAN!

WHEN LANGLEY DRIVES BACK TO HIS BRICK FACTORY  
HE IS UNAWARE THAT SLAM, STILL INVISIBLE, IS  
SEATED BESIDE HIM

THAT ORDER IS GOING TO BE DEFINITELY  
FINISHED TONIGHT!

WHAT A DIS-  
APPOINTMENT  
YOU'RE IN FOR!

MINUTES LATER, THE AUTO DRAWS UP BEFORE THE BUILDERS' BRICK SUPPLY COMPANY.



AS MIKE HURRIES TO CARRY OUT HIS ORDERS, HE ENCOUNTERS SLAM . . .



I'M YOUR GRANDMA AND I'VE COME TO BAWL YOU OUT FOR BEING A VERY BAD BOY — WHAT'S THE IDEA OF OVERWORKING YOUR MEN? YOU'VE GOT TO STOP IT, AND AT ONCE!



UNDER SLAM'S HYPNOTIC SUGGESTION, O'BRIEN IS FORCED TO BELIEVE ANY ABSURDITY . . .



STILL UNDER BRADLEY'S INFLUENCE, O'BRIEN CARRIES OUT HIS UNUSUAL ORDERS!



AGAIN SLAM TAKES A HAND IN THE SITUATION ! HE CONCENTRATES MIGHTILY ---



-- AND SUCCEEDS IN CONVINCING THE WORKERS THAT O'BRIEN IS A WOMAN



AN INSTANT LATER, LANGLEY DASHES FOR HIS PRIVATE OFFICE, WITH HIS ENTIRE STAFF OF WORKERS IN MAD PURSUIT !



LOCKING HIMSELF WITHIN HIS OFFICE, LANGLEY FRANTICALLY PHONES HANSON



DON'T LOSE YOUR NERVE ! I'LL BE RIGHT DOWN !



"MUSCLES", THAT WAS LANGLEY CALLING ! THE FACTORY IS DISRUPTED ! THAT MEANS ONLY ONE THING !

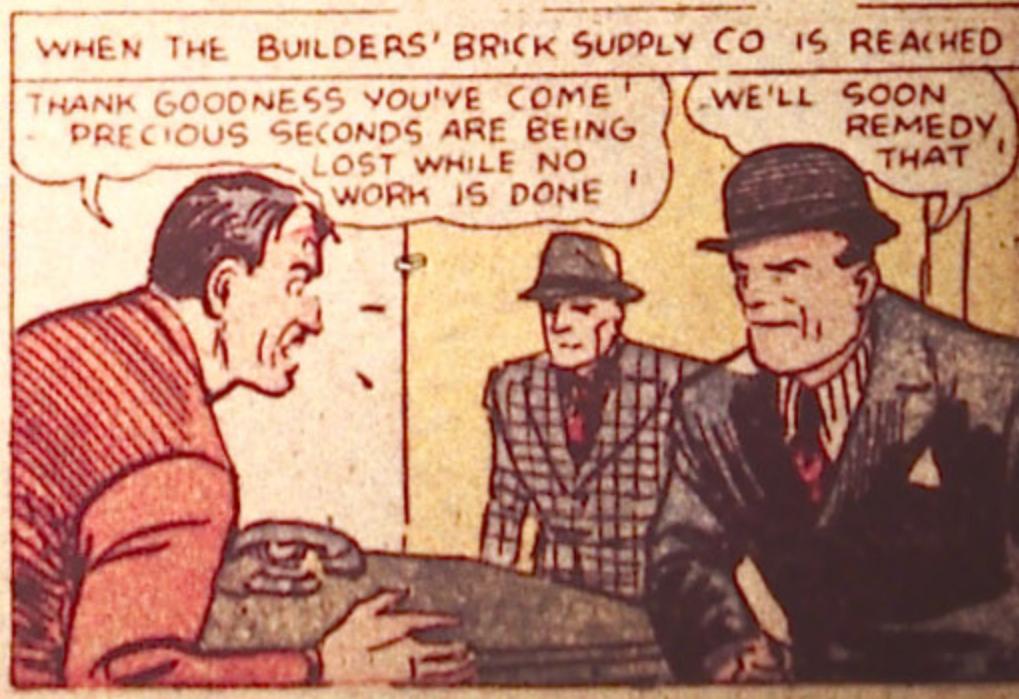
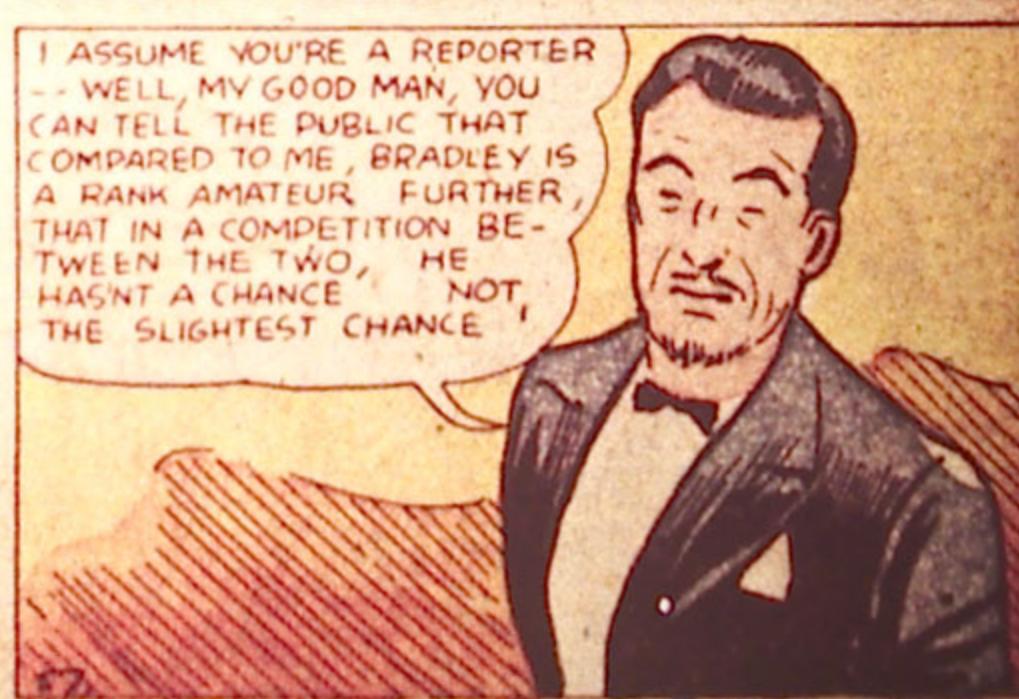


RIGHT ! -- COME ALONG WE'RE GOING TO THE FACTORY !



APPARENTLY NONE . -- BUT FORTUNATELY, "MUSCLES" I'VE AN ACE UP MY SLEEVE -- AND JUST WHAT IT IS, BRADLEY WILL SOON LEARN, TO HIS GRIEF !





SWIFTLY, THE NEWCOMERS ENTER THE FACTORY

THIS MAN IS EVIDENTLY UNDER  
SOMEONE'S HYPNOTIC INFLUENCE!  
SHALL I FREE HIM?

OF COURSE!  
WHAT DO YOU  
THINK YOU'RE  
HERE FOR?

AN INSTANT LATER --

W-WHERE AM I?

YOU SEE! HE DOESN'T  
KNOW WHAT  
HAPPENED TO  
HIM

FORGET HIM!  
CAPTURE BRAD  
LEY OR SOME-  
THING'LL HAPPEN TO  
YOU! ONLY YOU WON'T  
LIVE TO REMEMBER  
THAT!

IT'S CERTAIN THAT BRADLEY'S HERE  
SOMEWHERE. FINDING HIM SHOULDN'T  
BE DIFFICULT

WELL, HOW WILL  
YOU FIND HIM?

SIMPLY BY SEARCHING EVERY  
NOOK AND CRANNY IN THE  
FACTORY

BY GEORGE! YOU'RE  
RIGHT! -- LET THE  
SEARCH BE-  
GIN!

AT THAT INSTANT, SLAM MATERIALIZES

MAY I SAVE YOU THE TROUBLE  
OF SEARCHING FOR ME?

BRADLEY!

SO! YOU ARE THE CAUSE  
OF THIS DELAY!

CERTAINLY! --  
BUT YOU CAN  
AVOID FURTHER  
DIFFICULTY BY  
SIMPLY AGREE-  
ING TO THE CON-  
DITIONS I MEN-  
TIONED EARLIER  
TO DAY

I WARNED YOU I PLAY  
ROUGH "MUSCLES"  
SHOOT HIM  
DOWN!

INSTANTLY OBEDIING HIS EMPLOYER'S ORDERS,  
"MUSCLES" SHOOTS SQUARELY AT SLAM!

AND THAT FINISHES BRADLEY,  
THE GUY WHO THOUGHT HE WAS  
TOO SMART FOR  
PETE HANSON!

GOT  
HIM!

"MUSCLES" KNEELS AT SLAM'S SIDE

HE'S DEAD. ALL  
RIGHT! HIS HEART'S  
STOPPED BEAT-  
ING!

GOOD HEAVENS!  
THIS IS COLD-  
BLOODED MUR-  
DER!

YOU'RE LUCKY  
IT WASN'T  
YOU!

SLAM'S FIGURE DISSOLVES BEFORE THE ASTOUNDED  
TRIGGER-MAN'S EYES!

W-WHAT TH'--!

NEXT INSTANT, "MUSCLES" RECEIVES AN ADMONITION  
FROM THE REAR, AS SLAM MATERIALIZES BEHIND  
HIM.

THIS IS FOR NOT SAYING,  
"PARDON ME" WHEN YOU  
SHOOT A FELLOW DOWN!

AS HANSON LEAPS AT SLAM, HE CLUTCHES EMPTY  
AIR.

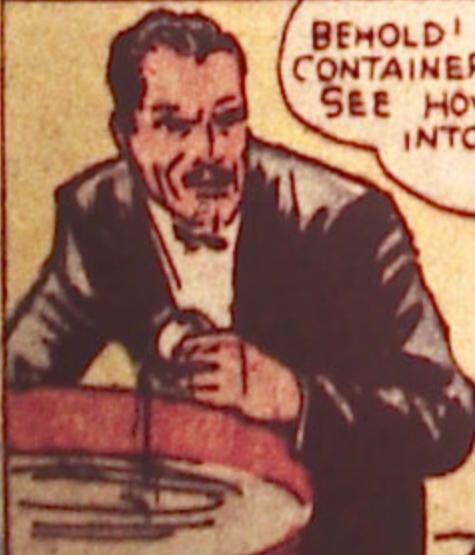
IF I COULD JUST LAY  
MY HANDS ON  
YOU -- !

LISTEN, YOU! -- YOU'VE GOT TO STOP BRADLEY FROM  
PULLING THAT DISAPPEARING ACT AGAIN, OR YOU'LL  
DISAPPEAR TOO FROM THE LAND  
OF THE LIVING!

LET ME GO! - I KNOW A METHOD WHERE-  
BY HE'LL BE FORCED TO REMAIN VISIBLE PERMANENTLY!

GOOD! - WHAT  
IS IT? GET ME A LARGE TUB OF  
HOT WATER, RIGHT  
AWAY, AND I'LL  
SHOW YOU!

MYSTO'S ORDERS ARE SWIFTLY OBEYED



BEHOLD! IN MY HAND I HOLD A  
CONTAINER OF SPIRIT-POWDERS!  
SEE HOW I POUR IT'S CONTENTS  
INTO THE TUB? IN AN IN-  
STANT I SHALL SEE BRAD-  
LEY'S HIDING PLACE,  
AND THEN -

... AND THEN GENT-  
LEMEN, HE IS  
DOOMED!



BUBBLE, WATERS ! FROTH  
AND BUBBLE ! AND BRING  
TO ME FROM THE VERY  
DEPTH OF INFINITY, A  
VISION OF BRADLEY'S  
WHEREABOUTS -- A-AH  
THE SURFACE IS A TRIFLE  
CLOUDY ! BUT I BEND  
FORWARD ! I BEGIN TO  
SEE - TO SEE !



PERCHED HIGH OVER-  
HEAD ON A RAFTER,  
SLAM WAVES A HAND  
IN PROFESSOR MYS-  
TO'S DIRECTION ....



AND THE CHAIRMAN OF THE MAGICIANS' SOCIETY  
GETS AN UNEXPECTED DUNKING !



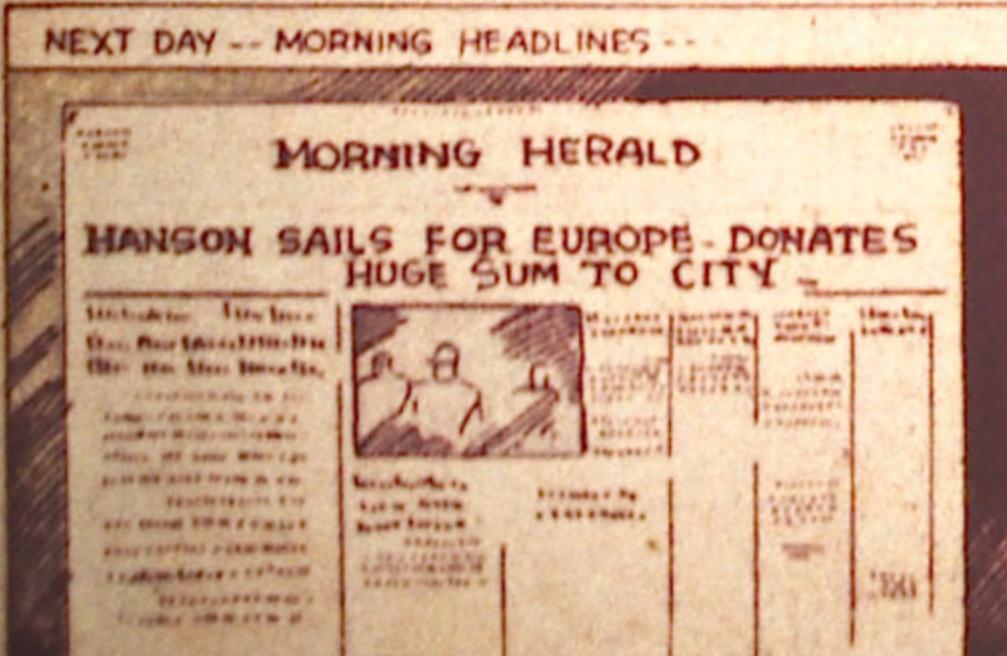
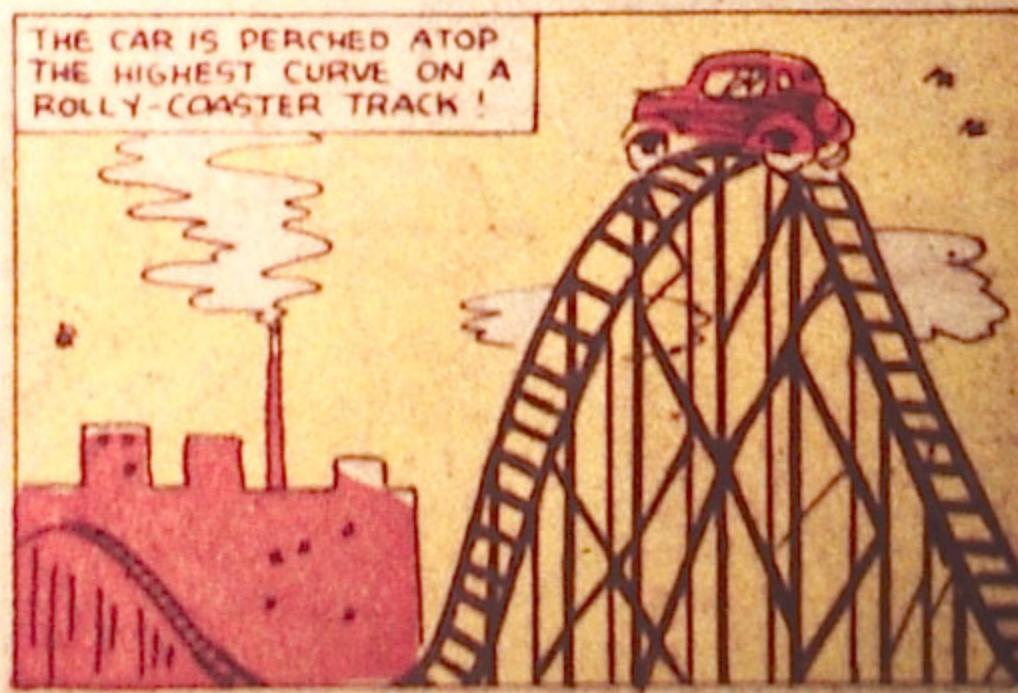
ENOUGH OF THIS NONSENSE !  
BACK TO WORK, EVERY  
ONE, AND GET THAT ORDER  
FINISHED !



SHOOT TO  
KILL !







# HERE'S GOOD NEWS!

Twenty-five \$1 prizes waiting to be won by YOU!



You're not required to solve a hard problem or a difficult puzzle . . . this contest is so simple that you'll actually enjoy entering it. The rules are really quite easy, so get out your pencil and let's go!"

Here they are:

1. Get a blank sheet of white paper and on this draw a character from one of the stories in the magazine, preferably the one you enjoy reading most. For example, some of you like to draw SPEED SAUNDERS, BUCK MARSHALL and SLAM BRADLEY and others prefer SPY and BRUCE NELSON . . . you select the one you wish to draw.
2. When you finish drawing the character, take out your water colors or crayons and color the picture.
3. Then print your name and address clearly in the coupon in the lower right hand corner and mail it in together with your drawing to this magazine.

Be sure to fill in the coupon and mail your envelope to:

**Detective Cartoon Contest**  
**DETECTIVE COMICS**  
**480 Lexington Avenue**  
**New York, N. Y.**

All entries must be in by  
Friday, October 7, 1938

## COUPON

Name. ....

Address. ....

City. ....

State. ....

A vintage catalog page from Johnson Smith & Co. featuring a variety of novelty items. The page is filled with colorful illustrations and descriptions of products. Key items include:

- Jecta-Scope**: An enlarger that projects pictures in natural colors on a wall screen. It can be used as a magic lantern, enlarger, projecting microscope, etc. Price: \$2.25.
- Stinson Reliant Giant Flying Plane**: A giant flying plane with a wing span of 60 inches or five feet. Price: \$1.50.
- Marriage License**: A marriage license for the state of Michigan. Price: 10¢.
- Whoopee Cushion**: A cushion that makes a whooping sound when you sit on it. Price: 25¢.
- World Mike**: A device that lets you broadcast your voice on programs coming through your own radio set—make announcements from any part of the home—talk with radio stars, practice shooting, sing, etc. Price: 25¢.
- DELUXE MIKE**: A device that lets you broadcast your voice on programs coming through your own radio set—make announcements from any part of the home—talk with radio stars, practice shooting, sing, etc. Price: 25¢.
- BLANK CARTRIDGE PISTOL**: A revolver-style pistol that shoots blank cartridges. Price: 50¢.
- MIDGET POCKET RADIO**: A small radio that fits in your pocket. Price: 50¢.
- VEST POCKET ADDING MACHINE**: A small adding machine. Price: \$1.
- TELEPHONES**: A pair of telephones. Price: 15¢.
- POCKET RADIO**: A pocket radio. Price: 25¢.
- MIDGET RADIO**: A midget radio. Price: 50¢.
- CRYSTAL RADIO**: A crystal radio. Price: 50¢.
- MAGIC RADIO**: A magic radio. Price: 50¢.
- ALL-WAVE WORLD WIDE RADIOS**: Radios that receive all波段. Price: 50¢.
- FENCING & ARCHERY SETS**: Fencing and archery sets. Price: 50¢.
- BEAUTIFUL BLOND WIGS**: Blond wigs. Price: 35¢.
- STINSON RELIANT JR.**: A flying model airplane. Price: 25¢.
- ALL-METAL MODEL AIRPLANE**: An all-metal model airplane. Price: 25¢.
- REPEATING SLING SHOT**: A repeating sling shot. Price: 25¢.
- GLIDER GUN**: A glider gun. Price: 25¢.
- SNAKE MATCHES**: Snake matches. Price: 10¢.
- SWIM IN ONE TRIAL**: Water wings. Price: 25¢.

The catalog also features sections for dancing, drawing, and various hobby items like stamp collecting and model boats.